THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Mexico

From Diaz to the Kaiser

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THIRTEEN YEARS OF A BUSY WOMAN'S LIFE

AMERICA AS I SAW IT

MEXICO AS I SAW IT *(Now in a Shilling Edition (Translated into German)*

THROUGH FINLAND IN CARTS *(Now in a Shillin Edition) (Translated into Swedish)*

A GIRL'S RIDE IN ICELAND *(Now in a Shilling Ed.*

HYDE PARK: Its History and Romance

PORFIRIO DIAZ: The Maker of Modern Mexico *(Translated into German and Spanish)*

A WINTER JAUNT TO NORWAY

GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.: or, The Life of a London Physician *(Out of Print)*

WILTON, Q.C.: or, Life in a Highland Shooting Box *(Out of Print)*

DANISH VERSUS ENGLISH BUTTER-MAKING

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY *(Out o Print)*

SUNNY SICILY

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

BUSY DAYS: A Birthday Book

MY TABLECLOTHS

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

Photo by The Author.]

Man and gourd, with which he extracts pulque (the drink of the country) from the magüe plant.

General Porfirio Diaz
Eight times President of Mexico.

Frontispiece.

MEXICO

From Diaz to the Kaiser

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, *Author of "Porfirio Diaz, Seven Times President of Mexico," "Mexico as I Saw It," "America as I Saw It," "Women the World Over," "The Preface to Prescott's History of Mexico" (Oxford University Press), etc.* :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

WITH 36 ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
NEW YORK

F1234
T77
1918

16-11246

PREFACE

The object and aim of this book is to try and disentangle the knotted Mexican skein of the last ten years, and to show the present political, commercial, and financial position of Mexico with its future possibilities.

Mexico is daily entering the world-map of progression, and is destined to play an important part.

252460

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Before the Downfall: General Sketch	1
II.	Developments and Madero	20
III.	Revolutionary Rumblings	42
IV.	Crisis	61
V.	Flight of Diaz	79
VI.	Madero and Earthquakes	96
VII.	Diaz in Retirement.	119
VIII.	Downfall of Madero	134
IX.	Huerta seizes Power	147
X.	Englishman murdered and American Flag dishonoured	163
XI.	A Sailor's Narrative	185
XII.	Huerta—Carranza—Villa	195
XIII.	Death of Diaz—The Future of Mexico	217
XIV.	How the German Plot was worked	238
XV.	A Mysterious Visitor	253
XVI.	A Peep ahead	267
XVII.	The Kaiser in Mexico	284
	Index	307

ILLUSTRATIONS

General Porfirio Diaz	*Frontispiece*	
Man and Gourd (*back of Frontispiece*)	*Facing p.*	ii
The National Palace	,, ,,	2
A Shrine	,, ,,	3
The Beast of Burden	,, ,,	10
Benito Juárez	,, ,,	11
The Cathedral, Mexico City	,, ,,	14
Rurales	,, ,,	15
Native Police	,, ,,	15
Madame Diaz	,, ,,	16
The President's Private House, Mexico City	,, ,,	17
A Village Church	,, ,,	24
The Road to Chapultepec	,, ,,	25
General Reyes	,, ,,	34
Pottery for sale	,, ,,	35
An Ancient Well	,, ,,	44
A Modern Mexican Fountain	,, ,,	45
Church of "San Hipolito," damaged by Bombardment	,, ,,	50
A Bit of Mexico City	,, ,,	51
Madero and his Followers	,, ,,	52
President Madero with his Guard	,, ,,	53
The British Legation, Mexico City	,, ,,	68
Effect of Bombardment on an old Church	,, ,,	69
Farewell to Mexico	,, ,,	86
Diaz' Last Steps in Mexico	,, ,,	87
A Village Scene	,, ,,	100
Indian Statue, Mexico City	,, ,,	101
The Author riding astride in Mexico	,, ,,	128

Little Chapel built over the spot where Maximillian was shot . . . . *Facing p.* 128
Chapultepec Castle . . . . . ,, ,, 129
Street Scene showing Bombardment . . ,, ,, 138
A Corner of Bucareli . . . . ,, ,, 139
Two Belgian Notes . . . . . ,, ,, 258
Paseo de la Reforma . . . . ,, ,, 259

CHART

What the Kaiser wants . . . . ,, ,, 304

MEXICO
FROM DIAZ TO THE KAISER

CHAPTER I

BEFORE THE DOWNFALL—GENERAL SKETCH

NO country has made history more rapidly or more dramatically than Mexico since 1910. So strange and so varied are the facts that they read almost like a fairy tale.

The fall of Mexico hit the world. Mexico was a land of chaos till Diaz came—Mexico returned to chaos when Diaz left.

The country had been so prosperous, one of the most prosperous lands on the earth, for so long under his sway, that millions of foreign capital were locked up in its securities. Year by year a state of stability had been built up, good honest solid return on capital, so that every nation had money safely invested in Mexico under Diaz.

Who could have foreseen that the revolutionary spirit, which four or five years later was to overthrow China and Russia without bloodshed, would whirl Mexico into a field of gore ?

Life is a jumble of possibilities, probabilities and impossibilities.

Man may accept the first, overcome the second, and scorn the third. According to his grit he makes his own success, according to his steadfastness of purpose he impresses those about him, and according to his ethics and ideals, he builds up his own future and that of those dependent on him.

Life cannot remain in the present. It is always hurrying on, or stopping through death. To stand still is to be passed by others on the moving-stairway of existence.

Having written the authentic life of that great ruler, General Porfirio Diaz, in 1906, it seems fitting that the story of that beautiful, romantic land of natural wealth and varied climate should be continued from the close of the former volume,* that is from Diaz' seventh election to the Presidency on December 1st, 1904, up to August, 1917.

The downfall of Diaz was the greatest calamity Mexico has ever known.

But, in our present lightning days, each and all of them rushing past aflame with historical incidents, let us glance for a moment at the events of Diaz' earlier times.

How great was Don Porfirio—born on September 15th, 1830, of humble parents, and having an Indian grandmother—people on the western side of the Atlantic have but a scant idea. Not only was he

* "Porfirio Diaz, seven times President of Mexico" (published 1906).

The National Palace. The bell in the middle window is rung on 15th September by the President, when he declares "Independence."

[To face p. 2.

Photo by Cox.]

A shrine, showing moss and creepers on the trees.

[*To face p.* 3.

a man of the strongest character and will, but in every sense a gentleman. He refused, to his mother's grief, to enter the Church, being bitten at an early age with military ambition; and so it was that his whole life became a story of romance and adventure, until at last he reigned over Mexico with all the power of a King, a Pope and a Tsar. The poor little half-Indian lad became a supreme ruler, and brought his country to a high pitch of success and wealth.

Both Diaz and Benito Juárez, the two makers of the modern State, were natives of the almost tropical *Oaxaca* Valley, about two hundred and thirty miles south-east of Mexico City. The latter, but for whose spade-work Diaz could not have attained so much, was a strong Liberal and an intense hater of Clericalism. Diaz fought for Juárez' Laws of Reform against the Catholic Church, and also helped to make him President of Mexico. Juárez established his Government, overthrew the Church, and received recognition by the United States in 1859. These two strong men, though they quarrelled eventually, were for the greater part of their lives warm personal friends; and to these two personalities Mexico owes her strength to-day.

But if this remarkable pair were the makers of modern Mexico, the first decisive stroke for freedom from the Spanish yoke had been dealt long before—to wit by the patriot-priest Miguel Hidalgo in 1810. To this day the anniversary of that blow is commemorated by the President ringing the Bell of Independence from the balcony of the National Palace in the capital.

Porfirio Diaz was, to begin with, a lawyer, and the first vital step of his life was his joining the revolt for reform against the Dictator, General Santa Anna, in 1853. Thus, at the age of twenty-three, began one of the most notable varied careers on record. One of the first adventures of this born leader of men was his communication with his former teacher, Pérez, who was imprisoned in a turret of the Convent of Santo Domingo in *Oaxaca*. To get into touch with Pérez, Porfirio and his brother Félix clambered to a neighbouring roof. With a rope round his body, Porfirio slid down fifteen feet of wall to the prison window, and, dangling in the air, talked with Pérez. The prisoner's guard, consisting of fifty men under a captain, would have shot him on sight—but on three successive nights he accomplished this daring feat.

For years the fighting between Juárez and the *Reactionaries* continued. Diaz—always in the thick of it, building up a rapid reputation for combined dash and cool-headedness—obtained his colonelcy at thirty by defeating the Reactionary leader, Cobos, at *Oaxaca* in 1860. He was repeatedly wounded, and for a year and eight months carried a bullet in his body. Success strengthened ambition: he set himself firmly to oust revolution from the land. His victory over General Márquez at *Jalatlaco* (August 13th, 1861) was rewarded by a brigadier-generalship. By the end of the War of Reform he was a full General.

Then came the French hopeless invasion, with their

setting up of the unhappy Austrian "puppet-Emperor" and dreamer Maximilian, whose attempt to rule Mexico ended in his tragic execution at *Querétaro* (1867).

Diaz and Maximilian never met.

All through the French occupation Diaz' life was one round of hairbreadth escapes, desperate fighting and imprisonments. At the great defeat of the French at *Puebla*, May 5th, 1862, one of the proudest of Mexican anniversaries, Diaz was second in command. During the French siege of *Puebla* (called the "City of the Angels") in the following year he covered himself with distinction, especially in the most bloody fighting of all—that which attended the attack and defence of the Convent of Santa Inés. The French assaulting column, emerging from a dwelling known as the Mesón de la Reja, stormed with desperate valour. Beaten back again and again, they yet again came on with cheers. The not less desperate Mexican defence slowly weakened, until at last there remained as their sole holding-point the roofs of some low rooms above the boiling street fight—and these exposed to direct fire. The position cried for forlorn hope methods. Diaz, collecting a few volunteers, dashed across the roofs and brought to bear a murderous fire upon the storming column. It shook, wavered, fell back, littering the street with hundreds of corpses, and leaving seven officers and a hundred and thirty men in the hands of the defenders. That night brought, by mutual consent, an armistice of two hours for the

removal of the dead and wounded from the sun-scorched streets and ruins. *Puebla* was only surrendered by General Ortega after a most gallant defence, on May 17th, 1863, from shortage of provisions.

Diaz, on the night before General Ortega and his staff were to be escorted to *Vera Cruz* as prisoners, made another of his marvellous escapes.

Contriving somehow to exchange his uniform for a universally worn red blanket, he slipped away. He had to face the officer on guard, Captain Galland, but calmly saluted him without rousing his suspicion, and so gained the street in safety. His escape was soon discovered, but, luckily, a friend managed to give him temporary harbourage; and later, with much wit and courage, he and another officer, General Berriozábal, were smuggled out of the town. After wandering all night among the mountains, they found themselves back in *Puebla*, with the French réveillé ringing in their ears. Slipping off again, they were discovered and pursued, but, after more thrilling adventures, succeeded in getting into Mexico City.

In '65 Diaz once more found himself a prisoner, this time at the Convent de la Campañia—and yet again achieved one of his astonishing *coups*. General Count Thun, entering the prison, had the cells closely shuttered, and the guards doubled, and ordered the prisoners to be visited every hour day and night.

This time, presumably, even the audacious Diaz should have been nonplussed—but he was not. By clever planning he had contrived to have a horse,

with a servant and guide, kept in hiding for him at a certain house. Among his prison companions were two old friends who, eager to serve him, proceeded to entangle the prison officers in a game of cards that prevented any tiresome promenading of the corridors. The coast thus temporarily cleared, Diaz rolled three ropes surreptitiously obtained up into a ball, put another rope, with a sharpened dagger, into his kit-bag—and waited.

When the bell sounded for silence in the prison, Diaz slipped out on to an open balcony near the roofs, the night being moonless. He flung three of his ropes up on to the roof, then threw the last over a projecting stone gutter, scarcely visible in the feeble light. After testing his support, he climbed to the roof and secured his other ropes. The passage of the roofs, commanded by a sentinel, was acutely dangerous. Crawling on hands and knees, stopping to examine every loose tile, he traversed two sides of the courtyard. Sheet lightning played across the sky at intervals. Finding himself at last under the protection of a wall, he could rise to his feet; but the sloping stonework was a new danger, and he was within an ace of falling into the depths below.

To reach his proposed point of descent into the street of San Roque, Diaz had to pass the house of the chaplain, who had but lately, by denouncing them, secured the execution of some prisoners attempting an escape. Supreme caution was needful.

Breathless, he crossed the chaplain's house just as

one of its inhabitants entered, fresh from the theatre. The man, humming a tune gaily and holding a lighted taper in his hand, actually moved towards the crouching fugitive, but happily, just before it was too late, went back into the house. When some torturing minutes had passed without further threat of discovery, the hunted Diaz ventured on to the chaplain's roof and safely attained the San Roque corner.

At this corner was a stone statue of San Vincente Ferrer, upon which he had counted for securing his rope. The saint's figure tottered at a mere touch, yet, precarious or not, it was the only anchoring point available. Utilizing the least unsteady part, the pedestal, Diaz committed himself to the rope and dropped down the side of the house furthest from the main street. Alack, at the second floor his feet missed their grip upon the wall—he slipped down on the garden side and landed in a pigsty.

It was necessary, not only to find a new hiding-place, but to pacify the squealing pigs before ensconcing himself. At length, after climbing a low wall, beneath which passed a watching gendarme, Diaz dropped, sweating and exhausted, into the street. So without further mishap he gained the house where horse, servant and guide were awaiting him. The little party mounted, cleverly evaded the cavalry patrol, trotted through the open city gate, and galloped wildly off into the night.

On the morning of September 21st they reached the Mexico river, with the Imperial forces not far off.

The servant and guide, stripping their horses, went over in a boat; Diaz swam the river, one hand resting on his horse's mane. At *Coayuca*, where a festival was going forward, the chief of police (*jefe politico*) recognized, but did not betray Diaz. Hardly was he clear of the town, when an Imperial squadron fell suddenly upon it. But the fugitives galloped off across country—and now, at long last, were free.

These minor adventures are dwelt upon as emphasizing the great soldier's early amazing pluck and resourcefulness.

Three days later this just-freed prisoner, compact as he was of energy and resolution, embarked upon a desperate campaign against the Imperialists—the French and Mexican supporters of Maximilian—which lasted a hundred days and involved four victories over the invaders. And thereafter his life continued to be one of brilliant soldiership—in the course of which the Emperor made overtures to him, only to find the Mexican General incorruptible—varied with Monte Cristo adventure. General Bazaine, the chief pillar of the Imperial throne, took command against Diaz as being the most powerful opponent the French had, but the latter's successful campaign went steadily on its way until finally Bazaine and his army evacuated Mexico in 1867.

In July, that same year, Diaz married his first wife, Delphina Ortega y Reyes. Then, strange to say, he exchanged triumphant soldiership for the study, and some quiet years of agriculture.

There had been fifty-two dictators, emperors, presidents and rulers in fifty-nine years.

The bad administration of the country, threatening a relapse into its former state, recalled him to active life and a new sequence of adventures. The years between 1867 and 1872 marked his final breach with Juárez. These two strong patriots were in most respects dissimilar, but both went in daily peril of their lives, and for years underwent every hardship and privation in the struggle for their country's freedom.

On July 18th, 1871, Juárez, President of Mexico, died, his office falling to Lerdo de Tejada, the failure of whose Government soon plunged unhappy Mexico once more into the slough of unrest.

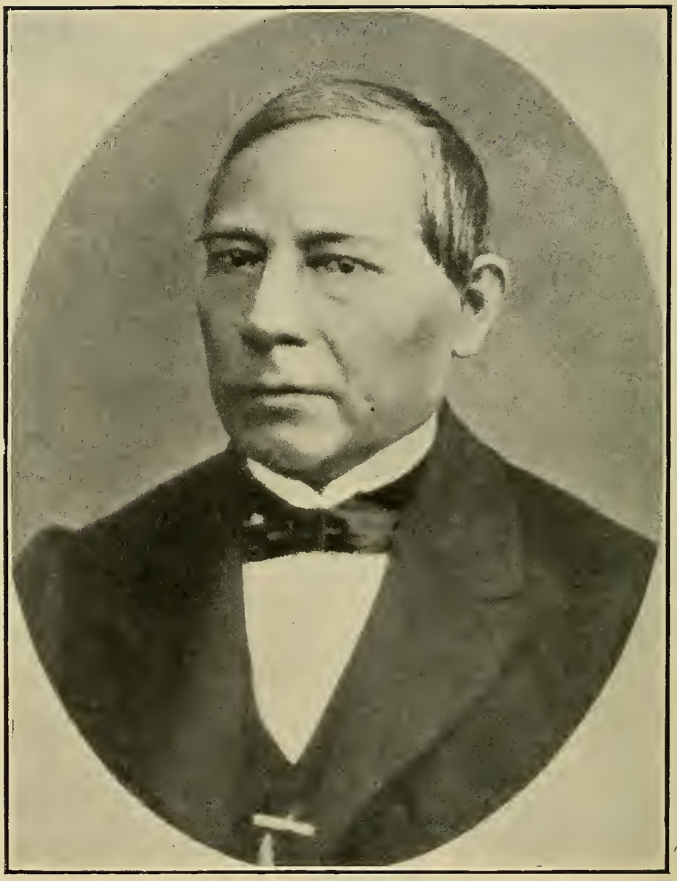
The South and East were soon in a state of revolution against Lerdo, General Hernandez, the leader of the rising, marching into *Oaxaca* on January 27th, 1876. Hernandez took charge of the Government of the State, and one of his first acts was to make Porfirio Diaz Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Reorganization. The revolution spread like wildfire through half a dozen other southern States. Generals Diaz and Gonzales, who had found a brief refuge in America, crossed the *Rio Grande* from Brownsville, Texas, with forty stalwarts, to take charge of the revolutionists in the North.

Lerdo de Tejada, confronted by this rapid development of trouble, acted with decision. Diaz and his forty stalwarts moved southwards, his force multiplying

Photo by RAVELL.]

The beast of burden.

[*To face p.* 10.



Benito Juárez.

[*To face p.* 11.

twentyfold on the way. He was soon strong enough to attack *Matamoros*, a place a little above the mouth of the *Rio Grande* and the key to the north-east, held by a Lerdist garrison. On the anniversary of his storming of *Puebla* he assaulted and captured the position, taking 700 prisoners and 18 cannon.

But Lerdo, now thoroughly alarmed, put 6,000 men, under Escobado, into the field against him. Diaz, unable to meet so large a force in open battle, scattered his own troops and made his way almost alone to New Orleans, at that time packed with exiles from Mexico.

The return of Diaz to Mexico, to take supreme command of the Army of the Revolution, forms another thrilling chapter in his career of adventure.

A little later a certain Cuban, Dr. Torres by name and style, embarked on the steamship *City of Havanna*, purporting to make a voyage to *Vera Cruz*. The ship stopped near *Matamoros*, where the pleasantness of the cruise was broken by an irruption of Mexican troops, many of them the released prisoners of Diaz, who, after their capture, had been unable to keep charge of them. These ex-prisoners were a sharp-eyed lot, and soon it became plain from their bearing that they discerned in the innocent Dr. Torres their former conqueror, Porfirio Diaz. Torres-Diaz was in a tight corner. He must get ashore in Mexico somehow, yet the moment he landed he would, of course, be found out and thrown into prison. What was to be done ?

The *City of Havanna* had brought up far out from the shore. In the distance, quays showed their twinkling lights. Escape must be at best but a forlorn hope ; but Diaz, having the deck to himself for a space, boldly set his mind and will to the venture.

Silently, cannily, he slipped overboard and struck out for the shore.

Even the iron nerve of Diaz, which had served him well a hundred times over, must—alone as he was in these shark-haunted waters, with a severe swimming bout before him—have been tried as seldom before. There was a prospect of being chased, furthermore, and hardly had he made a dozen strokes when this proved to be imminent. A sudden turmoil on board the ship proclaimed the discovery of his flight.

In haste a boat was manned and lowered.

There remained only to make a supreme effort. The swimmer called upon and used the last ounce of his strength—in vain. Bare feet and hands stand no chance in a race against long-bladed oars. The boat gained upon, overtook him ; its crew dragged him from the water and quickly put him aboard the ship. There was no more attempt at disguise. The Lerdists, his lately beaten enemies, had got him—and the question of his being shot was a foregone conclusion. Even so, there was a last chance—and the shrewd brain did not miss it. The vessel was American : Diaz claimed protection under the Stars and Stripes—and won it. On board the ship he was a free man ; but only till their arrival at *Vera Cruz*. Death was postponed—no more.

The passage, covering some days, afforded time enough for the nimble brain to evolve a new plan, the purser being induced to connive at and forward it. The swimming attempt had proved hopeless, but . . .

There was an alarm on board that night. The watch on deck had heard a splash: a lifebuoy was found missing: Diaz had again disappeared. The Captain, after ordering a minute search for the lost passenger, drew up a formal report that Diaz had gone overboard. The presumption was confirmed a few days later by the discovery on the seashore of a lifebuoy marked *S.S. Havanna.* Certainly Diaz had perished.

On the ship's arrival at *Vera Cruz* the Mexican Commandante, chagrined at the loss of so valuable a prize, ordered a second inspection. While the vessel was being rummaged from stem to stern it was guarded by boats full of soldiers. But the dead man failed to come to life again; failed even when some Lerdist officers rested from their labours on a certain sofa-seat, which nobody thought of prizing open.

Yet here in this box of a prison the supposed dead man, cared for by the purser, had been cooped up for several days and nights, half-stifled. The Lerdist officers, actually sitting upon him, solaced themselves with a game of cards.

There remained the problem of getting clear of the ship, still closely guarded.

Here again the devoted purser stepped in, and managed to get Diaz ashore disguised as a sailor. As usual, further adventures and evasions awaited the

fugitive, but eventually he turned up safe and sound hundreds of miles further south at his native *Oaxaca.*

The Lerdists were still the stronger party, but the Porfiristas (Diaz party) met and defeated them in open battle, November 16th, at *Tecoac,* 3,000 prisoners falling to the conquerors. Diaz hereupon marched straight for the capital, and drew up his army of 12,000 men at the famous shrine of *Guadalupe,* twelve miles out.

Next day, November 23rd, 1876, he made his triumphal entry into the city, and rode up to the palace in which he was to reign so long, and from whose balcony he was to ring for many a year the commemorative bell of Hidalgo.

This entry of Diaz was the more notable and striking in that the district was now packed with twenty or thirty thousand pilgrims from all parts of Mexico, on account of the coming anniversary fête of the country's patron saint, the Lady of Guadalupe. Diaz, the proclaimed hero, had his name mingled with the prayers of an adoring multitude.

The writer has heard many thrilling descriptions from those who witnessed this famous passage from the shrine of *Guadalupe* into Mexico City.

Riding in front of his Staff, in full view of the populace, and followed by a large contingent of his troops, Diaz made a fine figure in his general's uniform. He sat his horse, erect, with head raised high—a man of forty-six, in the full flower of his health and strength, crowned with hard-won victory.

The Cathedral, Mexico City.

[*To face p.* 14.

Rurales, the only body of soldiers of the kind in the world.

Native police.

[*To face p.* 15

Out from the city crowds came to meet him, greeting him with cheers—in some cases with hisses. He passed on, unmoved by the varying clamour for or against him. More and more friendly grew the shouts as he left *Guadalupe*, with its little wayside shrines, and drew towards the great square of the *Zocolo*. The best of the Mexican populace was gathered upon the *Plaza* in front of the Cathedral. By the time the cavalcade reached this every dissentient voice had become drowned in one multitudinous roar of welcome. The excitable Spanish-Mexican blood surged to men's heads: they tossed up hands and hats, frantically waved red *rebozos* (blankets). The stoical General, dignified and unmoved, pausing now and again to touch his sombrero in salute, rode calmly on to the Palace. Not until nightfall did the shouting die away.

It was a strange night for Diaz, left alone with his thoughts. A lofty point indeed had his almost incredible career touched. The self-educated son of an innkeeper, the rough-and-tumble fighter, ignorant of statecraft as he was even of the Castilian tongue, was to undertake the headship of a turbulent State whose whole past was one long memory of bloodshed and misrule.

Although unassisted at the beginning by his own adherents, and despite several attempts to assassinate him, Diaz quickly succeeded as a ruler—and a new era for Mexico was opened.

Yet behind him lay a long line of failures: the remaking of a nation, already honeycombed with corruption, was no light matter. He made up his mind to do or die. His success in lifting the country out of the slough was a miracle of achievement, and the reason for his triumph was patent. For the first time in Mexico's history, her inexpressibly troubled history, he brought scrupulous honesty into every corner of public administration. Corruption in every form went down before Diaz. He toiled, and restored, not only national credit, but internal peace. He could and did use stern measures. He converted bandits into *rurales*, a splendid body of military police. He created railroad after railroad, harbours, canals, tunnels, drains, an improved system of education—in a word, converted a hopelessly battered into a conspicuously flourishing State.

To turn for a brief moment from Diaz' public to his more personal and intimate life.

Despite his success, his popularity and power, the President—after the death of his first wife, Delphina y Reyes—stood absolutely alone. He confided in no man, planned his future life, and dreamed great dreams in solitude. But at the right hour Diaz met, fell desperately in love with, and in the spring of 1883 took as his second wife, Carmen de Rubio—she being a well-born and beautiful girl of fourteen, and he a man of fifty-three. Without doubt Madame Diaz, or *Carmelita*, as the Mexicans called her, was of inestimable help to her husband. As a woman of immense tact,

Photo by VALETTO.]

Madame Diaz, wife of the President of Mexico.

[*To face p.* 16.

The President's private house in Cadena, Mexico City.

fond of society, and mixing freely with ambassadors and foreigners, she learned by personal contact the feelings of other countries. Gradually but completely—and always for good—she influenced his life; they remained chums and friends, aye, veritable lovers, through their long married years till his death in 1915. Of high birth and liberal education, Madame Diaz in manner and figure somewhat resembles our Queen Alexandra. She is of medium height and pretty figure, with neat hands and feet and lovely eyes; and in looks was always said to be like the beautiful, dark-eyed Empress Eugénie in her earlier days.

President Diaz himself was of medium height, solidly built, with soldierly bearing and courtly manners. He had deep-set eyes, with heavy eyebrows, a bright complexion, and a deep, melodious voice. Although somewhat silent by nature, and serious by habit, he had a keen sense of humour and thoroughly enjoyed a joke.

With his great neighbour, the United States, his relations were untroubled. Long ago, as we have seen, he had paid one surreptitious visit to the States. His next visit, years later, was another affair; one of magnificent receptions and warm welcomes. He and his young wife, journeying by sea, were met at New Orleans by a private train, sent by courtesy of the President of the United States, and everywhere fêted. They spent three days at Washington, and at Chicago had what Diaz described as "a beautiful reception."

* * * * * *

When General Porfirio Diaz first came into power in Mexico, in November, 1876, the country was in very much the same troubled condition as at Easter, 1914, about thirty-eight years later, when the United States were concentrating both their troops and fleet and preparing for intervention. Excitement was in the air, and every man's hand was raised against his fellow. Law and order were again unknown.

Once more history was repeating itself.

Revolution had succeeded revolution in '76. Guerrilla, or bandit warfare, civil war, every ill that could befall a distracted country had been rife for half a century. Chaos reigned, and muddle was paramount in every department of the State.

It is quite extraordinary to notice the similarity of those days, which seem so remote after thirty-five years' experience of settled government and order, and the days of misrule three short years after Diaz left the country which he had dominated so long.

Mexico's story is really one of bloodshed, murder and horror of every kind, from the dark days when Cortéz landed and carried massacre and devastation among a harmless and cultured people, through the centuries of the Spanish domination, and through all the years which witnessed the early struggles of the Mexican people to set up a stable system of self-government. Then with Diaz came a period of wise rule, of extraordinary strength and perception, and finally out of poverty and discredit national prosperity evolved.

A new Mexico was born under Diaz.

Five-and-thirty years is a generation, and everyone hoped that the child of prosperity would outlive the old age of misrule. It was not to be. Diaz wielded a very strong hand because Diaz knew his country. The outside world often blamed him for severity; but the outside world did not know Mexico. Upon the downfall of Diaz followed the downfall of his country, and over again the murderous scenes of civil war were enacted, there being no man strong enough to rise up and quell them as the lusty old General had done.

It is better to work and drop than be idle and live.

CHAPTER II

DEVELOPMENTS AND MADERO

CORTÉZ landed from Spain at *Vera Cruz* in 1519, to conquer Mexico for Spain. It was a dangerous coast to land upon in those days.

The United States four hundred years later anchored their ships at *Vera Cruz* in April, 1914, in one of the finest harbours in the world, and so brought war into a country that for thirty-five years General Porfirio Diaz had kept in peace. What could American soldiers do in the tropical heat, if they had to march to the centre of Mexico from either *Tampico* or *Vera Cruz?* Both ports are tropical, and are especially trying in May, June and July. The first railway opened in Mexico runs from *Vera Cruz* to the capital. Leaving the latter at an altitude of 8,000 feet the line rises to 10,000 feet, before descending the mountains to the plains of *Vera Cruz*, and in the descent the gradients in many places are as high as 4 per cent., and some even higher. This part of the line has been justly called "a system of curves linked together." The coaches lie right over to get round some of the curves. In parts it is very like that beautiful *San Paulo* road in Brazil. Both lines were built by Englishmen, and

even to-day remain among the finest engineering feats in the world.

Tampico is nearly 2,000 miles from New Orleans and on the route to Mexico City. There are fifteen miles that are as fine as anything in the Rockies. The twists and curves are so great that the engine and the last car form a horseshoe at times. At other times six tracks are visible along the mountain side on which the train has to wind its way, and the descent is so steep it actually makes some people sick.

From *Tampico* to Mexico City may not be as grand a journey as from *Vera Cruz* to the latter, but it is more lovely as it passes for a greater length through tropical vegetation. All along the sides of the hills, right high up in the thickly wooded mountains, are patches of bright emerald green sugar-cane. The entire produce is carried down the precipices in baskets on the backs of the Indians. Bamboos wave in the air, amid wild vegetation of cactus, tobacco, pepper and castor-oil trees. Huts of vines and palm, thatched together, form the homes of the people. *Tampico* waters are full of tarpon, " the king of fish ; " the coast-line is low and sandy. The *Panuco* river is half a mile wide ; the district is the greatest oil-producing centre in the world. These railways, harbours and oil-fields were practically all constructed under Diaz.

The rise of Mexico out of perpetual slough and disorder, and its organization as one of the most prosperous of Latin-American Republics, was the life work of its masterful President. The story of the man and of

Mexico is closely interwoven; and his position was absolutely unique in the world's history, seeing that he was an all-powerful, monarchical, yet democratic constitutional ruler.

* * * * * *

But Diaz had been too absorbed in the building of his house to see that he must prepare for its future solidity a century ahead, as well as merely to-morrow. He worked long hours and hard; but development grew at such a pace (not only in Mexico, but over the entire world) that he had not time to construct a future government for his own land the foundations of which could never be shaken.

He trusted to improved but still inefficient education, and wondrous prosperity and long years of peace bearing unending good fruit. His attitude was one of benevolent despotism, and for the time being such a form of rulership was a practical necessity. But he did not look quite far enough. Great as his gifts were, he was perhaps too material and prosaic. Maybe he had not in his composition enough of the idealist, or seer, which is necessary for the builder of a nation, and the establishment of its future stability.

Imperceptibly and insidiously with years a group of men of different nationalities, as well as Mexicans, grew round Diaz. Each represented some scheme for the improvement of the country, and so to each he listened in turn. They all made money. They all grew rich except the man himself who granted their options and

concessions. He refused all reward: "Mexico, Mexico —improve Mexico," was his one cry. And so he kept his hands clean and expected them to do the same. In his younger days he would have spotted the grafters and turned them away; but (peeping ahead) this octogenarian, as strong physically as a man half his age, had grown unsuspicious and confiding, and too trustful. The people by whom he was surrounded, the people he was kind to, were his undoing.

His home life was one of the happiest on God's earth, and perhaps in the joys of his family circle and the great love of, and for, his wife he became blinded in later years to the realities of mischief brewing outside.

The *cientifico* party grew in strength and he failed to grasp it. Things had been so immensely prosperous for years, he could not see the possibility of any change for the worse with the growth of a new century.

As one peeps cursorily at the scene, gradually unfolding like a map—two thousand miles long by many hundred miles wide, temperate and tropical by turns—one sees fields being put under cultivation, mines being opened up, foreigners tumbling over one another in greed of gain; thousands of miles of railway being laid, banks and offices opening, and a wise man controlling this vast and sudden enterprise, refusing concessions to undesirables, while giving them to men of grit and power.

The whole of Diaz' time was taken up with these developments. He became involved in a veritable network of difficulties,

Botha stamped out revolution in South Africa by the deportation of a handful of agitators; but after Diaz (1911) left there was no one in Mexico to take a strong hand in the game of national chance, and everyone shuffled his cards to play his own hand at all hazards.

Then across the panorama of events since 1911 men flashed like meteors, to disappear again. The Ambassador to Washington—Señor de la Barra—became provisional President. Madero stood forth triumphantly for a few months, then four men—Villa, Carranza, Orozco and Huerta—took the field in kaleidoscopic procession.

* * * * * *

With his fall came the so-called American intervention.

Had the United States the right to interfere in Mexican affairs?

That is a grave question to which there are two answers and many side issues.

If the United States intended to supervise Mexican affairs, should they not have shown a strong hand from the moment General Porfirio Diaz left the country in May, 1911?

Do the United States want to annex Mexico, as they have already annexed the northern States of Arizona and Texas?

If the States take Mexico, they will have a tougher nut to crack for years to come than we have in Egypt or India.

Photo by RAVELL.]

A village church.

[*To face p.* 24.

The Road to Chapultepec.

[To face p. 25.

Do they merely want Mexico as a sort of Egypt or not?

Chaos, muddle, anxiety on all sides. These words oft reiterated describe the position of Mexico since General Diaz left in May, 1911. In thirty-five months more was undone than he had built up in that number of years. Thirty-five years of peace.

Three years of devilment, before the clash of the European War came as a thunder-clap in the west.

There is another serious question.

Has the United States the right to dictate to the whole of Latin America ?

Does the land from the *Rio Grande* to Cape Horn rightfully come under the United States' control ?

Do the United States wish to annex everything, as they annexed Panama from Colombia, and if so, have they the right ?

What about the Monroe Doctrine ?

Anything more unlike the stern, shrewd, business-like, quickly calculating, well-educated people of the States, bent on success and dollars, than the Mexican-Latin-Indian—indolent and slow, ill-educated and unbusiness-like, full of superstition and religious fear —cannot well be imagined.

The North and South Americas will never understand one another. Their blood will never mix. Race antagonism exists. In the North are hundreds of peoples with hundreds of tongues all boiling in one crucible—"The American." In Mexico there are a hundred and fifty Indian tribes with a hundred and fifty different languages and dialects, and representa-

tives of a few dozen European countries. The United States would find Mexico a hair-shirt, to say the least of it; but happily annexation is not the only solution.

The North and South are as unlike as oil and vinegar, and even a whipping will only make them mix into a palatable salad-dressing for a short time; they will always fall asunder again. Oil and vinegar won't mix for long, neither will northern and southern peoples.

The above are weighty questions, but before attempting to answer them, let us take a general glance at the events that have led up to the present tangle of complexity in Mexican affairs.

Diaz lived to a great age, only to be hurled from power in his eighty-first year.

The rising which resulted in this *débâcle* had the character of a national movement, the aims of which, perhaps, even Madero himself—its prime mover—did not clearly understand. One thing the nation wanted, apparently, was the stamping out of what the party considered political immorality, fostered and abetted by the acts of what they called the *grupo cientifico*, or grafters, and by the policy of the Minister of Finance in particular. This Minister was Señor Limantour, a man of great ability, French by ancestry and education, but born in Mexico. Limantour had shown his devotion to the country in connection with the great drainage scheme for Mexico City, and above all in his masterly reorganization of Mexico's finance system. Through his tireless exertions as Finance Minister to Diaz he converted a heavy national deficit into an annual

surplus; but, charming though he was personally, he became unpopular and distrusted by the Mexican people. This distrust of Limantour had much to do with Diaz' downfall.

When Madero stood up as chieftain of the revolution, inscribing on his banner the redress of this grievance, with some Utopias, the people followed him without stopping to measure his capabilities. His promises were enough.

It is one of the saddest episodes in the history of great rulers, and at the same time one of the most important in the history of a country, that Mexico, which had pushed so brilliantly ahead in finance, industry and agriculture, had still lagged behind in political development. The man who made a great nation out of half-breeds and muddle was so sure of his own position, his own strength, and one may add of his own ideals and motives, that he did not encourage antagonism at the polls, and "free voting" remained a name only.

Six years later Russia—not by any means under a great ruler, but still a powerful one—rose in something like the same way. Only twenty-five per cent. of the Russians can read or write, about the same number as in Mexico, and they too rose against the power in office in as dramatic a stride.

Nations are like chickens, pecking at their egg-shell to free themselves from bondage; but the chickens must be strong enough to stand, and Russia, China and Mexico have all stumbled badly with their newly acquired so-called freedom.

A German author has said that all rulers become obsessed with the passion of rule. They lose their balance, clearness of sight, judgment, and only desire to rule, rule, *rule!* He was able to quote many examples. Would he in a new edition add General Diaz to his list?

On September 15th, 1910, Diaz celebrated his eightieth birthday. He had ruled Mexico, with one brief interval of four years, since 1876. For thirty-five years, therefore, with one short break, the country had known no other President; and Madero, who laid him low, was a man more or less put into office by Diaz himself. A new generation of Mexicans had grown up under the rule of the older man. Time after time he had been re-elected with unanimity, no other candidate being nominated—or even suggested. Is it to be wondered at that, by the time his seventh term expired in 1910, he should have come to regard himself as indispensable.

That he was so persuaded permits of no doubt.

"He would remain in office so long as he thought Mexico required his services," he said, in the course of the first abortive negotiations for peace—before the capture of the frontier town of *Juárez* (*El Paso*) by the insurrectionists, and the surrender of the Republican troops under General Navarro took the actual settlement out of his hands.

Diaz made a fatal mistake, and it shrouded in gloom the close of a career of unexampled brilliancy, both in war and statesmanship.

The Spanish-American Republics have produced no man who will compare with Porfirio Diaz. Simon Bolivar for years fought the decaying power of Spain, and to him what are now the rapidly progressing Republics of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru owe their liberation. But Diaz had been more than a soldier, and his great achievement in the expansion and redemption of modern Mexico from bankruptcy and general decay completely shadowed his successes in the field during the ceaseless struggles of his earlier years.

Had he retired in 1910 he would have done so with honour, and every hostile voice then rising in Mexico would have been stilled. All little squabbles would have been forgotten in remembrance of the immense debt that his country owed him. He would have stood out as the great historic figure of a glorious era in the national annals. He had told them he would retire—he did not. It was the first time he had broken his word with the people. Staying too long, he was driven from office by a movement of ideas, the strength of which it is evident that he never realized until too late, and by a rebellion that in the days of his vigorous autocracy he would have stamped out with his heel.

This is a sad picture to look on, especially when one turns to that other one of the simple palace-home in Mexico City, with the fine old warrior, his nostrils dilating like a horse's at the covert side, his face aglow, his eyes flashing as he told of bygone battles, escapes from imprisonment and death, and deeds of wild

adventure and romance. These inspiriting recollections he freely gave for the "authentic biography" which he had given the writer permission to publish. Up to that time he had refused that favour to everyone; and in spite of his grateful recognition of the "honesty and veracity" of the volume about his country five years before,* he was long in according his consent.

"I have only done what I thought right," he said, "and it is my country and my ministers who have really made Mexico what she is."

In the days of his strength corruption was unknown under his rule, and even now no finger can point at him. He retired a penniless man, to live on his wife's little fortune, inherited from her father.

Diaz had the right to be egotistical, but he was modesty itself. Yet he had risen from his humble station by powers of statesmanship for which, owing to want of opportunity, he had shown no aptitude before he reached middle life. Before that he seemed but a good soldier, true as steel, brave, hardy, resourceful in the field, and nothing more. It was not until he was actually President, that his gifts for government asserted themselves. Such late developments are rare, although, to take our own country, Cromwell was forty before he made any mark. Chatham, again, was fifty before he was heard of outside his own circle, and yet a few years later the country was at his feet.

It is rather the cry nowadays that men's best work is done before forty, and even their good work no

* "Mexico as I saw It."

later than sixty; but among endless exceptions General Diaz must take high rank.

His real career began at forty-six. Up to that time he had been an officer in a somewhat disorganized army, and his ambition at the outset never soared beyond a colonelcy.

He was nearly fifty when he entered Mexico City at the head of a revolutionary force. Romance and adventure were behind him, although personal peril still dogged his steps. He had to forget that he was a soldier, and to be born again as leader and politician, a maker and not a destroyer.

Yet Diaz became a ruler, and a diplomat, and assumed the courtly manners of a prince.

Even at sixty he was only on the high road to his best, which he reached about ten years later. At seventy-five he lacked nothing, either in energy or variety of power, that goes to the equipment of a ruler of men. This is especially remarkable for one of his race, born in a semi-tropical land.

Paradoxical as it may seem, his overthrow was the result of a revolution mainly pacific in its nature, and in substance a revolt of public feeling against abuses that had become stereotyped in the system of government by the too long domination of one masterful will. The military rising was but its head, spitting fire. Behind was an immense body of opinion, in favour of effecting the retirement of the President by peaceful means, and with all honour to one who had served his country well.

In 1908 General Diaz had stated frankly, in an interview granted to an American journalist, that he was enjoying his last term of office, and at its expiration would spend his remaining years in private life. There is no reason to doubt that this assurance represented his settled intention. The announcement was extensively published in the Mexican Press, and was never contradicted by the President himself. Then rumours gained currency that Diaz was not unprepared to accept nomination for the Presidency for an eighth term. The statement was at first discredited, then repeated without contradiction in a manner that could hardly have failed to excite surprise. At length came the fatal announcement that the President would stand again.

Hardly had the bell of Independence ceased ringing out in joyous clang on September 15th, 1910, in celebration of free Mexico's centenary, hardly had the gorgeous fêtes for the President's birthday, or the homage paid him by the whole world run their course, when the spark of discontent became a blaze. He had mistaken the respect and regard of his people for an invitation to remain in office.

By the time the Presidential election approached, signs of agitation had increased. A political party rose in direct hostility, not so much to General Diaz himself or Limantour, as to the Vice-President, who, as next in the succession in the event of the demise of the President, would have been able to rivet his autocracy on the country.

The Vice-President, Señor Ramon Corral, had been chosen by Diaz himself—but who was Corral ?

Briefly, Don Ramon Corral was born in *Alamos, Sonora* (the North West province running parallel to Lower California), in 1854. Editor of two newspapers —*El Fantasma* and *Voz de Alamos*—he exchanged the pen for the sword in 1875. He defended the agricultural interests of *Sonora* in the Federal Congress, was made Vice-Governor of *Sonora* in 1887, and elected Vice-President of Mexico in 1904. He was a man of strong, attractive personality, with greyish hair, and dark, penetrating eyes, but so lined that he looked at fifty as old as did Diaz at seventy-five. What the writer saw of him she liked, but then (1904) he had hardly taken up the reins of power. He did not make himself popular; he was not considered honest by many people, in fact, a large part of the country hated and distrusted him. But for that, probably, nothing would have been heard of the troubles which ensued. As the party anxious for the introduction of new blood into the Government increased in vigour, the people showed themselves more and more determined to get rid of Corral. They wanted a younger man than Diaz in the President's chair: they wanted, above all, the prospect of a strong and straight successor. The honesty of Diaz himself was never disputed for one second, and that was why the people were surprised at his being so blinded.

But the official group whose interests depended on the maintenance of the Diaz régime was, for the

moment, too powerful, and it succeeded in inducing the President to accept re-election.

To the general hatred of this group on the part of the nation Madero owed his success. He was almost unknown, but the malcontents were determined to act, and to act at once, and they could not afford to pick and choose a leader. As a proof that the country thought less of the democratic principles invoked than of the destruction of the official *cientificos*, may be cited the fact that it at first placed all its trust and confidence in General Reyes, who was just as despotic and autocratic as General Diaz, but had, at the same time, to them, a redeeming quality—his avowed opposition to the gang. Reyes refused to head the insurrection, and it was then Madero or nobody.

The attempt to perpetuate the Presidency in the hands of one man, and especially of one party, had been the main cause of the rising. Originally, the term of office was only four years without power of re-election. After the first four years of power, Diaz altered this, and made re-election possible. When the writer was in Mexico for the second time, in 1904, he went even further, and instituted a six years' term and a Vice-President; consequently, the very man who had fought against the re-election of Lerdo de Tejada, himself gradually assumed the continuous power he had once decried. He thought that his doing so was for his country's good, which it most undoubtedly was at the time, judging by the stupendous results. But things move rapidly in these days, and

General Reyes.

[*To face p.* 34.

Photo by GARNAT.]

Pottery for sale.

Mexico caught the fever of unrest, and the longing for change. The President would have been all right without his following. The people had tired of repetitions of the same abuses by those in power, abuses which became more and more apparent with the President's advancing years. A change was necessary; and they demanded that at least they should be allowed to have a Vice-President of their own choice. All concession was refused; and the disappointment embittered them not only against Corral, but against Diaz himself.

There was a large party that wished to support General Reyes as a possible opponent to the President. Reyes had been Secretary for War; he was most popular with the Mexican army; and as Governor of one of the Northern States had made himself much beloved. For years many regarded him as the successor of Diaz. In fact, at one time his popularity became awkward to the authorities in Mexico. Rather than risk disturbances, Diaz chose him to be Governor of the State of *Nueve Leon*, and sent him away to the North.

Bernardo Reyes was born in the beautiful old Spanish town with the pretty Indian name, *Guadalajara*, in 1850. Not only was he a soldier, he was also a statesman of unblemished character. He had always displayed extraordinary bravery. Loyal to the Constitutional Government, he had supported both Juárez and Lerdo in warfare before Diaz became President, but deserted by his soldiers as the cause waned, he surrendered to Diaz. So excellent was his record for

valour, patriotism and loyalty that the new President appointed Reyes commander of the Sixth Regiment of Cavalry. Years of active work were passed in quieting outbreaks in various parts of Mexico; but it was not till 1880, when Reyes took part in a great action at *Villa Union*, receiving three dangerous wounds, that the power of the man was fully recognized, and he was subsequently made General.

He was a delightful man. He was well educated, with charming manners, and considerable political and diplomatic knowledge. A strong Liberal in politics, he became a staunch friend and admirer of Diaz, in whose footsteps he loyally trod for many years. Later they quarrelled, to make it up again before they died.

Faithful to his chief, Reyes finally resigned the governorship in 1910, before the Presidential election, and was sent to Europe to study methods of military conscription in different countries—probably to get him out of the way. At the outbreak of the insurrection he was in Paris. His partisans, deceived in their hope of his co-operation and discouraged by his absence from the country, had no resource but to look for another leader.

And so it was that in the spring of 1910 Señor Francisco Madero came to the front of the stage. He was a man of education, of fortune, of courage—plain-faced and squat in figure—and a lawyer by profession. He had written a book called *The Presidential Succession.* This book, quiet and reasonable in tone, had an enormous sale, and Señor Madero pocketed not a *peso*

of the profits. He was a wealthy man in no need of emoluments, which was doubtless a point in his favour with a public accustomed to being fleeced by its officials. But they should have remembered that a man, once in office, is certain to be pestered by a host of greedy parasites and relatives. Even Diaz could not fight down the rapacity of some of his followers and *concessionnaires*.

Although without experience in the management of State affairs, Madero had shown that he had the courage of his convictions. He consented to stand against Diaz in a contest for the Presidency of the Republic, but he had not, in spite of his literary work upon the Government of the country, appreciated the full scope of the responsibilities of the Presidential office in Mexico.

He himself—forty-two years old and a strong idealist—belonged to the "patrician" class, who had a "feudal system," so to speak, of their own on their large *haciendas* (farm ranches), while the capitalists and many of the foreigners settled in Mexico represented another—we may say the modern—side of the moneyed class. Beyond these were the peasantry, the *peons*. But this classification does not include all the population of Mexico by any means. There are eighteen millions, nearly all of them Indians or *Mestizos* (half-castes): people who, century after century, have been neglected and kept down in their barbaric habits; people among whom a multiplicity of languages is spoken, yet who are largely ignorant of Spanish, the tongue of the governing class.

Neither had he measured his own mental calibre and

attainments beside those of President Diaz, whom he aspired to succeed, and to whom he was a dwarf in intellect and in capacity for organization and administration. He failed to realize—in fact, he did not know—what Mexico really was without its maker, whom he had ventured to despise for the few limitations which had grown up round the veteran chief.

Howbeit, in him the malcontents had found their leader. Madero not only accepted nomination, but began an active campaign, making speeches against the Diaz administration, denouncing abuses, especially the retention of office by the Vice-President, and the tactics of Finance Minister Limantour, and showing the people that as General Diaz was then eighty years of age, and his new term would not expire until 1916, Vice-President Corral would almost certainly succeed to the inheritance of the Diaz *régime*.

Energetic, courageous and outspoken, Madero had full command of the phraseology of the demagogue. His only shortcoming in the eyes of his own party was that he had not been persecuted by the Government. The officials, alas, soon supplied this deficiency. A few days before the Presidential election, in July, 1910, when making a speech in *Monterey* (a hundred miles from the north-east frontier), Madero was arrested as a disturber of the peace and thrown into prison, where he was kept till the close of the poll.

The election resulted, as usual, in a triumphant majority for General Diaz, though votes were recorded, even in the capital itself, for the anti-electionist leader.

As soon as opportunity offered, Madero escaped to the United States, and from that vantage-ground kept up a correspondence with his friends and partisans. Though the election had been held in July, the inauguration of the President did not take place until December, 1910. A fortnight before that date a conspiracy, at which Madero probably connived, was discovered at *Puebla*—about sixty-five miles south-east of the capital—as will be fully described in the next chapter.

Trouble followed trouble, general discontent reigned in the north, which, be it remembered, runs to a distance of a thousand miles from Mexico City itself. But nothing really serious occurred, until suddenly, in the early weeks of 1911, President Taft mobilized a force of 20,000 American troops to watch the Mexican frontier. From that time events developed rapidly till the end of the Diaz *régime* in May. It was said that a treaty which had been made between Mexico and Japan allowed the latter the use of Mexican waters for manœuvres, and constituted a menace against the United States. It was all moonshine—though we now know what Germany's views were in this regard—but it was good enough to print for the purpose of the moment, and that was enough. So it went in with fanciful accounts of the fighting until one thing became clear, that the revolution was rapidly making its way to victory, and that Diaz, prostrate with an agonizing illness, was in no condition to rally his disheartened followers in person.

He saved his honour, as the phrase goes, by a declaration that he would not retire from office until peace was declared. He struggled hard. He was too ill to leave his simple house in one of the chief streets of the city, where he lived less ostentatiously than many of his fellow citizens, but this did not prevent the mob from firing upon his home. On the afternoon of May 25th, 1911, he resigned, and Señor de la Barra, formerly Minister at Washington, became provisional President until the next election, fixed for October.

Three days after signing his abdication, General Diaz was well enough to leave Mexico City. He entered Mexico City fighting, and he left her shore with bullets ringing in the air. This was but the third time that Diaz had left the land of his birth. Later on will be found a full account of his dramatic and sad flight by an eyewitness.

And so the great Diaz, whose work is imperishable, passed from power—the power he had used so well—but his memory did not pass from the hearts of his countrymen.

Verily a moving spectacle from first to last. A dramatic exit from a dramatic scene.

It is a peculiar circumstance, from which the future historian of Mexico and its famous President will draw a moral, that Diaz himself had early foreseen the evil which after five-and-thirty years became his own undoing. No one more staunchly than Diaz had upheld the

law which sought to make impossible the re-election for a second term of the President of the Republic and the Governors of the States. In forty years of anarchy between the attainment of Mexican independence in 1821 and the arrival of the hapless Emperor Maximilian, this had been the issue at stake in a hundred fights. Nothing was easier than for a dictator, once he had secured election to the President's chair, constitutionally so to manipulate the voting that, save by an armed rising, he could never be replaced.

That became a system. In the welter of Mexican history in the first half of the last century hardly one President succeeded another by the peaceful means of votes cast at the polls.

Political elections were "managed" in the most ridiculous way in almost every contest. In Mexico, as said, there had been before the time of Diaz fifty-two Presidents, or other rulers, in less than sixty years. The method was brought to full perfection by the unscrupulous Santa Anna. The other Central and South American Republics also gave countless examples. The gravity of the danger was recognized by the founders of the Mexican Constitution in 1857, and they made the President ineligible for re-election. But this provision, though highly desirable, had in the divided state of the country never been enforced.

For this, moreover, Diaz fought campaign after campaign, at first for President Juárez in his long struggle against Maximilian, and afterwards against that same Juárez, his former friend.

CHAPTER III

REVOLUTIONARY RUMBLINGS

A HUNDRED years of kaleidoscopic history. We must now pass to the fuller narrative, beginning with the momentous year 1910, the Centenary of the Declaration of Mexico's Independence.

In view of the celebrations of September (1910) all nations were sending their Special Envoys to Mexico City, to bring honour and congratulations to the nation and its octogenarian President. It was to him a moment of great personal triumph and world-wide recognition.

France, Spain, America, Norway, Germany, Holland were all represented by men of renown. Britain was mourning her King-Emperor, Edward VII., and therefore took no part in the rejoicings except to send an address to the President; but our newspapers were full of his praise.

The German Press published a eulogy of General Diaz, and of Mexican progress generally. The German Emperor presented a statue of Baron Alexander von Humboldt, the naturalist, who long years before had visited Mexico, and conferred the Collar of the Grand

Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle on the President, besides writing congratulations on his birthday.

Was Germany, in paying this homage, out to win Mexico, when she should have disposed of Belgium, France and England ? Was this her first move towards acquiring that great land for her trade, her emigrants, and her general expansion ?

Was the picture (an awful painting) of the Kaiser, hanging behind Diaz as he spoke from the balcony, prophetic of the Kaiser's wish to rule Mexico at no late date ? Anyway, there that life-sized portrait hung, a personal gift from a strong ruler to another strong ruler, sent with words of the deepest esteem.

Italy gave a statue of Garibaldi, America one of General Washington, which the Huertists, when the American warships intervened at *Vera Cruz*, promptly knocked down. The Generalissimo of the Spanish Army came with a special gift, which touched the Mexican heart to the core—the uniform and other relics of José Maria Morelos, generalissimo in the Mexican War of Independence, who rendered great national services and was captured and shot in 1815. The relics were moved with military honours and great pomp from the special Ambassador's temporary quarters to the National Palace, flags that had been carried in the War of Independence fluttered in the procession, borne by officers of the Federal troops ; and General Diaz received them amid the booming of guns and ringing of bells, concluding his words of thanks with the cry of " *Viva l'Espagna !* " " *Viva la Madre Granda !* "

One other gift must have brought back more vivid scenes to the memory of Diaz : the old keys of the City of Mexico, sent by the Republic of France, the France he later learned to love.

For ten days Mexico City was *en fête ;* the first ceremony being the unveiling of a monument by the President to the memory of the Mexican cadets who fell in the defence in 1848 of *Chapultepec*, that grand old rocky fortress, once the meeting-place of Montezuma and Cortés, and later the palace of the Emperor Maximilian and his beautiful consort Carlota. Various functions of a State character followed daily. The foreign envoys were entertained and on the President's birthday—the eve of the great day—a pageant, organized by Señor de Landa y Escandon, represented Mexican history from the time of the Aztecs up to the establishment of the Mexican Republic. The ten thousand participators—including fifty pure-blooded Aztecs—marched through the *Plaza* in front of the National Palace, where the President and his distinguished foreign guests and the diplomatic circle reviewed them.

Each night the streets were illuminated and rejoicings were carried on with the greatest zest and enthusiasm. Pergolas of glorious tropical blooms and arches in the national colours decorated the streets. The words " Progress " and " Liberty " shone from the towers of the magnificent old Spanish cathedral, which was beautifully outlined with coloured lights. These facts alone showed how universal was the celebration, for the

An Ancient Mexican Well, on way to Chapultepec.

[*To face p.* 44.

A Modern Mexican Fountain.

[To face p. 45

Government had always left the Church unrecognized since its severance from the State by Juárez.

It was in such a setting that, at the usual hour of eleven on September 16th, President Diaz struck the bell of Miguel Hidalgo—the before-mentioned patriot priest. Enthusiastic as was the crowd on that occasion, the feelings of the masses assembled at the Centenary passed all bounds : never before had this great national event evoked such a scene.

Above that seething crowd, in that wonderful Mexican night, with a blue-black sky overhead, calm and dignified, President Diaz stood, surrounded by his guests and by representatives of the greatest potentates of civilized countries. The man whose "edifice was the nation."

This was indeed a moment of triumph. There stood the saviour of Mexico, the man who had made the country. There he stood in the full vigour of a man of sixty, and yet his age was really eighty. Was there ever a more remarkable position than this ? The peasant boy who had made and ruled a nation for thirty-five years, honoured by all countries, whose representatives stood around him, beloved by his people. He was at the highest pinnacle of success. He had reached a zenith ; but the hawks were in the air.

There and then it was—as said before—that Diaz made the mistake of his life.

* * * * * *

On November 6th, 1910, a great banquet was held in London in celebration of this Centenary, at which Señor Limantour was present; and Sir Edward Grey—the British Minister for Foreign Affairs—speaking of the success of Mexico, said:

"It was not merely the success of the nation, but the fact that that success had been so closely connected with such a remarkable personality as that of President Diaz, that aroused so much interest in the world at large with regard to Mexico. The President of the United States of Mexico had shown how wisdom, energy and strength could be combined in one person."

That banquet, held in the greatest city of the world, was a triumph for the Mexican ruler in his far-away land. Important men from every nation were present to do him honour.

Diaz' name and fame had reached the farthest corners of the earth. He was proclaimed a great ruler, and, the writer ventures to think, the greatest character of the nineteenth century. But as the bell of Hidalgo tolled, and the glasses clashed in London, the doom of the great man was being written on the parchment of time.

* * * * * *

In December, 1905, as we know, when he was proclaimed President for the seventh time, Diaz was at the height of his glory. He was then seventy-five years old. Full of manly vigour, mental power, health and strength, the nation was at his feet. His position was

unique in the world's history. All was well. No king of long ancestry was on a more solid throne than this elected Mexican.

The rumble of discontent had not been heard, the murmur of unrest was not yet.

Still living his simple life in his own private house in *Cadena*—with spells at the Castle of *Chapultepec* —Diaz, although befitting the *rôle* of a private gentleman, was really the strongest ruler in the world. His own personal word was law. He had relaxed much of the stern hand that had controlled and shaped his country, had given the people better education, given freely all he could, listened to every new idea of teaching which he thought might be of value to the nation, and done his best to raise those people above anarchy and bloodshed.

The country was prosperous. He and Mexico were yoked together. The pair were well harnessed to the pole, their shoulders were in the collars, and Liberty sat in the car behind them. Who could have foreseen what half a dozen years would bring forth ?

* * * * * *

Such had been the happy circumstances, the revelry, the world-wide homage, the absolute accord of all parties in the rejoicings of September, that the murmurs of discontent were forgotten by many.

But all the time the strong undercurrent of revolt was increasing daily throughout the breadth and

length of the land. Emissaries of the *anti-Porfirista* party were at work, and early in November reports reached Mexico City of anticipated risings in many directions.

These rumours, however, caused no undue alarm. Mexican history was made up of revolutions, or risings in one State or another. Even under the pacific rule of Diaz, who personally knew no fear, and had always smothered such developments at their birth, they had occurred from time to time.

Then the storm burst like a bomb.

News of an Anarchist plot at *Puebla* against the re-election of General Diaz reached the police, who visited a house where a meeting was in progress. A woman opened the door to them, and as they went in, shot the Chief of the Police dead. A fearful scene followed between the Anarchists and Federal troops and *rurales*—the armed mounted military guard.

That was the first spark of the Revolution.

Trouble quickly broke out on every side. Señor Francisco Madero, who, on being liberated from his prison at *San Luis Potosi*, had gone to *San Antonio*, in Texas, placed himself at the head of the Revolutionists, and lost no opportunity to fan the smouldering passions of discontent into activity. He commanded a force of several hundred men in the north-eastern State of *Coahuila*, where every inch of the ground was known to him. Another force attacked volcanic *Orizaba*, and threw bombs into the barracks, spreading

death among the soldiers, and liberated the political prisoners confined there. The whole district of *Chihuahua* in the north was in a state of riot. The rebels had a special grievance against the all-powerful family of General Terrazas, and Señor Creel—the hated Minister for Foreign Affairs—hailed from there. A prison was also broken open at *Acambaro*, in the State of *Guanjuato*. In fact, the country stretching out to the American frontier was seething with rebellion.

Fighting broke out again in *Puebla*. In Mexico City a plot for the assassination of some of the Ministers and the imprisonment of General Diaz was discovered on the very day on which it was to have been perpetrated, and revolution declared in the capital.

Some of the telegraph wires were cut by the rebels. Others were commandeered by the Government.

This was undoubtedly a mistake, for, instead of a steady supply of official news being available, sensational reports were circulated in the United States and Europe, and gained acceptance in spite of denials by the Mexican Ministers and by Señor Limantour, who was in Paris.

About ten days before the outbreak of the revolt, a Mexican in Texas committed a terrible crime, and was summarily lynched by Americans. In consequence, an anti-American riot arose in Mexico City, and a tramcar in which the American Ambassador's son happened to be a passenger was stoned ; but the Government firmly suppressed the movement, the two

Presidents of the States and Mexico exchanged expressions of confidence, and the transgressors in both countries were punished.

A further incident, though trifling in itself, increased the tension, and there was believed to be a strong feeling against Americans among the Revolutionists, especially as the Government at Washington took prompt steps to prevent the importation of arms and ammunition for the use of the latter. Soldiers were drafted to the frontier, the situation being considered grave by the United States authorities.

Señor Francisco Madero lost no time in declaring himself President of the Provisional Government, and demanded that Diaz should resign, together with Corral and his Cabinet; that an absolutely free electoral Government should be established; and that all political prisoners should be released. At the same time he issued warnings to his followers to abstain from attacking American and foreign property, and sent his brother, Gustavo Madero, to Washington as his confidential representative.

Mexico City, famous for its beautiful, old Spanish buildings, shared the general agitation. Soldiers patrolled the streets, and political prisoners arrived in large numbers.

One of the chief causes of discontent was the lack of freedom of the Press. Directly a newspaper contained any suggestion of reform, the editor was taken to *Belem* gaol—an institution that itself was in dire need of reform—and thrown into its loathsome

A bit of Mexico City.

[*To face p.* 50.

Church of "San Hipolito" damaged by bombardment.

[*To face p.* 51.

dungeons. An attack on this special prison had been one of the items in the revolutionary plans.

The ardour of the soldier revived in the octogenarian President at the first cry of war. Abroad everyone had the utmost confidence in his prompt and decisive action. Troops were sent to every centre of disturbance within a few hours of the earliest news of the outbreak. Before the day of the President's inauguration, cablegrams announced in Europe that order was restored throughout the land, except in *Chihuahua ;* and though rumours of fighting between the Federal troops and the rebels in that district continued to filter through, the general edict was that the country was practically quiet, and all was going on in the usual way.

But this restoration of order did not mean the conquest of the rebels ; it was a mere superficial pacification, effected by driving the revolutionaries into the mountains, where they gained both adherents and force, and were ready to come out again at the first propitious moment.

Madero had pulled the strings of agitation with good result ; district after district yielded small bodies of men to his emissaries, but there was no concerted action or discipline amongst them, and the Federal troops easily drove them back. Madero was himself no soldier, and had never had anything to do with the organized control of men. But his first object was to prevent the re-inauguration of Diaz and Corral, and he thought to achieve this by plunging the country into

a seething hotbed of rebellion. His "respectable" followers, so to speak, were daily supplemented by bands of brigands, and undoubtedly the Church gave a considerable amount of support. The outlaws did not add to the good reputation of his forces, but the Church increased his substance.

On the other hand, President Diaz and his circle made the mistake of never rightly measuring the power of the forces behind Madero, nor the number of his followers. The result of the election in July had been misleading as to the state of public opinion in Diaz' favour. The time was not ripe then for action on the part of Madero's supporters. He had no office, no position, to offer—President Diaz had both. Alas! for the weakness of humanity.

General Diaz and his Ministers thought Madero a theorist, a man who had never governed, yet laid down the law on government; a dreamer of dreams —maybe a seeker after notoriety. When the rebellion broke out, a man high in office is alleged to have called them disdainfully: "Riots—the work of a disappointed politician," and Señor Limantour attached so little importance to the matter he still lingered in Europe.

But Madero had dogged determination; moreover, by those few days' fighting he saw the weak points of the revolutionists. They must organize: they must learn the value of concerted movements: they must, above all, accept discipline and practise caution. Many of the prisoners had been taken with revolutionary documents on them. Curious stories were told of

Madero and his followers.

[*To face p.* 52.

President Madero (hat off) with his guard.

ransacking mattresses to find papers, rummaging in the linings of hats and otherwise finding hidden treasure in concealment. Never was the picturesque side missing in Mexican history.

Amid repeated statements that order was restored, the day of the President's inauguration arrived.

Rumours were afloat that great changes would take place in the Ministry, including the resignation of Corral, and the name of General Reyes again passed from one to another. But Reyes, as mentioned before, was in Paris, and had no wish to oppose the Diaz *régime.*

Diaz and Corral both took the oath on December 10th, 1910, and according to custom, the Cabinet resigned. But on this occasion Diaz requested the Ministers to remain in office for the time being.

Everything went off quietly, yet, though Mexico City was strongly policed, there was no feeling of security. In the north and in *Yucatan* (in the south-east) fighting was still going forward, and Madero continued to call himself Provisional President. The influence of the rebellion was affecting the *peons* (proletariat), who, though not actually in the fighting lines, were putting difficulties in the way of the Federal Army, both as to transport and supplies of provisions, thus indirectly lending assistance to the *insurrectos.*

Madero already found himself in no easy position.

Not having succeeded in preventing the inauguration of the President and his Vice-President, he tried to enforce a temporary cessation of hostilities, in order

to establish a more complete organization among his followers and a plan of campaign. But many of his men were out of control. The region in the far-off north was infested not only by bandits, but by desperadoes both of Mexican and American origin, and, once the excitement of fighting was upon them, they carried on a guerrilla warfare, emerging from their mountain haunts and canyons to harass the Federal troops.

Still Madero carried out his intention with the main body, and the last days of 1910 found the Federal forces under General Navarro hard pressed in *Chihuahua.* He was, in fact, only able to stand on the defensive until reinforcements reached him. A train of soldiers going to his aid was attacked in the mountains at *Malpaso,* but that stronghold being captured by the Federals, the New Year was ushered in with the news from Mexico City that the Federal troops had struck a "deathblow to the *insurrectos.*"

With that decisive announcement the outside world was for a fortnight left content; no further news came through from Mexico. Strict censorship, combined with cut or commandeered telegraph wires, maintained a national silence. It was only in the middle of January, when disturbances began on the frontier of Texas, that the continuance of the revolt was known outside of the country.

But why, everyone began to ask, was Diaz so dilatory in sending sufficient forces to stamp out such an organized revolt, insignificant as his Government

made it out to be? Where was his Army? Where were his old unerring tactics of short shrift?

The reason is not hard to find.

President Diaz had no more men to send!

It is all very well to be wise after the event, but it counts for nothing. If at the beginning of the trouble Diaz had only realized how serious it was, and could have counted upon a hundred thousand, or even fifty thousand, seasoned troops, all would have been well. He could have placed them in groups of five hundred all down the eighteen hundred miles of country, and with rapid concentration would soon have quelled the revolt. As it was, the desire for economy—the building up of a golden reserve in the cellars and the Treasury—had become so great that even the Army had been cut down till only some fifteen thousand regular troops remained. What were they against the swarms of malcontents drawn from a population of about eighteen million?

Limantour, General Diaz' trusted Minister of Finance, had a wonderful way of getting the best of a deal. He was in a position of considerable power, and upon this fact he played for all he was worth. He always drove a hard bargain, always stuck out for every possible concession, never gave anything away. At last his power was absolute. He was not loved, but he was much feared. His parsimony was intense, but for which the Mexican Army would never have been allowed to dwindle as it did. He saved money on all sides. Of course, from a financial point of view this

was magnificent, if it could be done without starving and robbing national organization; but when they required men to fight for the President and the Government, Limantour had overstepped the limit, and the fighting men were insufficient in number to grapple with the situation.

It is a pitiable story.

Far away in the northern States General Navarro struggled on in those early days of February, 1911, with a small force of men, confronted by three thousand rebels. Mines were left unworked, trains held up, Government officials arrested and shot by the rebels. Fighting raged along the banks of the *Rio Grande*, and *Ciudad Juárez* (*El Paso*), surrounded by a savage and undisciplined army led by Orozco, was the scene of a great demonstration on the part of the rebels.

Navarro, in order to concentrate his soldiers there, was obliged to withdraw them from *Chihuahua* and *Guerrero*. This development caused fresh activity on the American frontier. The United States troops were joined by a biplane for reconnoitring purposes—this being probably the first use of an aeroplane in warfare. Fighting continued until the middle of February, when another optimistic statement asserted that Navarro had successfully brought the Juárez campaign to an end.

* * * * * *

Three weeks of silence ensued.

Then suddenly, on March 8th, President Taft, without warning, mobilized his troops; 20,000 men had orders to proceed immediately to Texas; battleships were sent with equal celerity to Galveston.

Their movements concentrated the attention of the world on Mexico. Was it intervention? Was it war?

Wild rumours mingled with one another, regardless of the assurance from Washington that the mobilization was only a test of preparedness for war in the Army and Navy, and amounted to nothing more than manœuvres.

The insurrection became important in the theatre of international affairs. The Chancelleries were disturbed by fears of what might happen after Diaz. The bourses were keenly concerned. The amount of foreign money invested in Mexico was enormous. It is computed that British capital alone at this time represented over £100,000,000. There was a flutter of excitement among those foreigners whose interests were bound up in Mexico, which was intensified when it became known that Limantour had returned hurriedly from Paris via New York, and on the journey had conferred with Señor de la Barra, the Mexican Minister at Washington, the American Ambassador to Mexico, and various leading financiers. What could all this portend?

Mr. Taft, through proper diplomatic channels, expressed the hope that the President of Mexico would pay no attention to sensational statements in the

Press, and again asserted that manœuvres were the sole reason of the mobilization. Señor de la Barra issued a like statement at Washington, and Señor Creel, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Mexico, cabled it to England. Yet at the very moment the message was flashing under the ocean, two more scout cruisers were scurrying over its waters to Galveston and *Tampico*, armoured cruisers sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, and three additional aeroplanes joined the forces on the frontier; in short, twenty thousand troops patrolled the border, fourteen thousand were at San Antonio, and American cruisers kept patrol of both coasts of Mexico.

A couple of weeks passed; then President Taft candidly confessed that the mobilization of the troops was a precautionary measure, as the prolonged fighting in Mexico threatened both foreign and American residents and property, which therefore must be protected; and further announced that they would remain where they were until quiet was restored in Mexico.

This prevarication was somewhat absurd and unaccountable.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, guerrilla warfare was continuing. Diaz, failing men, took measures to make all lawlessness punishable by death, hoping thus to place a check on the peasant class joining the *insurrectos*.

Madero was at *San Diego* with the rebels; bands of

his men were fighting in *Chihuahua* and *Sonora*, and investing small townships until they reduced the inhabitants—men, women, and children—to starvation. Then an outbreak came in another direction—at *Vera Cruz*—attended with fatal results and the liberation of prisoners; and this was immediately followed by the blowing up of the frontier Federal barracks at *Juárez* with nitro-glycerine, many of the soldiers being injured.

Diaz thereupon published a declaration that the country would be under martial law for six months, and all damage to railways, telegraphs, etc., would be made a capital offence.

Still matters did not improve—rather the reverse. The world was taken by surprise when the announcement was made that President Diaz, Limantour, de la Barra (who had accompanied the latter from New York) and others, were considering measures of reform which they hoped would lead to the pacification of the country and end the revolt.

But the old warrior President would not hear of concessions being made until all disorder had ceased. He now accepted the resignation of the Cabinet, originally tendered at his inauguration; and in the new Ministry Señor de la Barra was given the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the place of Señor Creel, whose dismissal was an unacknowledged concession to the country in general and the State of *Chihuahua* in particular.

No successor was named to Corral as Minister of the Interior. The Vice-President asked for indefinite leave of absence on account of his health, and sailed for

Europe in the course of a week or two. General Reyes was again named by the populace as Minister of War, but Señor Cosio took that office. De la Barra was regarded with hopefulness, for though he belonged to one of the rich old Mexican families, he had progressed with the times, and had been respected as Ambassador in Washington.

In the face of such changes in the capital, Madero again sent out a pronouncement that he would not lay down arms until President Diaz himself resigned, and an absolutely free electoral government was assured.

This brought matters to a deadlock, for the aged President was also firm in his decision not to retire from the Presidential office so long as his country continued in a state of anarchy.

CHAPTER IV

CRISIS

IT cannot be reiterated too often that Mexico is a vast country.

Mexico extends in length over two thousand miles, or is as long as from Iceland to Africa. It measures a thousand miles across the widest area. It is vast, it contains every climate from tropical to northern; it has huge mountains, some of the greatest volcanoes in the world; and some of the largest rivers are to be found in the south, although water is lacking in the north. The north is flat and hideous, the south beautiful and mountainous. Mexico produces every class of ore, and every form of agriculture, and some of the most picturesque and beautiful old Spanish towns in the world remain from the days when they were built by Cortés in 1519.

One cannot help being struck with the contrast between the two coasts. On the Pacific shore everything is dry; on the Gulf (Atlantic) everything is wet. A depth of eight or ten feet of soil is common.

Revolution in a country of such spaces, with virgin forests and some of the world's greatest mountain

lands, is necessarily difficult to combat. The races are the people of the soil; caves and rude dwellings are often their homes.

Mexico has always had a history; it begins, in fact, with one of the earliest records in the world.

In case readers have forgotten the story of Mexico, or have never read that thrilling narrative, Prescott's "History," let us sum it up in a few lines.

Mexican history begins well-nigh five thousand years ago.

It had a highly-skilled population two or three thousand years back, who built vast temples, many remnants of which are standing to-day. Those colossal stones—monoliths—from which they are hewn are often beautifully carved. At *Oaxaca* there are fifteen different styles of ornamentation known as Grecques. These are square, straight lines deeply chiselled in the stone itself, although conjecture cannot settle how that wonderful carving was done. These Grecques belong to the *Zapotec* tribes.

The Aztec carvings at *Xochicalco* and elsewhere are quite different in style. They are not Greek in character, but depict life. Heads of Indians, feather-decked; enormous weird serpents, eagles, other living things and terrible gods.

Again, many articles have been found, including silver gods, stone gods, clay gods, with the heavy nostril, thick lips, swollen eyes and wig curls of the Egyptians. And many enormous pyramids are to be found in Mexico even to-day.

No one knows their real history. All is conjecture. How did these similarities of workmanship with the East ever get to Mexico ? There are dozens of theories, but suffice it to say Mexico was a highly cultured land centuries ago, when we were rude barbarians, and their half-buried temples are well worth visiting in this world of many interesting things.

The descendants of these tribes are the population of Mexico to-day.

* * * * * *

In the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, Congress met in Mexico City on April 1st, 1911. The President's address came as a surprise not only to his own countrymen, but to the world at large.

Diaz, although never more than an earnest speaker without real oratory, spoke for two hours with unfaltering mien. Yet other countries—still ignorant of the insufficiency of the Federal Army—were puzzled by what seemed to be a bending of the iron will, an unlocking of the iron chains that had bound down the people for so many years.

Nobly the octogenarian mind had accepted the position, and broken through the limitations of advancing years and the bondage of that law of continuity to which all human beings are prone to become enslaved.

The dominant note from beginning to end in the career of General Diaz was "the good of his country," and never had he met the situation more bravely than now.

To summarize briefly, he boldly declared against the re-election of officials; he promised the safeguarding of the suffrage of citizens by legislation, the correction of abuses by local officials, and the division of large properties called *haciendas*. This last measure was, perhaps, the most pressing of all. The land is always a question of vital importance to a country, and few countries are so far advanced in this matter as Germany, where property was broken up and settled once and for all a hundred years ago. Few are so retrograde on the land question as Mexico.

It had been hoped that these promises would appeal to the *peons* (peasantry), who were then augmenting Madero's forces, even if they had no effect on Madero and his immediate following. But news from the north became more and more disquieting, and some ten days later the Government went a step further, and laid peace negotiations before the insurgent leader.

Madero refused to entertain them.

Meanwhile, although after diplomatic representations the United States had withdrawn the battleships from Mexican waters, the American crisis had by no means passed. In fact, there were times when it was rendered more acute by the incidents of war on the frontier —trivial in many cases and yet provoking attention. Bullets fired on Mexican soil killed American subjects in their own townships on American soil, and sometimes Americans fell into the hands of the Federal troops.

Just at the moment the rebels' plan seemed to have been to possess themselves of those northern frontier

towns which commanded the railways. Disastrous engagements were fought in *Agua Prieta*, which placed the American town of Douglas in East Arizona under fire, and President Taft strongly notified both the Mexican Government and the rebels that no more skirmishes must be fought so near the frontier.

So numerous had the *insurrectos* become that they were fourteen to one Federal (Diaz party) in the *Juárez* (*El Paso*) district ; and in defiance of Diaz' proclamation of martial law, six railway bridges near *Ciudad Porfirio Diaz* (*Eagle Pass*) were destroyed. It must be remembered that Mexico is divided from the States by the *Rio Grande*, crossed on the north by the Central American Railway at *El Paso*, on the east by three other Mexican railways at *Ciudad Porfirio Diaz*, at *Laredo*, about a hundred miles further south, and at *Matamoros*, about twenty-five miles from the coast-line of the Gulf of Mexico.

The north was in a state of revolution, the south was out of control by the Government.

Things were truly desperate.

The outside world was blaming Diaz for this state of disorder, and stocks and shares were fluctuating badly.

The time had come when even the resourceful and undaunted spirit of General Diaz had to reveal the weakness of the Mexican Army to the world at large. He carefully shielded Limantour and his economies and took the blame on himself. The fact was Limantour had persuaded him to over-economize, as Haldane persuaded Asquith to make certain military reductions

—and Mexico first, and England later, thought themselves too secure to require to continue armies of any magnitude.

The Diaz Government issued an appeal to loyal subjects to enter the Army as volunteers for six months.

This was its final confession of incapacity, and to the revolutionaries, headed by Madero, it brought full knowledge of their own power.

Mexico indeed provides an object lesson to her neighbours that the truest surety for peace is the preparation for war in efficient naval and military equipment. The optimism of 1910, together with that always fatal *Mañana* of the Latin races, had wrought havoc, and the position of *gringos* (foreigners) in a country held by revolutionaries became dangerous. Six or seven years later this undesirable hatred increased.

The Government at Washington was brought face to face with new difficulties. It was futile to demand protection for its many subjects from a powerless Government, yet their own outside interference might involve instant massacre by the lawless and excited insurgents. It was at this juncture that, as mentioned earlier, a rumour reached the White House of an alliance between Mexico and Japan, which allowed the latter to use Mexican waters, and was regarded as a menace to the United States. The rumour, untrue as it was, served its purpose of adding to the complications of the moment and so sounded the first German note.

So secure were the *insurrectos* that they evacuated their newly acquired position in *Agua Prieta*, on the

Arizona frontier, where they were becoming short of ammunition and provisions, and dispersed, eventually to join the forces concentrating on *Juárez*.

At this juncture peace negotiations were again opened with Señor Madero, who, with his father, met Señor Hernandez, the semi-official representative of the Government, and while the insurgents were demanding the surrender of the town of *Juárez*, a four days' armistice was declared. This was on April 24th, 1911, and it was extended to another five days, but only had force with that part of the insurgent army under the personal command of Madero.

It was an anxious time in Mexico City, which was compared to an armed camp. No one was really safe in the city. At the British Legation a hundred British subjects were domiciled in the house and the garden.

The British Legation is situated near the beautiful *Pasio de la Riforma* and within fifteen minutes' walk of the *Rosque* of *Chapultepec*. It was designed and built by Mr. Charles Johnson, an English architect who has lived many years in Mexico. It stands in its own grounds, and is a comfortable house. The main feature is the spacious entrance hall, which corresponds to the courtyard in a Mexican house, but which is roofed over with glass and floored with beautiful Mexican tiles. The house was begun by Sir Reginald Tower before the *débâcle*, and was first occupied by Sir Francis and Lady Strong. During the revolution, at the time of Madero's downfall, the large window on the staircase was broken by a shot. There was a gun placed in front of the

Legation, which attracted in a very unpleasant fashion the fire of the revolutionists. Legations are sacred as regards fire and the windows were protected by nothing better than light wooden shutters. When Sir Lionel Carden took possession he profited by the experience of his predecessor and had steel shutters put up, for, be it remembered, every legation is under the laws of the country it represents, and the people who seek shelter within its walls have the right of protection. Wooden shutters were no protection against chance stray bullets, and the Legation was filled not only with Britishers, but Americans and others.

A demand from Germany to the Mexican Government to protect German residents in *Cuernavaca*, a heavenly spot only forty miles distant from the capital, merely emphasized to the Ministry its own weakness.

In the early days of May Madero demanded the immediate resignation of Diaz and Corral, and the appointment of de la Barra as temporary President until a General Election should take place. This was the result of a conference of the rebel leaders, who refused peace until these demands should be satisfied.

Señor Carbajal, who acted for the Federal Government, refused to send their decision to Diaz, as he alleged he was not in *El Paso* for that purpose. Therefore, on May 6th, peace negotiations were declared at an end, and riots took place in Mexico City.

Diaz again issued a manifesto declaring that he would resign the Government " as soon as he was conscientiously convinced that there was no fear of

The British Legation—Mexico City.

[*To face p.* 68.

Effect of bombardment on an Old Church.

[*To face p.* 69.

the country's being plunged into anarchy by his act." But the old President appealed to the country in vain for help towards peace. It was the first appeal of his that had ever been refused, and sounded the death-knell of his power. It hurt him. He could not believe it. He was as one struck dumb under the blow.

Without doubt General Diaz knew that socialism, revolution, or whatever one might like to call the modern unrest so prevalent to-day in the world of half-educated humanity, was inevitable. He knew it, and *had* known it for a year or more, but if he had retired on the eve of trouble the world would have said he did so to avoid being drawn into the turmoil, and the world would have blamed him. He remained in office not because he wished it, but because he considered this was the right thing to do. He honestly believed that by such action he would smooth matters over for the Government, and that the country would settle itself more easily under him whom they knew, and whose slightest wish had been obeyed as a command, than would be possible under a new and untried President. His country always came first with General Diaz. His own personal feelings were always put aside. He had said he would retire, but there is no denying he was overpersuaded, and made the great mistake of his life by retaining office.

It seems a poor return for the sacrifice he had made by standing for the eighth time that such disaster should befall him. Looking back, one sees how extraordinary was the want of discrimination of the people

in the choice of Madero as ruler. The tentative way in which stay-at-home Diaz tried to find a successor, surrounded as he was by conflicting interests and always influenced by the far-travelled Limantour, dwarfed his vision. He did not insist on a successor being formally appointed.

How few people retire in full glory unless the friendly hand of death cuts the strings. Once the edifice shows signs of falling the man in command begins to patch. The more he patches the worse the dilapidations, and the whole house falls about his ears and buries his success in ungrateful ashes.

The last ill-advised deed wipes out years of success. Alas and alack!

There is no doubt that the old President, hale and vigorous as he was, placed too complete reliance upon Limantour. When urged to take action he would put off doing so until *Pepe's* return, Limantour at the time being in France. Finally the latter was telegraphed for, and on his way back stopped at New York to consult with de la Barra. Somehow or other Señor Limantour had a firm conviction that the United States would intervene—and left New York under that haunting impression. On his way home he stopped to see the Maderos, and on arriving at Mexico City he wildly advised Diaz to resign immediately in order not only to stop further bloodshed, but to hinder what he considered the disastrous intervention of the States. Diaz—suffering terribly at the time from illness—consented, and was furthermore persuaded to sail for

Europe instead of retiring to his own State of *Oaxaca*, where he knew the people would be loyal to him. Had he done the latter the revolution might have ended differently; for, faced by Madero's broken promises, the country quickly gave up its dream of a millennium, and might again have turned to the old master for advice.

Madero's power, however, was no more assured than it had been in the early days of the rebellion ; he could inflame but not command, and in spite of his armistice, fighting had gone on in *Juárez*. Then, when negotiations were at an end, he authorized a vigorous attack on that besieged city ; and with his outworks destroyed and hope blighted, General Navarro and his troops surrendered to the insurgents.

Together with this news there came to Mexico City tidings of disturbances in *Oaxaca*, owing to the appointment of Señor Felix Diaz (the nephew of the President) as Governor, for the people of the State had desired Señor Benito Juárez, son of the renowned Juárez, to take that office.

Madero had partly accomplished his object—the whole country, save three States, each as big as, or bigger than, Wales, was in revolt.

He held a conference in *Juárez*, on the *Rio Grande*, which he proclaimed his capital, and appointed a Provisional Government. General Navarro was released on parole, and many of his men joined the rebels.

But this self-appointed President experienced an abrupt interruption in his arrangements. Within a few hours of the capture of the city he was himself under

arrest. Orozco, who had borne much of the burden and heat of the struggle in the northern *Rio Grande* region, demanded money and food for himself and his men, who were ragged and ill-fed. Madero declared he had none to grant, and he was seized as a prisoner. But on appealing to the rebels he was released, and in front of the assembled troops, Madero and Orozco shook hands, the former declaring that as his subordinate had effected such good service, the incident should be forgotten.

Critical events had followed each other in quick succession. Desultory fighting was progressing on all sides, in some places assuming quite alarming proportions. Peace negotiations were again opened, and ended in proposals by the Government of Mexico that Diaz and Corral should resign within a month, that Señor de la Barra, who had left his post as Ambassador to Washington, should be Provisional President, and should elect some well-known General to take his place as Minister of War, while Madero and he conjointly should appoint the remaining members of the Cabinet.

These concessions obtained a cessation of hostilities, and Madero proclaimed peace throughout the country. But fighting continued after this announcement, the rebel leaders Figueroa and Zapata still nursing the ambitious hope of leading a victorious rebel army into Mexico City, just as Diaz had himself done so triumphantly on June 21st, 1867. To the very end of his revolution Madero lacked control.

Two years previously President Taft and President

Diaz had met, with great official and real personal cordiality on both sides, in the Custom House at the frontier at *Ciudad Juárez.* This had been a wise diplomatic move to quell any little ill-feeling that might still exist between the two Republics. On May 21st, 1911, outside the same building—now dramatically riddled with the bullets of the rebels—Madero signed the preliminary articles of peace, together with the representatives of the Government, and a pledge was given for the *immediate* retirement of the old President and the Vice-President; otherwise, Madero said, he would not be able to keep the people in hand.

As with so many of these self-appointed leaders, there was a tendency to a " one-man " government. Madero was overflowing with confidence in his own powers—which, strangely enough, he thought in some weird way were inspired by Heaven—when he bade farewell to his men.

Towering above him, as he spoke, was a plaster statue of Justice, whose uplifted hand had been shot away in the siege. The scorching rays of the sun—as a veritable finger of Heaven—glinted on the newly broken, roughened surface of the maimed limb, while he told his followers that the war had been conducted against tyranny, and that its fruit would be liberty. He wisely added: " Many things must yet be done before the principles for which we fought are within our grasp."

Madero was an idealist, a dreamer; educated, and yet not educated enough to know his own limitations and his country's requirements. He was a far higher

class of man than Carranza, but wielded a weaker hand and knew little of soldiery.

The poor old President, far away south in Mexico City, went through days of mental torture and anxiety. He was racked with fear for his country and love for his homeland. He shrank from leaving her in such turmoil. He believed he could still bring about order.

Then it was that President Diaz, and, of course, his underling Corral, decided to resign on May 25th, but, irritated at even one day's postponement, the mob marched through the streets of Mexico City in open riot. One body of the rioters reached the front of the Municipal Palace, in that great open square where the fine old Cathedral stands, and were only appeased after troops and police had fired upon them, some being killed and others wounded. What history that old square could tell! Here stood, centuries ago, the great Aztec Temple, supposed to cover with its chapels twenty acres of ground, surrounded by the famous "Wall of Serpents." This wall had at measured distances enormous serpents' heads, rudely carved, probably at least two hundred and eight in number.

The modern half-bred Indian mob visited the simple home of General Diaz in Cadena Street, and fired pistols against its walls as he lay there ill. What a home of love and happiness was that house in Cadena, a home of simple comfort and great joy, an ideal home, in fact. Three or four sitting-rooms quietly furnished in good taste—a small room used as a museum, mostly for military relics, and flowers, which the châtelaine dearly

loved, on every side. There all was peace round the chair of a sick man—old, over-wrought and ill. Ill, for almost the first and only time in all his strenuous life.

Madero, in the provinces, ordered a resumption of hostilities, while the President, almost delirious with pain, which had crept up his head, and afflicted with intense blood-poisoning, was now helpless in bed.

The blood-poisoning began with toothache. He had almost never seen a dentist, but at eighty he had to go to one. An abscess was the verdict—a very bad abscess. The tooth must come out under an anæsthetic as soon as an anæsthetist could be found.

"Take it out now," said the President.

"I can't—it wouldn't be safe."

"Take it out now!" grunted the man of four-score—and clutching the arms of the chair tightly, he insisted on having the extraction there and then. The work was done, but some of the jaw came away with the root. Back home he went. The whole side of his head, from jaw to eye, from ear to nose, was in a terrible state of inflammation. It was a horrible predicament. He lay in such pain that he was hardly able to speak, and in spite of the care of his devoted wife, and the solicitude of his son, Colonel Porfirio Diaz, it was impossible to keep from him the tragedy of affairs outside.

Thus it was he was late in sending in his resignation, and thus it was the tumult of discontent almost burst forth. Naturally the populace thought his indisposition

but a bare excuse; they had never known their President ill; they were told by the insurgents it was a feint. Instead of which it was a serious illness, so much so that it left him stone deaf in one ear for the rest of his life.

On the afternoon of May 25th, 1911, Diaz formally resigned the Presidency of the Mexican Republic, and Señor de la Barra became Provisional President pending the new election, which was fixed for October, and Madero was the hero of the hour.

President Diaz' resignation was put into the following words:

"SIRS,

"The Mexican people who so generously and bountifully honoured me once, who during our international war acclaimed me its chieftain, who have patriotically co-operated with me in the work of developing the industry and commerce of the Republic, of establishing the national financial credit and international respect with a proper place before the friendly nations of the world; that same people, Sirs, have rebelled and military armed bands are claiming that my presence in the exercise of the supreme Executive Power is the cause of the insurrection.

"I know of no act of mine which might be the cause of this social phenomenon, but admitting—without granting—that I have unwittingly been culpable, the mere possibility utterly disqualifies me to plead and pass a judgment on the accusation.

"Therefore, with the same regard which I have always had for the will of the people and in accordance with Article 82 of the Federal Constitution, I appear before you, the Supreme Representative Assembly of the Nation, and unreservedly resign the office of Constitutional President of the Republic with which I was honoured by national vote, especially when I see that, were I to retain it, I should as a consequence become the cause of the bloodshed of Mexicans; the credit of the country would disappear, its treasure would be sacrificed, the national sources of production would be ruined, and international complications would be probable.

"I hope, Gentlemen of the Chamber of Deputies, that when the passions accompanying every revolution have subsided, a more serene and careful study, supported by facts, will awake in the national conscience a correct judgment, which will allow me to die carrying in the depth of my soul a token of the appreciation of that devotion which all through my life I have had and will continue to have for my countrymen.

"Respectfully,

"PORFIRIO DIAZ."

No thinking person can ever be happy. Happiness is for the cabbage that does not even know the cauliflower is more beautiful than he. The more we think the more we realize our imperfections and aspire to higher things. We don't deserve happiness and

certainly very few people ever attain it. They are either too stupid to know when they should be happy, or too ambitious for betterment and therefore fail to grasp beatitude.

One suffers and suffers and suffers, until one can suffer no more, and then life becomes endurable. Only in the irresponsibility and selfishness of youth, does life bring any real happiness. True happiness, which means joy of living and peace of mind, is dearly bought through the suffering that really brings indifference. Indifference is peace.

CHAPTER V

FLIGHT OF DIAZ

THE Cabinet Meeting at which Diaz' resignation was announced had to be held at his private home. It was most pathetic. The aged President lay in bed in an adjoining room, with swelled neck and face, and suffering as we have seen. Only one member of the Cabinet entered the sick room. President Diaz was able to speak but a few words, yet declared he would not leave the country; he had no reason to fear his countrymen. When later he learned that peace would probably be more quickly restored if he went away, he put personal feelings aside and left Mexico. No sacrifice was too great for this indomitable man in such a crisis of his beloved land.

No one—not even the most socialistic malcontent—clamoured for Diaz' life, but his decision to leave Mexican shores in the interest of the country, and of Madero in particular, was an admitted necessity.

So unruly had the country become that for two or three weeks brigands had been plundering trains, and serious attacks were common.

The whole situation was lamentable. The people, despite General Diaz' promise to leave, would not wait. They wanted more, they wanted his immediate retirement from the land of his birth, the land he had only once in all his eighty years of life left for more than a few days.

Worry, anxiety, distress at the desertion of some of his friends, this sudden illness, all weakened and saddened him. Poor Diaz! It was 9.30 at night when all the resignation business was settled. Madame Diaz, who had been waiting about since seven with some food, hoped he would have a meal and then go to sleep. She was horrified when she saw him; his face was more swollen, and he looked very, very ill. He could not touch food, and all that night he walked about in his agony. He nearly died, nothing but his strong constitution pulled him through; the physical pain was intense, the mental agony at leaving the land was extreme. He could not sleep. He was like a man demented with grief and pain, but once he decided to leave, and had really persuaded himself that the impossible had happened and that his presence was disturbance and not, as it had been for well-nigh forty years, pacification, he wished no time to be lost.

As soon as the settlement was made, the question arose: How should his departure be accomplished? The wire between Mexico City and *Vera Cruz* had been cut: Madero's rebels had been plundering the trains, robbing the mail bags and the passengers, almost

stripping them in their fury. How, therefore, was a train to travel to *Vera Cruz?*

Hurriedly a few men were called together, a quick conference took place; it began at 10 p.m., by an hour after midnight all was arranged, and three hours later, in the dawn of a new day, the little Presidential party were on their way. Two Mexicans and four Englishmen contrived a scheme, and a very clever scheme it was. It was known that an English Foreign Office bag had to be sent through to London. Means of transport have always to be found for any Foreign Office bag—it is a sort of sacred organ in every land—and accordingly the line could be patched and mended for this particular political article to be transferred to *Vera Cruz.*

The interval between ten at night, when the final decision was taken, and four in the morning, when the Diaz family really departed, did not give much time, but through the ingenuity and hard work of the six men concerned everything was arranged, and while the city was sleeping peacefully its President was leaving, perhaps for ever. This was not a case of running away. The old man knew perfectly well that, whenever he left, if the people knew, there would be a demonstration in the city, mostly in his favour; but these political demonstrations often end in bloodshed, and he was anxious that nothing of the kind should happen on his account. All this was avoided by his hasty flitting.

Two Mexicans assisted in his departure, and,

strange and romantic as it sounds, the most prominent of the two was the man of whom we were to hear so much later—viz., General Huerta himself, whom the ex-President selected as his escort.

Huerta behaved as a gentleman. He and Diaz did not see eye to eye, and this man who was to assume for a time much of Diaz' power was antagonistic to him in many ways. They say the Turks fight like gentlemen—and the semi-Indian Huerta acted like a gentleman. He did everything for the sick octogenarian's comfort, happiness and safety. He helped to make the arrangements, and he helped to carry them out. He did all in his power to let his old chief leave his country as its old chief. Huerta's own leaving, touched upon in a later chapter, was also a very simple affair, and much water was to pass under the bridges before that.

"On an Englishman's honour," is an old Spanish proverb much used in Mexico, where promises are easily made in that flowery Spanish language, and as easily broken.

Huerta gave his word and he kept it.

In the small hours the wife of General Diaz' son, with her ten-days-old baby, was dragged from her bed, and told to dress and prepare to leave for Europe. This she did, with her husband and five small sons and two nurses. No man was ever more devotedly attended than the aged President; his son would not leave him, neither would the younger man leave his

wife, who pluckily determined to take the risk—and risk it was, after ten days only.

The President and his family walked out into the starlit night.

They left everything just as they had lived there. And——

They never saw any of their treasures again.

Many of the homes of Mexico City were looted, robbed, pillaged; and although the old President's was left undisturbed for many a long day, it finally became a public office.

The Diaz party arrived in Paris with but few trunks or goods, and it was months before a few more followed them; the treasures, mementoes and little joys of that happy *Cadena* home never came, and the old President and his wife never had a home of their own building again. Hotels or a furnished flat was all they ever knew. They, the most home-living, devoted couple in the world, left everything behind in Mexico except their deep love for one another.

I have seen him sit at the Paris window waiting for his wife's return, and the smile of joy cover his face when she entered. That was the softer side of the stern old warrior, a side but few knew.

His son, Colonel Porfirio Diaz, gave up his engineering business and his home to accompany his father to Europe. Madame Diaz' two sisters left at the same time. Three trains conveyed the party. In the first were Federal troops, in the second General Diaz and his family, in the third more troops. Guns

were fixed to the front of the engines, otherwise only the first and last trains were really armed with soldiers, and the car in which Diaz and his family were travelling carried no arms, save for a rifle or two.

When on the journey to the coast the rebels rushed the line, as had become their wont, for pillage; they had no idea that it was an armed train passing, or that the President was there. They merely came with the idea of murder and plunder, which they had been enjoying for weeks, and were badly surprised when the first shot was fired upon them. Still greater was their surprise when, as they deployed to attack the held-up train, soldiers descended from the front and back coaches. At the first shot, General Diaz rose to his feet, his eyes flashed, his nostrils dilated, all the old warrior rose within him in spite of his sufferings. He commanded everyone in the saloon—they were mostly women and children—to lie flat on the floor for safety, and then quickly, although unarmed, rushed through the door himself to the scene of action.

In an instant young Colonel Diaz was out of the saloon, and, with his father standing beside him, the son of the old veteran fired his pistol upon the leader of the gang, at long range. In a flash the leader lay dead, for young Diaz, like his father, was a steady shot. The rebels were utterly taken aback. No cable had communicated the passage of the train, no signal had been given to indicate that it contained the late President or soldiers; plunder was all the pillagers

wanted in their lawlessness, and they had faced a man who laid their leader low with deadly aim at unusually long range.

Young Diaz shot straight, while his father directed operations. The insurgents were so amazed at the situation that, after the loss of about thirty of their band, they retired to the woods of that mountainous tropical region, leaving a box of gold behind them, which they had stolen from a former train load. This the Diaz party distributed among their Federal soldier guard.

The Presidential train continued on its way. Arriving at *Vera Cruz*, the party stayed for two days at the house of an Englishman.

So little had Diaz' departure been expected in the capital that, on the morning following his resignation, Limantour, with five other ministers, called at his home in *Cadena* for a conference—telegraphic communication had long been broken be it remembered—only to find he must already be nearing *Vera Cruz*. The ex-President was still suffering agonizing pain, and saw no one. The house was carefully guarded by troops, and naturally the English colony (the most important in *Vera Cruz*) were most anxious about him. Not wishing the old leader to leave his native shores under a cloud, to slink away as though ashamed, they proposed to him a drive through the city, as a means of giving him a proper send-off.

"I'll drive, certainly," he replied, "drive anywhere you like; and let it be in an open carriage."

Carriages are rarely seen in the streets of *Vera Cruz*, and the use of one excites comment, so in the circumstances to drive was somewhat dangerous. As the ex-President pursued his way, the crowd grew larger. Some shouted for Diaz, a few threw stones and eggs and broke shop-windows, but all the while the throng increased until its very size portended danger. The invalid bowed to left and right, apparently quite unperturbed, although everyone else suffered intense anxiety, for he had made himself a safe target for any well-aimed bullet rather than slink away from his native land.

After passing along all the principal streets, the coachman turned his horses towards the wharf, but there the masses of people were so dense that the carriage could not make headway. It was held up by a seething pack of humanity, calling and shouting for, and against, the sick man inside. The horses became restive; but the people crushed around in such a way the carriage could not move.

It was a critical moment—everyone looked at everyone else for help. Diaz stood up.

"Let me walk," he said, "it will be best."

Nothing could dissuade him, so out of the vehicle he stepped, to push his way through the thousands and thousands of people. He was still so feeble from his illness—he had only left his bed half an hour before this drive—that a devoted general offered him his arm for support, which, in spite of his denial, he sadly needed.

Farewell to Mexico.
General Diaz standing bareheaded waving his handkerchief. Vera Cruz, May, 1911.

[*To face p.* 86.

Diaz' last steps in Mexico.

[*To face p.* 87.

With his hat lifted, and his masses of white hair shining in the sunlight, he pushed his way through the people, unarmed, practically unattended; almost alone, feeble, and leaving his country; facing perhaps death, for many thought it was the last heroic effort of a dying man.

Diaz was great even in his downfall.

Nothing daunted, his head erect, he pushed his way on. The crowd were so impressed that they began to cheer; the voices rose, and then they cheered vociferously. When he reached the waterside the Presidential Guard was waiting for him; in so far he was allowed to leave the country with all honour. He walked on board the German ship that was to take him to Europe, saying good-bye as he passed to several staunch friends.

At the top of the gangway he halted, and, turning to face the crowd, spoke to them. His voice was so weak that he could only be heard by those quite near him; but the gestures and earnestness of the sick man, with ashen face and blue lips, as he laid his hand on his heart and raised his eyes to Heaven as if in prayer, brought tears to every eye and a gulp to every throat. Those thousands stood spellbound.

He went on board, tottering with illness, but refused assistance from others. Taking his stand at the captain's bridge, he invited all his old guard to come and shake him by the hand. Every one of those men as they descended from the bridge appeared utterly speechless with grief, and had tears in their eyes at

taking farewell of their President. Those rough men were undone, their hearts were breaking for their old chief, who alone remained outwardly calm. When he left the bridge he was seen to falter, and swayed as though he would fall.

* * * * * *

For the first few days of the voyage the Diaz family remained utterly alone. No one went near them, or even spoke to them. They were not molested in any way, although twice a day little bulletins were given out to say the ex-President had slept, or had taken a little food; otherwise their tragic position was respected by all on board.

They had the top deck to themselves. Diaz was still ill and in constant suffering with the abscess in his broken jaw. About a week later he came out of his cabin for an hour, and chatted with his old friends, and, as his health gradually improved, took an interest in all that was going on, apparently growing stronger and better every day, as he felt the relief of having relinquished the shackles of office.

During the voyage a low-class Cuban, travelling steerage, came on board. Somehow or other he managed to escape from his own part of the ship, and mingled amongst the first-class passengers, where he spent an hour telling the five charming grandchildren of the ex-President (kindly omitting the infant) of the wickedness of their grandfather. Terrible stories of

iniquity and crime were poured into their ears, until a steward who understood some Spanish overheard the conversation, which he reported at once to the captain. Such treachery was almost unbelievable, for the Cuban had even suggested dire punishment for the children if they reported what he said; but soon it was discovered that this was not the first time the insinuating gentleman had related to the little boys really wonderful tales of the bloody deeds and wickedness of both father and grandfather.

Naturally the man was afterwards more strictly watched in the steerage, but when the ship afterwards touched at a Spanish port he managed to give a lot of bogus information to the Press, relating many ridiculous and invented interviews with Colonel Diaz. This villain had, however, never spoken one word either to General Diaz or his son during the whole voyage.

Diaz got a great reception at the Spanish ports touched at on the voyage, notably at *Santander*, where King Alfonso sent the Marquis of Polavieja with a crowd of important people to do the veteran homage. They filled the saloon with glorious flowers, one huge wreath bearing a satin ribbon with the words—"From the Spaniards who have lived in Mexico."

Within an hour of his landing in France Diaz was seeking the best specialist's advice for his ear. He was still much weakened in health from pain, and unhappy in his mind about his beloved land.

He had been in Paris but a day or two when he heard

that his faithful secretary, who had left Mexico but a few weeks before on account of illness, was dying in Germany.

"He must not die without my shaking him by the hand," he said, "he has always been a faithful friend to me."

And accordingly this old gentleman of nearly eighty-one, who was himself still ill, packed up and went off at once to Nauheim, to sit beside the death-bed of his secretary.

The Press of many lands was sympathetic at his fall and full of praise of his former success; and one and all agreed that Diaz was a very rich man, would buy a palace, and end his days like a prince.

Instead of which Diaz was a very poor man. Everyone round him had made money. He might have been as rich as Crœsus himself, but he never took a bribe, never accepted a gift.

He retired in poverty—with honour.

* * * * * *

In every small town in Mexico the Town Hall displayed a large picture of Diaz—good, bad or indifferent in workmanship, generally the latter. There they hung—where are they now?

* * * * * *

For a moment let us turn from Mexico to China.

Had Yuan-shi-kai lived he might have become as great a ruler as Diaz, but he died of a broken heart at the age of fifty-seven. Here was similarity between the two. Diaz was old, but he was physically strong, and grief that all his life's work should have been of so little avail broke his heart also.

As to the Chinaman, he was young and vigorous. He had not yet accomplished his task: he had only just begun to make his influence felt—and then came a dead stop. He could go no further. The old prejudices of the Manchus and the new prejudices of the revolutionaries crushed him; and he sank down, literally overpowered, to die.

Yuan-shi-kai stepped into power in 1911, being elected President on the fall of the Manchus, as Diaz stepped from power. The Prince Regent had "disgraced" him but two years before, and then actually called him out of his retirement to help in saving the falling Manchu dynasty—and to his honour be it said, he made an effort to that end.

As a matter of choice Yuan would have preferred a constitutional monarchy with himself as Prime Minister; but in place of that, China, and especially Southern China, settled upon a Republic, of which Yuan was made President in 1912. For three years he successfully led the nation in that capacity. He was strong in personality, and very cruel; masterful to a degree, and so intolerant of opposition that he failed to humour the representative party in parliament. Yet quite early in the day he showed that he could rule

China and was ambitious for the country's welfare. Under his presidency China made good all her foreign obligations. He was strongly pro-British in sentiment.

In 1913 Yuan went and worshipped in the Temple of Heaven at Peking, a sacrosanct fane reserved for the Emperors. To the Chinese people this was the first indication of his views and intentions as to becoming their Emperor—and he was not opposed. Into this temple no foreigner was ever allowed to enter, but only the sacrificial personages; and the worship, conducted in the middle of the night, was one of the most wonderful and picturesque ceremonies in the world, in which the Emperors had always represented Heaven and Earth.

President Yuan was supported by a large party, and went on steadily until 1914.

Then a change befell: the President began an agitation for himself to be made Emperor. In the same year came the rebellion against him under General Tsai Ao. Yuan died in 1915.

The President and would-be Emperor used to seat himself upon a throne, and arrange the costumes to be worn at his inauguration as Emperor. He issued decrees and acted in every way as though Emperor in fact, and was even addressed as such. But Japan would not have allowed this usurpation, and the Foreign Powers generally refused to address him as Emperor.

Yuan-shi-kai played for the highest of stakes—and lost. As President, we have seen, he succeeded for a

time, only to fail latterly. He had the army with him, but would not use it against his own people. Except in children, of which he owned six-and-twenty—two of them born on the same day, of different mothers—he was not a rich man. As regards morals, he was purely Eastern. Although not highly educated, he was a shrewd man of strong intellectual grasp. He well knew his own power, and refrained from overstepping it—up to the time of his last fatal usurpation. While President, Yuan lived in the Emperor's Palace; as also did his successor, a man of high principle, but less strong and of slighter experience.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the history of Yuan-shi-kai is somewhat similar to that of Diaz. Both were self-made men; both became dictators, both died of broken hearts at the failure of years of successful work. Both were ambitious, poor and forceful; neither spoke any foreign language, or had ever lived out of his own country. Both ruled millions of people, after bloodless revolutions that were a sudden snapping of long-cherished traditions. But Yuan was non-moral, Diaz intensely moral.

By a curious coincidence—again connecting Yuan with Diaz—Baron Heyking, the German Minister to Peking at the time of the Boxer rebellion, whose legation was blown in, was German Minister to Mexico the first time the writer was there. His wife, an extremely clever, but strange woman, wrote a book called, *Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten*, which was later translated into English as, *Letters He Never Received.*

General Diaz particularly disliked Baroness Heyking. . . . Had he any idea that Germany wished to annex the land of his heart? Was the plot already in being, fifteen years before, for the annexation of Mexico by Germany?

Who knows?

The Baroness's story was a fable. It was charmingly done; and that Boxer indemnity arranged by Baron Heyking, after being paid regularly to Germany up to 1917, was kept back by China after her breakage of relations, Germany being thereby depleted to the extent of half a million a year—a valuable asset. This was a terrible ending, after her wonderful propaganda in every conceivable Chinese dialect that had been spread broadcast in China, largely through the missionaries.

In addition to the Boxer indemnity the Deutsche-Asiatische Bank was receiving the interest on two large Anglo-German loans, the total receipts from these and other sources amounting to £3,000,000 annually.

How had Germany been using this money?

It is believed that she employed it both for promoting an agitation against Yuan-Chi-jui, the former Premier, who favoured a declaration of war against Germany, and for buying over General Chang Hsun, whose attempt at a *coup d'état* so speedily failed. Any perturbation in China of course tended to keep that country from taking the final step against the common foe of civilization.

In this connection the Chinese Minister in Paris furnished the *Journal* with some interesting information.

Germany, he said, was by no means unconnected with the above *coup d'état.* In the course of the fighting which took place between the regular troops and the insurgents, the latter used artillery handled by German gunners. Moreover a secretary of Chang Hsun frankly admitted the existence of German intrigues.

Such being the circumstances, the Minister concluded that China would certainly declare war as soon as the new Cabinet was constituted. This she did in August, 1917.

Having already withheld the Boxer money, she now confiscated 40,000 tons of German shipping, cancelled large financial obligations to Germany, and abolished her extra-territorial privileges. China and Japan are strong supports against Russian indecision to-day.

How strange if, in a few months' time, Mexico should follow suit.

CHAPTER VI

MADERO AND EARTHQUAKES

TO many the final retirement of General Diaz on May 25th, 1911, was in the nature of a thunderbolt. It was as if some great enchanter of bygone days had died, and all the evil spirits, carefully imprisoned by his word, were liberated once more to resume their evil ways on earth. With fiendish yells these bottled sprites rose; like endless little devils they overspread the land. Their shrieks, their cries, their evil deeds devastated the country. Perhaps it was the very fact that the hot Spanish-Mexican-Indian blood had been held so long in check that caused it to burst forth with all the unrestrained violence of a half-educated, somewhat superstitious, yet brave and primitive people.

It had been known for years that Diaz wished to leave office, but on each recurring occasion he had been persuaded to retain power. It has since become known that at the time of the seething discontent which preceded open rebellion, Madero had actually signed a document asking General Diaz to retain office with a new Vice-President; for Corral, let us repeat, was the

one person whom the whole country unanimously wished out of the way. This proposal Madero signed on the understanding that in six months' time General Diaz should ask for "long leave of absence," with the intention of not returning to power.

Had this excellent project been carried out, far different would have been the fate of all concerned. The President of nearly eighty-one would have retired loaded with honours. The country would have had time to settle itself and seek his advice, if necessary. Madero, now dead, might have lived to make a lasting name in Mexican history.

Thousands of lives, uselessly sacrificed, would have been saved. Mexico herself would not have been lowered to the level of a bankrupt State filled with rebel debauchery.

But at the last moment the whole plan was overthrown, and the deed became so much waste paper.

Alas, and alack, if Diaz had only been wise enough to try one Vice-President after another until he found someone who really fitted the rôle and pleased the country, much of the subsequent disaster might have been averted. Once he secured a man suitable to govern, he should have trained that man to follow along his lines, to fit himself to take his own place eventually. Then, having asked for leave of absence, Diaz could have left the country for six months, and watched from a distance his Vice-President's capacity.

A year from the date of Don Porfirio's departure, a

British subject who had lived many years in Mexico said to the writer : " The situation is worse, aye, a thousand times worse, now at the end of the year than it was in the first risings at the time of Diaz' departure." Alas, through the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth years it grew even worse.

The fact is that—as outlined in the general sketch —with advancing years General Diaz grew more and more absorbed in his plans for the development of the country, its railways and harbours, its mines and exports, all of which he hoped would be fostered by further stability and inflow of foreign capital. He encouraged expansion in everything that makes a nation great. Mexico had enjoyed internal peace so long under his own rule that he had come to look upon the position of affairs and the contentment of the populace as settled for once and all. He failed to appreciate the solid ground there was for discontent in the provincial States, or to give due heed to the occasional explosions by which it was manifested.

Revolution is everywhere in the air. Discontent is the outcome of either too much or too little education of the mob, whether in China, Russia or Mexico, and Diaz was too occupied with big things to note the seething storm.

Engrossed in his own schemes for the greater prosperity of his country, he was losing touch with affairs. He looked to Corral to succeed him, and either did not, or would not, understand that the people loathed Corral. His own downfall involved

that of Corral, who thereafter completely disappeared from the Mexican stage, to die two or three years later in Paris.

Mexico could not break with the superstition of the past. She could not shake off the trammels of centuries and adopt the ethics of the present time. The factor of revolt was ingrown, the ideal of intellectual ethics was barely born and almost strangled at its birth. Mexico was without policy.

Diaz, in fact, had an almost impossible task before him. All who were interested in Mexico looked to him to hold together the old garment, while tearing away its seamy side and renewing with many patches of new cloth.

His "chief adviser," in the person of General Madero, had to be conciliated, but at the same time he had to keep at bay the jealous demands of other revolutionary leaders. Lawless bands of brigands roving through the country would require to be dealt with by a firm hand. Above all, the status of the great structure of national credit that the Diaz Government had established must be maintained.

Between 1877 and 1880, it should be noted, the revenue of Mexico rose from $17,000,000 to $24,000,000. In the succeeding four years it made a further leap to $33,000,000. In 1907 it reached $88,000,000: in the following year it amounted to $101,385,000.

"When, after an interregnum of four years," says an expert, writing in 1917, "Diaz was re-elected to power in 1884, Mexico's debt to Britain amounted to

85,000,000 dollars. On his departure in 1911, Diaz left in the country's bank in gold a little over 60,000,000 *pesos* (£6,000,000) which de la Barra as Provisional President began to spend lavishly to further his own political ambition. What remained of that money in November, at the inauguration of Madero, was absorbed in less than four months by the military operations under Huerta against the Orozco revolution. The bank till was already empty.

"Huerta never gave a full account of the money spent, and when Madero pressed him on that score, Huerta only replied that he was not a book-keeper.

"Carranza has issued over 700,000,000 *pesos* in paper money with so little discretion and thought that the paper money soon depreciated and became practically valueless. Mexico, therefore, had to revert to its old monetary system created by Limantour under Diaz, but as the present quotation of bar silver in the markets of the world is higher than the one which served as a basis for Limantour, the silver *peso* is more valuable than the Mexican gold *peso*, and therefore there is only Mexican or American gold in circulation. Approximately, one Mexican *peso* is 2s., or more accurately, $9.76 is equivalent to one pound sterling."

One of de la Barra's first acts as Provisional President was to pay off certain of the revolutionary troops. Some he enrolled as *rurales;* others he dismissed, paying their expenses home; for others he found employment. But peace was not to be easily restored.

A village scene.

(*To face p.* 100.

Indian statue—Mexico City.

[*To face p.* 101.

The Army was faithful to Diaz, and some of his old generals refused to surrender to Madero, who dealt summarily with them. The United States, therefore, still thought fit to keep large bodies of troops at hand in Cuba and Galveston ready for emergencies. German rumblings were beginning to be heard.

Immediately on the departure of Diaz, Señor de la Barra took the oath of Provisional President and promptly issued a decree for an election.

Señor Madero was expected to enter the capital on June 7th, 1911.

Crowds of people had arrived in the city the previous day. One knows so well what the scene must have been, for to *Guadalupe*, near by, one of the world's greatest pilgrimages takes place every winter. Thousands of barefooted Indian men and women trudging along the roads on foot, rows of carts of every shape and form, donkeys ridden pillion fashion, all bent towards Mexico City, for the excitement of the morrow and the welcoming of their future President. Every corner was filled. Many of the *peons* and poorer country people spent the June night in the streets and *plazas*, sitting round their little charcoal fires, clapping their hands as they fashioned their *tortillas* (pancakes which take the place of bread), and later lying huddled in human bundles under the shelter of a wall fast asleep.

The inhabitants of the capital must have anticipated the morrow with mixed feelings. Many there must have been whose hearts ached for the hard measure

dealt out to the aged President and his brilliantly clever and beautiful wife, *Carmelita;* thoughts of many benefits and kindnesses bestowed must have brought tears of gratitude to their eyes. Others—those who were participators in the rebellion—hailed the day, of course, as a festal one of triumph. Others there were who only looked on the scene as an excitement.

But so often men are prone to make their plans as though they alone were the powers that govern the elements of the universe. They preach revolution, the fall of potentates, the disposition of this world's riches, forgetting the Great Power by Whose Will alone they even exist.

What indeed was the morrow to bring forth ?

The hours from midnight were hurrying on to dawn when those crowds of human beings in the streets were awakened by undulations of the ground, the opening of fissures all round them, the rumblings of terrific thunder beneath them. Many of those in the houses were hurled from their beds as the walls of the buildings fell; the ancient church of San Domingo was wrecked; the San Cosma barracks were shattered, and many people injured; the Central Railway Station collapsed. Worst of all, to the superstitious, a wall in the National Palace cracked, and the keystone of one of its arches was displaced—one under which President Diaz had daily passed during those long years of office.

Six minutes ! That was all. And yet numbers of

people had been killed and injured. Never had there been such an earthquake in Mexico City, though the country is subject to these seismic disturbances.

Needless to say, panic followed. Many thought the hand of God was raised against them for the expulsion of Diaz, and cowered in the gutters and moaned in the alleys.

But the races of the South turn from grave to gay with a facility unknown in northern climes, and when Señor Madero appeared in the evening the gaily-decorated streets, that in the morning had been filled with terror-stricken people of all grades, echoed the acclamations of vast crowds as they cheered their new leader.

As he drove to the Palace they followed him. The throng was estimated as the greatest that had ever collected in Mexico City for a generation.

Away in the far distance volcanic Mount Colima shot forth smoke and flames, and continued in full eruption as a reminder of the day's tragedy.

De la Barra remained Provisional President, with Madero at his side, as "adviser," but actually enjoying power. Diaz had left Mexico, but the people were far from settled. A month had scarcely gone by when news of revolt in *Oaxaca* arrived. Labour riots broke out in the capital and at *Orizaba*, involving loss of life. Madero visited *Puebla*—about sixty-five miles south-east of the capital, and the scene of so many incidents in the life of Diaz in the days of war with the French—and his advent was the signal for serious disturbances in the town, between the Porfiristas (old

Diaz party) and Maderists. The Federal troops drove the former to the mountains. *Guadalajara*, about three hundred miles west-north-west of the capital, one of the most delightful old towns in Mexico, almost immediately joined in the disaffection.

The fighting in *Puebla* continued, and there was much loss of life. Labour troubles arose there also, and local officials were arrested. In fact, so widespread was the revolt that again United States troops were drafted down to the far away frontier to maintain order. Chaos prevailed till the middle of August. The celebrated *El Oro* mines were left unworked, the men going out on strike, opening the prisons and releasing prisoners; and foreigners thought it advisable to hurry into the capital for shelter.

Francisco Madero was nominated to the Presidency at the end of August, but did not secure an unopposed return. Difficult as it is, one must remember that Francisco Vasquez-Gomez, who had been nominated Vice-President in 1910, and his brother had been two most prominent supporters of Madero's rising. Francisco was one of the Peace Commissioners at *Juárez*, and on the formation of the Provisional Government he was given office—with a view to the Vice-Presidency—and his brother was made Minister of the Interior. The latter disagreed with Madero, and de la Barra, ex-Ambassador from Washington, was dismissed, taking with him several of the dissatisfied revolutionary officers, whose leader he became. Francisco Gomez remained in office, but Madero ignored him, and

nominated Señor Pino Suarez—a *Yucatan* colleague —for the Vice-Presidency.

General Reyes, a fine soldier and a strong man, had also returned from France, and was received with acclamation by the people. He and Madero joined hands—his old faithfulness to Diaz had now lapsed. He was to have been reinstated as Minister of War in the new Cabinet, and was well beloved by the Army. The announcement was met by the most pronounced opposition. Reyes, deeply disappointed, abandoned all idea of taking a place in the Madero Ministry, but went to the other extreme, and declared his intention of contesting the Presidency.

Had it not been that Reyes represented the hated *cientificos*, and was supported by those remaining, he might have proved a more serious opponent to Madero's candidature. His meetings in the capital, however, were attacked by Maderists. Several encounters occurred between his followers and the Maderists in the provinces. Not wishing to throw Mexico back into the sorrows of civil war, Reyes announced that "he left his country for his country's good, believing that the chance of a peaceful election would be improved by his withdrawal."

General Reyes, thereupon, retired to New York, but his former supporters maintained some desultory disturbances, and were successful in capturing towns between *Vera Cruz* and the capital.

In this disturbed state of affairs the anniversary of Mexican independence was anticipated with some

foreboding. It was only a year since that brilliant affair when all the world had done homage, and already Mexico was a byword of mirth. But all went well except at *Monterey*, where agitators against the elections raised a riot. *Monterey* was, of course, largely supported by American capital as it contained the great smelting works of Guggenheim and Co.

Madero had never satisfied the rebel leader, Emiliano Zapata, who, thwarted in his ambition of sharing the distinctions accorded to the President-elect, actively stirred up discord, and after some guerrilla skirmishes, burned and pillaged several villages close to Mexico City. Federal troops hurried to the spot, and drove the Zapatistas into the hills. It was the old story of mistaking the dispersion of the rebels for their conquest. Madero seemed unaware of the trouble ahead, while, week by week, Zapata's following increased, bandits gathering around him from all parts.

Towards the end of October, 1911, affairs in the capital were anything but satisfactory, while throughout the country the unrest was steadily increasing, and de la Barra realized that the sooner the actual President took the reins of Government, the better. He therefore urged Madero to take up office at once, and the new President was inaugurated early in November. De la Barra at once sailed from *Vera Cruz* on a special mission to Italy.

The ceremony of inauguration took place in the new Chamber of Deputies, which was used for the first time for the purpose, and the President immediately

appointed his Cabinet, Señor Ernesto Madero, his uncle, taking office as Minister of Finance. Señor Pino Suarez became Vice-President.

The election of a Constitutional President, however, had no effect on the strife raging in Mexico. It continued uninterruptedly throughout the Madero régime. For, in fact, many of the supporters of Madero, the rebel, would not accept the policy of Madero the President—as was so often the way in Mexico. Early in March, 1912, Pascal Orozco took the field against his old chief. Orozco was a picturesque ruffian. Originally a mule boy, he led the trains of mules carrying ore from the mines to the nearest railway line, and in this occupation—probably the most honest that he ever followed—he might have lived quite undistinguished. He was a Mexican Indian, without education, but possessing courage and character; and among rough men in a rough country he was able to impress his authority upon any of his fellow-muleteers who had the temerity to question it.

How he came into the rising no one exactly knows, for there was no authentic news from the Mexican borderland. But when Madero had raised the revolt against Diaz, Orozco joined him. Half a bandit already, he probably realized that there was both adventure and plunder in it. Later, Orozco fought against his third President, Huerta.

Affairs rapidly became very bewildering to an outsider. Men with strange names came on and off the scenes like puppets in a marionette show.

The movement against Madero was considered so serious that General Salas resigned from the Ministry of Works in order to command the Federal Army sent against Orozco. During the month there was plenty of fighting, and rebel defeats were announced from Mexico City at *Culiacan*, in *Sinaloa*, on March 11th, and later at *Jimenez*. It is more than probable that these *insurrectos* were independent operators in the field of rebellion, ready to side with any important leader after a victory, but busied meantime with brigandage and minor expropriations. The main force of rebels under Orozco engaged with General Salas' Federals at *Carralitos*, north of *Torreon*—an important railway junction in the north-centre of Mexico. The fighting lasted some days, beginning apparently about March 23rd.

The Federal Government hastily announced the complete defeat of the rebels, but General Salas, the Federal Commander, preferred to commit suicide rather than survive such a " victory "—which, it became known later, was a rout of the Federals through failure of ammunition. The situation was considered uncertain, The United States Ambassador, with President Madero's consent—a somewhat theoretical consent, for the consignment of arms from the States to the Ambassador was well on its way before Madero was apprised of the fact—armed his nationals in Mexico City for their own protection, and for the defence of the Embassy. This was on March 29th, 1912. Two days later Washington endeavoured to prop the tottering

Mexican Government by allowing Federal purchases of arms and munitions to be imported from the United States.

Things had reached such a pass in the country that if a man wanted a coat or a horse he just helped himself —no one and no thing was safe.

On April 2nd President Madero assured the Paris *Matin* that the reports of disturbances in Mexico were "much exaggerated," and presently announced Federal victories over rebels at *Parral* (April 4th) and *Jojutla* (April 9th). However, at *Silva* a British subject was beaten and robbed, and a United States citizen murdered, by rebels—or brigands. The foreign colony in Mexico City appealed to the British Minister for redress. Great Britain, of course, could do nothing, but next day President Taft sent a strong warning to the Federal Government that American property must be respected. The same message was addressed to General Orozco. President Madero fired up at this "international indiscretion," and made complaint as to Washington's holding diplomatic intercourse with a rebel. Madero thought to make patriotic capital out of the incident, but by the end of the month his own Congress was failing him. That body, on May 3rd, 1912, actually went so far as to appoint a Peace Commission to treat with Orozco. The rebel leader's reply was to defeat the Federals near *Torreon*. This was the brightest moment in Orozco's rebellion. Risings in his favour were reported throughout *Tamaulipas*, *Vera Cruz* and *San Luis de Potosi*, but on May 9th he quarrelled with and

arrested Señor Vasquez-Gomez, the most important of his party leaders, and Gomez' power was soon crushed.

There is little doubt that overtures were made to Great Britain to take Mexico under her wing. The world knew the British power of colonization, which encouraged individual rights and expansion, and had England cared, between 1905 and 1912, to go forward, the door was open. But Britain courteously refrained from interfering with the United States—a more direct neighbour of Mexico—although British money predominated, and British men and women were more numerous in the country, anyway in the earlier years.

It was rumoured that many of the large Yankee business interests, notably the "oil kings," financed Orozco: they wanted, it was assumed, enough disturbance on the frontier to compel Taft to intervene. Had he done so, and had the United States taken over the Government of Mexico, doubtless the country would have become more settled and American land and property would have gone up in value.

America felt as loath as we did to interfere, and Mexico knitted the threads of her own undoing.

Luckily for Mexico, silver went up steadily in value in 1912, and the country of Montezuma, Cortéz and Diaz made enough money by its export to keep things going; for the Diaz coffers were soon depleted by revolution, and bankruptcy would have ensued but for this passing stroke of luck in silver.

When the hopes of the Maderists seemed at their

lowest ebb, Huerta suddenly stepped forward in command of the Federal troops, and inflicted a decisive defeat on Orozco at *Conejos*, on May 13th. This battle broke the back of the Orozco–Vazquez rebellion. Their adherents, for the most part, dispersed throughout the month of June, and in July they suffered a final defeat at *Bachimba*. Huerta had beaten Orozco, who fled the country before the end of August.

In passing we must remember that Huerta was a far higher class of man, intellectually and in education, than the muleteer Orozco.

General Victoriano Huerta, the man who was afterwards to play so important a part in embroiling his country with the States, now comes to the front of the stage as a Maderist, or at least as a successful general of the Army that supported Madero ; but in the whirl of events in Mexico he was a partisan of the fallen President rather than of his successor. Diaz and Huerta hardly knew one another, but they had met under strange circumstances. When Reyes had been sent off in disgrace to *Monterey*, and was likely to give trouble, Diaz sent for Huerta, who was then a general, and told him to go north and watch Reyes. A few days later a friend of Diaz' said :

" Did you know that Huerta is Reyes' most intimate friend ? "

" No, I did not," replied the old President.

Accordingly Diaz commanded Huerta to his presence, and asked if this was so.

" Yes," he replied, " he is a great friend of mine, but,

Mr. President, I appreciate my duty and my own honour more than personal friendships."

Huerta behaved splendidly, and Diaz was delighted. This was the first "duty" he had given to him. Diaz, as we have seen, later chose Huerta as an assistant in his flight to *Vera Cruz*.

The brigandage of the Zapatistas near the capital continued to excite grave concern, and reports of outrages, somewhat highly coloured, inflamed the Press in New York. They were serious enough in all truth. Zapata murdered a United States consular agent and fifty-four other civilians and soldiers in a train at *Cuatla* on August 12th, 1912. The very next day he executed 100 *rurales* and 100 civilians in the main street of *Ixtapa*. This truculent outlaw, dangerous as such, was never, however, a political force. He held the most fantastic views, desiring that all railways should be done away with, as being foreign inventions and opposed to the welfare of Mexico. Originally Zapata had been a stable-boy (*caballangero*) in the service of Ignicio de la Torre, son-in-law of Diaz.

On September 2nd the Zapatistas were soundly beaten and scattered by a Federal force near *Tenancingo*.

A review of the situation made at that time shows that no fewer than seventeen States were in a condition of unrest, owing to the presence of armed revolutionaries under some half-dozen different party leaders, whose only point of agreement was their dislike of President Madero. The enforcement of the regulations against gun-running, as allowed under Madero, from the

U.S.A., necessitated the dispatch of two regiments of American cavalry to strengthen the patrols along the Mexican frontier. This action on the part of Washington supplemented General Huerta's operations in the north, and by September 25th President Madero was in a position to offer an amnesty to the scattered remnants of those who had opposed him in the Orozco rebellion.

The improvement in the political situation, begun after the victory of *Conejos* in May, lasted for some months.

War is waged that peace may be secured.

But then came the extraordinary *coup de main* of the President's nephew, General Felix Diaz.

By a carefully hatched plot, Felix Diaz escaped from the prison of Fort San Juan de Ulna and took possession of the sea border of *Vera Cruz*. But a few days later he was betrayed by his followers into the hands of Beltran, who obtained admission under a flag of truce to the Municipal Palace at *Vera Cruz*, where Felix Diaz was seated. But when his arrest was ordered, the latter rejoined that, on the contrary, it was Beltran who should be arrested. Felix, however, was to discover too late that he had been betrayed, and was surrounded by enemies who had been bought over by Madero. It is said that Beltran received a large sum of money for this action, and that as a punishment to the troops who had assisted Felix Diaz one in every ten was shot.

As Felix (not to be confounded with his cousin, Colonel Porfirio Diaz, or his uncle, Porfirio, the late President) now becomes rather prominent, let us glance at his personal record.

Felix Diaz was a general in the army and a military engineer. He had been living since his uncle's downfall at *Vera Cruz*, his wife's original home, and soon after that event he retired from the army, supporting himself as a professional engineer. His rising in revolt was due entirely to patriotic motives, but later he proved too weak for any serious achievement. It was a pity the elder Diaz did not put his nephew in office in place of the unpopular Corral, as, in fact, he would have done but for his keen sense of honour and rooted objection to nepotism in any shape.

When Felix Diaz was Chief of Police in Mexico City he and Corral were always sparring—probably because the latter was aware that the Mexicans wished to see Felix in his shoes. Felix Diaz was President of the Old Students of the Military Academy; who on a certain day each year dine together. Being always in touch with them he could count upon military support.

Felix Diaz was reserved to a degree; a peculiarly reticent man, yet a curiously good and fluent speaker in public. In appearance, as also in the quietude and silence of his mien, he singularly resembled his uncle, General Diaz. There is little doubt that, had Felix possessed half the iron courage and powerful initiative of his great relative, he would have held his ground in the autumn of 1912, eventually to become President of Mexico. Through lack of grit he missed his flood-tide —and was lost. Certainly great things were expected of Felix Diaz, and on landing in America in August, 1912, the writer was beset, even at the boat-side,

with inquiries as to his presidential chances. In Washington, three months later, everyone was for using the strong hand, and for Taft sending down troops at once; but, as will be seen later, not much came of all this vigorous talk, for Dr. Wilson stepped into the presidential chair.

Felix Diaz proved an utter failure.

Madero, as we have seen, never held control of the country. From the first days of his Presidency his downfall, sooner or later, was inevitable. It came in the end by means of an Army plot, followed by assassination.

Madero made many promises during his rebellion and his subsequent fifteen months' Presidency—it lasted no longer. He undertook to divide up the *haciendas* and redistribute the land, and make other concessions for the benefit of the people. He was, in fact, a rank Socialist and used to go round the country lecturing, and making all sorts of promises to his followers that he could not possibly fulfil. Beautiful houses in the residential part of the city were to be theirs, and needless to say that, with so many offers, he had a large following. The non-fulfilment of his word caused great irritation.

One of the charges Madero brought forward against General Diaz was the fact that he had chosen an unpopular Vice-President, and insisted on keeping him in office. No one liked Corral. Madero's own Vice President, Señor Pino Suarez, was certainly a better and less unpopular man. In other regards Madero

learnt nothing; but himself repeated the mistakes that he had so derided in his predecessor.

He was also understood to be favouring the Church, though his own party was against it, and this caused some distrust amongst his followers. Mexico, although it was supposed to have thrown off the clerical yoke when Church and State were separated, always remained strongly under the Church's influence, and, from what one gathered, the last few years of Diaz' régime seem to have added to the influence of the priests.

The Fathers had been displaced by law, under Juárez, but gradually year by year they had been creeping back into power, and in many of the States, especially *Morelia*, the ordinary native believed that his priest carried the latchkey of heaven and hell in his pocket, and could send his parishioner to whichever he chose. After the war, moreover, the Church's influence waxed stronger, and, like that of certain younger Irish priests in their relations with the Sinn Feiners, was utilized for the making of mischief in the German interests.

As time went on Madero showed distinctly that he believed himself inspired, in fact that, like the Kaiser, he was in personal communion with God. He never smoked, never drank strong liquor, ate sparingly, became an ascetic, and was always referring to his spiritualistic powers. At first they had appreciated his suggestion that he was inspired by Juárez, but he went too far.

He always rode a beautiful grey horse, which after his death was bought by the manager of the Canadian

Bank of Commerce and re-christened *Pancho*—after Madero, who was Francisco, and "Pancho" for short.

By his own family, who ruled him entirely, Madero was looked upon as a fool.

A well-known man says:

"According to the most impartial opinion in Mexico, Madero was a good man, sincere and thoroughly honest, who meant well but had not in him the stuff from which rulers are made. He had, besides, against him the Government of the United States, and had to fall.

"Porfirio Diaz was a great man. He was endowed with those sterling qualities that go to make a true statesman. Unfortunately, his only fault was his lust of power, which prevented him from retiring at the right moment.

"In Mexico 'death to the *gringos*' was a constant cry; one could hear it on every side, and one had only to say, 'I am an Englishman,' when they returned '*Viva Inglesa.*' The Americans are regarded with hostility, increasing year by year."

Of course, the hatred of foreigners was perfectly absurd, for without foreign brains and capital and energy Mexico would never have risen at all, and no one knew that better than Diaz. He knew the inborn laziness and procrastination of his own people; he encouraged foreign capital and by this means he made modern Mexico.

Roughly speaking :

The railways have all been made by the British and Americans.

Water works—British.

Irrigation and sewage—British.

Mines—American and British.

Harbours—British.

Oil—British and American.

Electric light—British (Canadian).

Street cars—British (Canadian).

The large ladies' shops—French.

Hardware shops—German.

Restaurants run by Spaniards and Italians.

Cloth factories—British.

From this it will be seen that all the biggest and most important enterprises in the country have been engineered by other than natives.

The mines were largely worked by Japanese and Chinese labour ; and strange it was to see, as did the writer, sealed trains, consisting of mere cattle-trucks, arriving in Mexico—with Asiatic heads popping in and out of every window. These sealed trains were run right through from San Francisco in a week or ten days ; their content of labourers, once landed, being worked in colonies under military supervision. When the miners had fulfilled their contract and made their money, they were sent home in the same way, as they were not allowed by law to stay in the United States.

Every nation's success is built up by the particles of usefulness drawn from other nationalities.

CHAPTER VII

DIAZ IN RETIREMENT

BEFORE going on with the topsy-turvy history of revolutionary Mexico, let us take another peep at the ascetic, self-respecting, but defeated President.

As soon as Diaz had settled in Paris he went off to Nauheim, as has been said, to see his dying secretary. Barely recovered from his own serious and grave illness, General Diaz saw the doctor. This doctor examined him most carefully:

"Eighty-one?" he said. "It is absurd. This man has the heart, lungs and liver and physique of a man of forty-five." The old President had seldom taken alcoholic drinks in his life, and was always a very moderate smoker. Moderation in all things was ever his motto. Self-indulgence was to him an abomination.

The writer, who paid visits to the ex-President and Madame Diaz in Paris, both in 1913 and 1914, never saw six more charming children under a dozen years than the family of his son, Colonel Porfirio. Four boys, in white English sailor suits, deftly made by their pretty, clever mother, a dear little girl of nine, and the new baby, born ten days before they quitted Mexico.

"My five little soldiers," said the boyish-looking father as he introduced them. For he had married at twenty-four his girlish-looking wife. No words can describe the happy family life of all these people. They met daily, they fed together, walked together, talked together; but the poor old General was a very sad man. One missed his merry, twinkly smile, and his face in repose evinced deep, deep sorrow.

At the end of October, 1911, that is to say, five months after his "abdication," General and Madame Diaz unexpectedly came to London for three days. It was for a wedding, and they stayed at Claridge's as the guests of Señor Guillermo de Landa y Escandon, whose nephew and niece were married. At the ceremony the ex-President stood sponsor, and no one trod the aisle with statelier step than this old warrior.

General Diaz landed at Dover on a Friday, and proceeded straight to London, the visit being strictly private. In spite of his eighty-one years, the General was looking remarkably well as he stepped for the first and only time upon English soil. His fine military carriage, courtly manner and reserved strength had not deserted him; but the few friends who were privileged to see him were distressed to find that the abscess of the ear, from which he was suffering at the time when he retired from office, had left him stone deaf. No one could believe, to look at him, that he was more than sixty years of age, so vigorous and well did he appear; but

there was a sad look in his eyes which reflected the mental suffering he had gone through before he left his country and crossed the ocean for the first time. He had, however, not lost the spirit of inquiry and zest for knowledge; even in exile he always wanted to know and see things that might be useful to his much loved land.

"As I am to be only three days in London, it is a pity that one of them should be a Sunday," he remarked, "because I hear that I can do nothing, that everything is shut. There are only two things that I should particularly like to do—to see the King, and the Crystal Palace."

"The Crystal Palace?" one exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, because it was the beginning of all international exhibitions, and I remember reading about it fifty years ago, when it created a great sensation in your Hyde Park."

Further conversation showed that this dear old gentleman really wanted to see the place. The telephone soon got in touch with Mr. Ernest Husey, the official receiver at the Palace, and one of my oldest friends. The end of a long story is that we managed to have the Crystal Palace opened. Yes, that vast institution was specially opened on Sunday afternoon, in order that the old gentleman might fulfil his wish.

When we arrived by motor at the door, we were met by the manager, one or two policemen, and one or two other men with keys. We saw the great hall where twenty-five thousand seated people listen to

the Handel Festival. We walked beneath those monstrous domes. We saw the wonderful gardens and windows; but above all, the President was interested in the Canadian Hall. If we had had time he would have examined every wood which came from Canada, for he discussed them all, and compared them with Mexican woods. He was alive to everything, and at the end was less tired than anyone else in the party. We had tea at the Club House, and then motored home.

Alas, his other wish, to see King George, proved impossible. He wanted to do so quite unofficially, merely to pay his respects and show his profound admiration for the son of King Edward, who gave him his most cherished decoration, the Hon. Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.* Etiquette and red tape forbade this, and, of course, officially he could not go, for he was no longer official; and so, although received with the greatest homage and cordiality by the King of Spain and the German Kaiser, he did not see either our King or Queen. Regretfully he referred to this two years later in Paris.

His reception in Germany was notable, for the Kaiser, hearing that ex-President Diaz was on the Rhine, sent personally to invite him to attend the Grand Military Manœuvres, descended from his horse

* As England, unlike every other great country, had presented no decoration to President Diaz, the writer drew attention to the omission in "Porfirio Diaz." Some months later King Edward sent him the Grand Cross through our Minister, Sir Reginald Tower, who took it out personally

to shake him by the hand, remained on his feet beside him for an hour, walked arm-in-arm with him round the field, invited him to Berlin and paid him every courtesy. But again the old gentleman felt that his official days were over, so politely but firmly refused this official visit to the German capital.

How different, too, was Diaz' reception in France by the President. The French treated Diaz as though he were still President of Mexico.

When afterwards it was my hap to be in Paris with Don Porfirio and his beautiful, accomplished wife, the three of us dined together one night in the public dining-room of the *Astoria Hotel. The Times* had arrived from London. Showing Madame Diaz a telegram from Mexico, which stated that General Reyes had arrived in Mexico City, and had been put into prison as a rebel, she immediately translated the telegram to her husband. He looked sad and disturbed; but all he said was:

"In prison! Poor Reyes, poor Reyes; he cannot have deserved it"—and the rest of the dinner he hardly ate, and was silent.

Until then he had been chatting amicably, very interested in all the little events of the day, in what we had been doing and seeing; but unfortunately, this piece of news quite upset him.

Reyes had been an old friend and companion of his own. They had worked together for many long years. Any little trouble there had been was apparently forgotten, and this veteran really grieved from the

bottom of his heart at the position of his old comrade. It was quite sad to see his face. He was so quiet, one could not help feeling the inner workings of the mind of the man who had suffered so much himself, and whose sympathy was so deeply probed. We went up to their sitting-room afterwards, and, although he tried to throw off his grief, he only stayed a short time, looking at some pictures, then, pleading letters to write, left us.

"I am so sorry I mentioned that telegram, Madame Diaz," I said; "it was inopportune doing so at dinner."

"No," she said, "it did not matter how he heard it. My husband is a man who feels very deeply, although some people think his exterior is so hard. As you saw, he said nothing, but he felt it."

It was hardly necessary for her to add that, considering one had noticed the man's expression, and that he had pushed every dish from him untasted from that moment, during the rest of the dinner.

It was then that she said:

"I should love to stay with you in London if we could only do so, and not offend other people. You see, we have not been in a home since we left our own nearly six months ago. It has been nothing but hotels and boxes, a thing we have never, never done before in all our long happy married life of eight-and-twenty years.

"Yes," she continued, "our leaving Mexico was a terrible wrench to Porfirio; but he felt that it was

for the country's good and must be done at any sacrifice. He was so dreadfully ill that we did not think it possible to leave till two days later, but at ten o'clock at night he came into my room as I was undressing, and said :

" ' Read this telegram.' The telegram said the rebels were arming, and stopping all trains between Mexico and *Vera Cruz.*

" ' These rebel bands will increase,' he said. ' Shall we go to-night ? '

" ' As you wish,' I replied, for Porfirio always knows best.

" We talked it over, and decided that, as we had the young children to think of, it would be better to leave in the early morning. So by eleven o'clock we had given our orders to start at four. I literally walked out of my house and left it as it stood, my clothes hanging in the wardrobes, and my dearest treasures on the tables and on the walls. We packed a few things, but far more important to me than packing was the state of my dear husband's health. He was terribly ill, and ought to have been properly nursed in bed ; he had a high temperature and a badly swollen face and neck, and blood poisoning rampant. He would not listen to anything for himself, and proved just as determined as he had been with the dentist when he would have the tooth extracted. Safe or unsafe, he was resolved to leave the city. He thought it right.

" At four in the morning our train left.

" As you know, we were attacked. In a moment he

was on his feet, and with that tremendous voice of command which I have only heard once or twice, he said :

" ' All the women and children must lie flat on the floor.'

" This, of course, was to secure protection against flying bullets. The words had hardly left his lips before he was out of the train, standing on the ground and giving directions to the soldiers. The moment he appeared the men—the Army, you must remember, was with him always—cheered him to the echo. I think this must have frightened the insurgents, for, after a few shots and some little skirmishing, they all ran away. Or else they were ashamed of raising their hands against the President who had served them for so many years.

" I cannot explain to you, dear Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, what I felt as I stood at the door of the carriage, for I was the one person who disobeyed my husband's order, but I felt that where he stood I must be, and that if they shot him they had better shoot me. I did not ask him to shield himself, for it would have been no use. I did not remind him of his ill-health, it would have been hopeless. Porfirio was just as determined and strong in sickness as in health."

Anyone who knew the man realizes that. Those snorting nostrils would snort a little more, those flashing eyes would flash more quickly, for in a moment of peril Diaz would only become a duplicate of the Diaz of war.

" When I left Mexico," the General once declared,

"I said I would never be interviewed by the Press, I would never give any political opinion for publication, and I have strictly kept my word. Therefore, I have repeatedly to wire to Mexico to contradict reports they put in the papers as emanating from me, and to assure them that nothing published represents my political feelings unless it bears my signature."

General Diaz was much interested in Paris. He admired the town, the hotels, the Bois, everything; but one could easily see that his heart was always in Mexico, for his conversation constantly turned there.

"Oh, for the sun of Mexico," he would exclaim, as the rain drizzled down, or damp fog made everything drear and dull.

He used to take long walks alone—and, be it remembered, he talked no language but Spanish—for his poor wife found it quite impossible to keep up with his energetic strides as he marched along the Boulevards or the Bois every morning for two or three hours, by way of getting a "little exercise."

He was very graciously treated by the officials in Paris, and when he went to visit the tomb of Napoleon, a General, who, strangely enough, had served in Mexico under Maximilian, handed him Napoleon's sword.

"I could not place it in better hands," said the Frenchman.

Diaz bowed, looked at it carefully, and then, reverently raising it to his lips, he kissed it before handing it back to the officer in charge. Those were the quick little acts of courtesy and veneration that always struck people.

Nearly half a century had passed since the opening of the Mexican–French war. It was in January, 1862, it will be remembered, that the French fleet first appeared off *Vera Cruz*, Louis Napoleon having planned to make Mexico a feudatory kingdom under Maximilian, Archduke of Austria. The French soon made a pretext for landing at *Vera Cruz*, and Felix Diaz the elder (Porfirio Diaz' brother) was wounded by the first shot fired in the campaign. General Porfirio Diaz fought countless engagements during the war, and long before the end became an accepted hero to the populace of Mexico. The great national struggle did not end until five years later, with the tragic death of the Emperor Maximilian at *Querétaro*, where he was shot, refusing to have his eyes bandaged, and only requesting the firing party to aim at his heart.

" And who do you think was the greatest man of your time ? " was my question once, when we had been speaking of great men.

" Bismarck," was Don Porfirio's immediate reply.

Apropos of a stamp on a letter, one asked him why his head was not on the Mexican stamps for thirty-five years.

" How could I order my own head to be put on the stamps ? It was as impossible as for me to order my own military pension for years of service—I did neither."

Everyone falls who lives long enough. 'Tis the kindly hand of death that removes people at their prime. Pneumonia is the greatest blessing of the old. Otherwise, after attaining position, power, fame, the envious try to pull the successful down. Success breeds

The Author riding astride in Mexico in front of a Zapotec temple.

Little chapel built over the spot where Maximilian was shot at Queretaro.

[*To face p.* 128.

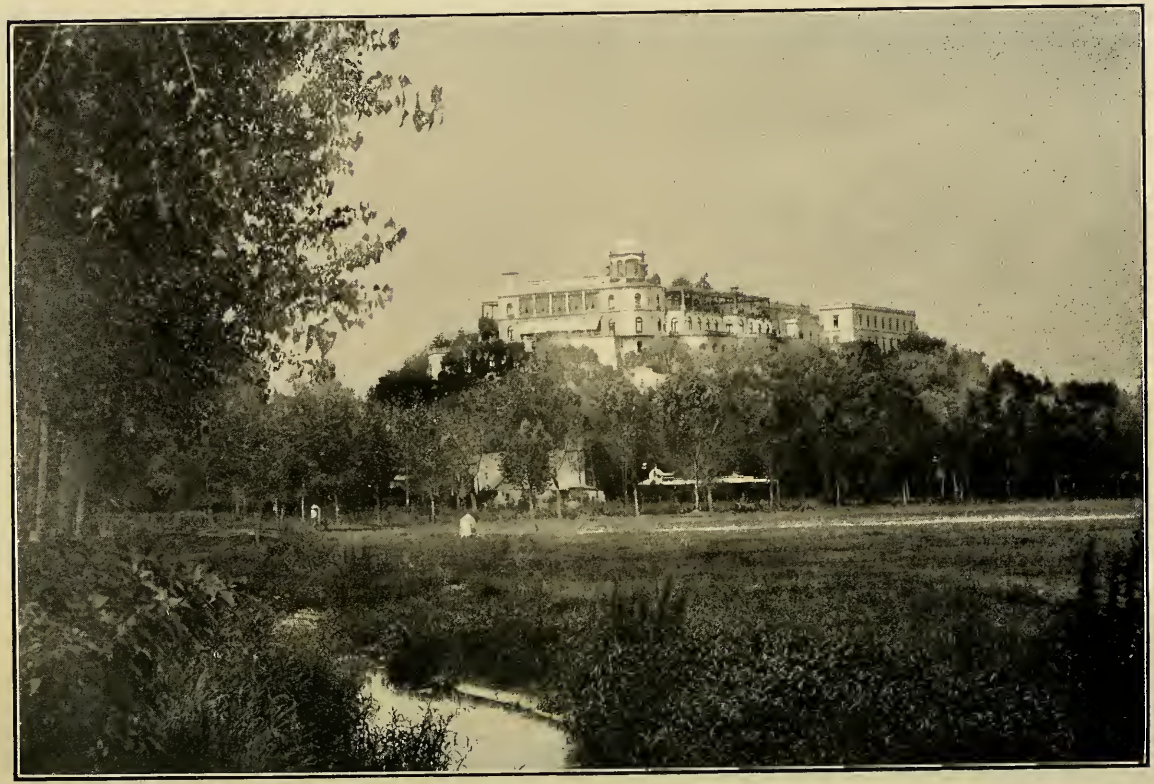


Photo by Cox.]

Chapultepec Castle, General Diaz' summer home.

bitter enemies. Unless people retire when on the top —and alas, how few people realize when they are on the top—the structure on which they stand becomes undermined. The greater the man the greater his fall. It is easier to attain fame than to retain it.

In his retirement Diaz became a great reader of military history and really studied the subject, showing how keenly he was the soldier before he was the politician. It was quite amazing to see him spend two or three hours on end, poring over military books and histories, often with a map by his side. He studied in his retirement, at his life's end, more conscientiously and enthusiastically than many a young student working for life's examinations.

How one used to long, when in Paris with Diaz and his wife, sitting quietly with them day after day, for the men who were writing about his cruelty, injustice, and a lot of nonsense of that sort, just to hear the quiet, dignified talk of the man himself: just to witness his chivalry to his wife, how he would put her furs round her, pick up my paper, speak a kindly word to the hotel servants, and so on. More conspicuously great in the details of life he was even in his downfall than in his power. He never complained—no uncourteous word ever passed his lips. Chivalrous, courteous, lovable always was this man who had ruled an unruly nation of hot-blooded half-breeds with an iron hand; and all he said, when he heard news of rebellion, was: "My poor Mexico! My poor Mexico!"

Those simple people whom one had seen living as the

worshipped idols of a big country—not in great magnificence, it is true, because they were simple folk, but still with their beautiful homes, their carriages, their private trains, their soldiers and the respect of the populace of a country—these people were living quietly at a Paris hotel in a little suite comprised of bedroom, bathroom and sitting-room. That hotel, the *Astoria*, became a huge Red Cross Hospital, only a year later, when the cruellest of cruel wars broke out.

"One cannot bear to see you living like this, it all seems so changed from your magnificent position in Mexico."

"Do not grieve for us," replied General Diaz. "I entered office thirty-five years ago a poor man, merely a General, with a General's pay, and thank God," he cried, thumping the table, "I leave office after those thirty-five years a poor man still."

All the people round him, all the people who served under him, had made money, and many of them had made fortunes; but this man—pardon me for saying once more—had never accepted a bribe, had never even availed himself of financial tips or free shares, and with as clean hands as he entered office he left his country. The little fortune of his wife—and it is only a little fortune—was all they had to live upon, while, as days darkened on the Mexican horizon, shares went steadily down and down; but he never complained, all he cared for personally was his wife's comfort.

Diaz had put off his visit to Spain month by month, because he thought it was not fair to his old country, in

the time of its distress, even to appear to be enjoying himself. Poor Diaz, always thinking of Mexico! His heart ever in Mexico.

One day, after the ex-President and his wife had left, the writer came down to the hall of the Paris hotel, where a packet of thirty or forty telegrams, addressed to him from Mexico, lay beside the porter's hand. The man was about to forward them to Madrid; they had been coming in for hours. Seeing a Mexican friend later in the day, one remarked on this, and expressed the hope that nothing was wrong.

"Wrong? Oh no!" he replied. "To-day is the second of April, the anniversary of one of General Diaz' great battles,* and those telegrams are all from Mexico from old friends, reminding him and congratulating him on what he did for Mexico."

Absent, but not forgotten.

That very day the papers were full of wild suggestions of everyone being armed in Mexico City—of renewed activities, perchance German, or by the Standard Oil people, to further rebellion, for the rumour was repeated that American money had fostered the revolution. But revolution was no more; things had almost reached open anarchy within a year of Diaz' withdrawal. It so happened that very day, in the Congress at Mexico City, the anniversary of *Puebla* was mentioned, and with one accord a great and most enthusiastic demonstration

* His capture of *Puebla*, April 2nd, 1867. *Puebla* is famous for two other successes of Diaz; the defeat of the French on May 5th, 1862 (when he was second in command), and the repulse of the French attack, during the siege, on April 5th, 1868.

was made at the mention of the name of Diaz. It was an opportunity for the people, after all the distractions his enforced withdrawal from the country had brought upon them, to show their loyalty to their old chief—and they did it right royally.

Those were great days for Diaz in Madrid, where King Alfonso could not do enough for him. After much persuasion Diaz had chosen Holy Week for his visit, because, as he said,

"They cannot entertain during that week, so I shall be no trouble to anyone."

But an exception was made for him. The ex-President and his beautiful wife not only lunched *en famille* with King Alfonso and his Consort, but dined at a State banquet; and on Good Friday were the special guests of the King at the great Easter ceremony, when his Most Catholic Majesty washed the feet of the poor. He was even officially sent off at the railway station, when it was announced in the newspapers that he was returning to Paris, though, as a matter of fact, he and his wife went off incognito unofficially for a little tour in Spain, a country they had always longed to see.

Paris is full of Mexicans, rich people who live in fine houses and make it their home. It is a great Mexican colony of wealth. No wonder Paris—this happy, pre-war Paris—was gay, with its wide streets, its great open spaces, its life of the boulevards, where everyone seems to live outside a café instead of inside their own home. During the time that Diaz and his wife were in Paris, in the early days of 1912–13, the Government was

the best there had been for many a long day. It was a sort of political renaissance, under Fallières: mob rule, the people's struggle to gain supremacy all over the world, was still in check, and a certain amount of respect for educated aristocracy held sway. The music-halls still held the Head of the State up to ridicule, just as the public songs had done a couple of hundred years before. No censor's pencil saved Fallières. Low and vulgar were the allusions—but yet respect for his régime crept in.

La grande noblesse of France is almost as exclusive as in old times. We have become Cosmopolitan in England, but the great families of France live their own lives, and alone, just as do the great families of Spain.

Life's little tragedies affect us all.
Life's great tragedies affect the nations.

CHAPTER VIII

DOWNFALL OF MADERO

PRESIDENT MADERO, in the autumn of 1912, eighteen months after Diaz had left, was at the apogee of his political career. He was apparently master of the greater part of Mexico. Felix Diaz—the ex-President's nephew, who had failed so ignominiously at *Vera Cruz*—was tried as a rebel, and was sentenced to death on October 28th; but he appealed on the ground that, not being on the active list of the Army at the time of the revolt, he was technically a civilian and as such exempt from the jurisdiction of a court martial. Among the Mexican better classes, moreover, opinion ran hotly in his favour. A deputation of women—those slow, quiet, unassertive Mexican women—was sent to the Castle of *Chapultepec* near Mexico City to beg for his life. He was imprisoned pending legal proceedings. During the remainder of the year few disturbances were recorded. The country seems to have been ready to accept Madero; but, to the dismay of his supporters, the new President was daily proving himself incapable of profiting by the opportunities afforded him. He displayed a lamentable lack of administrative skill,

and tried to ride the Mexican horse on the easy rein of constitutional theory, instead of with the savage bit of autocratic absolutism to which the creature had been broken.

All this sounds very bewildering, and so it is. But we must remember that Mexico is not one country, one climate, or one people. It is many countries, many climates, many peoples. There are tribes that are almost black, tribes still worshipping in secret their wooden idols; there are yellow people, Aztec people, of whom there remain still half a million to-day —a great tribe; Miztecs also, most artistic, particularly in pottery ware; Zapotecs, a wonderful tribe, with especially handsome women. The Zapotecs, who built the famous fortress of *Mitla*, inhabit the whole southern State of *Oaxaca*. The Otomi, almost the oldest people in Mexico, are dull and stupid; to the assistance of the Tlaxcalans, a superior type, famous in history, the success of Cortés was largely due. The Juaves, who are supposed to have come from Peru, still go naked, although the law forbids their entering towns unclothed. The Toltecs arrived in Mexico as early as A.D. 648; the Chichemecs in 1170, the Alcolhuans about 1200; the Mexicans, who founded Mexico City, reached *Tula* in 1196.

All these—one has mentioned but a small proportion of the numberless Mexican tribes and peoples—have different ideas and objects, and consequently different leaders appeal to them. They have always been poor, living largely on maize, rice and beans, and

plunder is a natural temptation to their childish nature. Brave and daring they are also. Look at the cowboys, see them lassoing wild bulls on the open prairie for the Ring, as the writer has done—and you will realize that they are veritable children of nature, in many cases as wild as their own wild horses, panthers, jaguars, wild boars and dangerous timber-wolves.

The year 1913 opened ominously. There were renewed Zapatista excesses in the southern State of *Morelos*—irritating, but not of political importance—and a recrudescence of rebellion in northern *Chihuahua*, where the Federal General sent to suppress the rising was captured by the insurgents; but the real danger to any prolonged continuation of Madero's constitutional dreams and impracticable theories lay in Mexico City itself, where he was being quietly abandoned by his former adherents.

This became plain early in February—in the *semana tragica*, as it was called—when a great part of the Army revolted, made a *pronunciamiento* against the President, and released the two really important political prisoners, Felix Diaz and Bernardo Reyes. Either of them might have been made President, and yet both failed to attain that end. General Reyes was, as we know, imprisoned in the *Carcel de Santiago*, near the Custom House, Felix Diaz having been brought from *Vera Cruz* and confined in the Penitentiary. A cleverly-organized plot was hatched in which the *Aspirantes* (military students) at *Tlalpan*, near the city, took a prominent part.

In the early hours of the morning of Sunday, February 9th, they left the academy at *Tlalpan*, and made their way to Mexico City, proceeding to the *Santiago* prison, where the guard was prepared for them, and released General Reyes. The latter went on to the barracks, the inmates of which were in the plot, and was soon found riding at the head of a considerable force. The students then made their way to the Penitentiary and released Felix Diaz. General Reyes proceeded to the National Palace in the main *Plaza*, it being understood that the guard was prepared to receive and admit him. Madero, however, who had in the meantime been advised of what was happening, rode some miles from *Chapultepec* and changed the guard. Thus, General Reyes, on his arrival at the Palace, was refused admittance.

A volley was fired—and Reyes fell dead.

This volley was fired across the *Plaza*, regardless of innocent lives, of which about two hundred were sacrificed.

Felix Diaz, on his escape from the Penitentiary, by a *coup* took possession of the *Ciudadela* (Arsenal) later in the day.

Huerta was then the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces, which had the strongest position, the revolting force being confined in the *Ciudadela.* Federal forces were called in from all quarters, and shell fire was concentrated from the National Palace under the personal direction of Madero, and from all points of vantage round the city.

During the night of February 9th, Felix Diaz, once head of the Police, laid out his plan of action, taking possession of all the streets leading to his stronghold, and stationing his men with quick-firing guns on all the high buildings near, principally the Young Men's Christian Association.

The bombardment commenced in earnest at 10 a.m., Monday, February 10th, and continued unceasingly night and day until the following Sunday. Things were in a fearful state. The city was in siege. People were being killed on every side, when an armistice was declared for twenty-four hours from 2 a.m. to enable those who wished to leave the city, and for those who remained to obtain provisions. The armistice, however, was not maintained and firing recommenced at about two o'clock in the afternoon.

During the week, efforts had been made by the Foreign Representatives to bring about an understanding, without avail. The homes and gardens of the various legations were full of people too frightened to remain in their own homes. Madero was begged to resign as the only possible way to bring about peace, but remained stubborn. Ultimately, on or about February 20th, it was made *clear* to him that there was no other course open. After consultation, the principal members of the Government and citizens decided that, as he refused to resign, he should be arrested. This decision was carried out, after some resistance and the shooting by Madero of the officer sent to put this into effect.

Street scene—Showing damage by bombardment.

[*To face p.* 138.

A corner of Bucareli.

[To face p. 139.

All the proceedings were carried out constitutionally; Madero and Pino Suarez resigned, and Lascurain, the Foreign Minister, became automatically Minister of the Interior, Huerta taking his place. Lascurain immediately resigned, and Huerta became interim President.

It was understood that Madero and Pino Suarez would be allowed to leave the country for Cuba, and a special train containing his family was in waiting for Madero until a late hour. A message, however, was at last sent to Madame Madero telling her that his departure was postponed.

The poor lady never saw her husband alive again.

How Madero met his death was for long a complete mystery, but the truth of the matter has now come to light.

The ex-President, when his enemies got to work, was a prisoner at the National Palace, from which it was thought desirable to remove him. The intending assassins attained this end on the pretext of assuring his safety by a removal to the big prison outside the city—an excuse familiar enough, under similar conditions, in the story of many an unfortunate whose existence a revolutionary or usurping Government has chosen to regard as superfluous. Madero was stealthily conveyed in a closed motor-car, which took him round the back of his prison.

Stepping from the car, doubtless without suspicion of any danger, the ex-President was then and there shot down.

His murderer somehow or other got clear of Mexico, and thereupon took up his abode in Guatemala.

There were, of course, other persons concerned in the intrigue, and their names are now well known.

The question of Huerta's possible implication in the affair was peculiarly vital, for it was the *clou* of America's attitude towards him. Could he have convinced Washington of his innocence, he would have had from Wilson that backing and acknowledgment the lack of which, as we shall see later, deprived Mexico at a crucial epoch of her one possible ruler.

It is absolutely certain that Huerta was not a direct participator in the crime ; he himself strenuously denied it ; but, at the same time, it is possible that, though he did not direct this foul murder, he might, by reasonable precautions, have prevented it.

Madero never could have ruled the country because he was himself, as said, ruled by spiritualistic fads. He was, in fact, a well-meaning crank.

Madero's brother, Gustavo, was seized the next day while taking supper at one of the principal restaurants, removed to the *Ciudadela*, and there shot. It is said that he begged for his life and offered a fabulous sum to be set free, but without avail, his enemies (he was much disliked) having no mercy.

Even when Mexico City was thus turned into a shambles, the foreign colony stayed on, never knowing what might happen day by day, just as, for months before, they had bravely kept their place as matters went swiftly from bad to worse. Some men, it is

true—those who could afford it—sent their wives and children home; but the women who would not leave their men folk alone in peril remained. Everyone suffered greatly. The country was unsafe. The capital itself was a city of chaos. For days no one dared stir outside his door. People were shot on sight. Dead bodies lay about the streets. The embassies and legations were besieged by refugees. And as food supplies ran down, the dread spectre of famine was added to the other anxieties of this anxious time.

In the United States Huerta was held responsible for the death of Madero. In Mexico his fate, though horrifying, was at first regarded by the majority of people as the natural penalty of political failure.

The rebellion against Porfirio Diaz, which was headed by Madero, was a genuinely political movement; and the overthrow of the latter, though effected by a military revolt, was also due to political causes. The internal disorders which have since occurred in Mexico were of a different character. They were due partly to the personal ambitions and animosities of a few leaders, and still more to the disorganization of a large part of the country, following upon two revolutions.

There had been a social upheaval which had re-awakened the primitive and savage instincts of the *peon* class, who are for the most part of nearly pure Indian blood. Greed and lust have been powerful incentives to rebellion, but in addition there seems in many cases to have been a conscious effort to destroy every vestige of civilization.

The experience of a commercial traveller may be of interest as illustrating the type of miscreants who were now over-running this unhappy country.

Travelling by train from *Torreon* north, with an escort of some fifty Federals, the party found, a few hours from *Torreon*, that they could not proceed as a bridge ahead had been set on fire by the rebels. The travellers returned, but were again stopped by another burning bridge. There was no choice but to remain where they were. Presently the guard deserted and they were attacked by about a hundred and fifty bandits (so-called rebels), who held up the train, and, after looting other-class passengers, came into the Pullman, where there were sixteen people, amongst them being a mother and two daughters. They were ordered to give up all they possessed, and the women were left in their petticoats, and the men in their trousers and shirts. An American had a diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand, which, in the excitement of the moment, he could not get off. Hereupon, one of the half-drunken fiends, believing he intended to try and keep it, called a comrade, who seized the man's little finger, which he broke backwards, whilst the other chopped off the finger and ring with his *machete* (sword). Searching the seats of the car, they found a revolver which one of the passengers had hidden. They demanded to know who had placed it there, instead of delivering it with the rest of the plunder, and, on failing to get an answer, decided to lock their victims in the car and set fire to it with petroleum. The owner

of the pistol then owned up and was asked why he had not done so before ; on replying that he was afraid to do so, he was told to stand up and see whether he was still afraid, while three of the band were ordered to fire on him. At this he swooned—the swoon saved his life.

General Huerta, whose rule as Provisional President of Mexico began in this bloody fashion, was a dried-up-looking man in spectacles. He was about sixty-two, and had very bad sight owing to cataract. He was highly educated, served in the Army as an engineer officer, having been trained at the Military School at *Chapultepec*, and at one time he was employed on survey work. He always spoke of himself as an Indian, and was said to be of pure Aztec blood. Huerta was an able man. His conversation was well informed and agreeable. In his spare time he was fond of studying astronomy and military history. His family were small *rancheros*, or yeoman farmers, in the State of *Jalisco* (on the middle-west coast).

Essentially a man of the people, Huerta loved to display himself as such. He went to the taverns in the evenings, and freely drank with those assembled, but did not get drunk. He always knocked off *pulque* (the poisonous cheap drink of the country, made from the fermented juice of the aloe) for serious work. He never wore his uniform, but always a soft felt hat. His

house was a most modest one. His wife was a handsome woman, simple but with some style. She received in a ladylike way in the drawing-room at *Chapultepec* in the afternoon every three weeks. She was half Indian, of Spanish appearance and dignified manner.

Huerta hated office work, and loathed the routine duties that detained him at the Municipal Palace. The diplomats he received at the National Palace, but except on those occasions he was never there. His real interest was power; if money had any attractions for him it is difficult to see wherein they lay. Certainly he did not use his position to purchase luxury or magnificent surroundings. His tastes were of the simplest order—a shanty with chickens seemed all that he wanted. At times he literally ran away to such a shanty outside the city, leaving his Ministers without knowledge of his whereabouts, and they were constantly scheming to catch him. Most of his work was done from a motor-car. Another car having brought his secretary and telegraph clerk, a halt would be made on the roadside under shelter of the trees, and the nation's business thereupon transacted.

Dictator in everything but name, he was the one strong man since Diaz that Mexico had produced, and he kept firmly in his seat, with revolutions on every hand and a foreign enemy in his ports. Confident in his own strength, he was not a little contemptuous of those arrayed against him. His desire was to be the pacificator of his country. His methods will not bear minute investigation, for he was no dreamer like Madero,

and he had no illusions as to what was needed to keep Mexico quiet.

Huerta's strong personality so overshadowed all others that outside the country his colleagues in the Government of Mexico remained quite unknown. To the world at large the internecine struggle was between Huerta on the one hand and Carranza and Villa on the other.

Carranza (who still remains upon the canvas as these pages go to press), like Huerta, was by no means a young man. He was nearly sixty, and in appearance, with his long beard and spectacles, was more like a professor than a revolutionary. His manners were rough, but he was dignified and well educated.

Carranza's importance at this time was due to the fact that he was an adherent of Madero, and was Governor of a State under Madero's presidency. His name, therefore, gave the rebels an appearance of respectability which they were far from deserving, and so afforded them a semblance of justification for the name of *Constitutionalists* which they had assumed. It was stated on good authority that the reason why he was able to start a revolution against Huerta so soon after the latter's accession to power was that he was preparing to revolt against Madero (so soon afterwards to be murdered), who had granted him considerable subsidies, but had afterwards withdrawn them or had threatened to do so.

General Villa, another aspirant, and, like Madero, supported by the United States—to whom he later

gave so much trouble—was nothing more than a muleteer and bandit chief, with the blackest of records, even for a Mexican outlaw. Originally he fought on the side of Madero against General Diaz. Perhaps he was the best cavalry leader the Maderists had. When Orozco went against Diaz in the north, Villa gave his help. Villa was almost, if not quite, illiterate, and quite incapable of heading a serious political party, but he was the man the United States sent fifty thousand soldiers later to catch. A truly picturesque personality. He fought against Orozco when the latter rebelled against Madero, and his arrival in any village was more dreaded than that of the rebels. General Huerta—a man, if far from impeccable, certainly superior to the others—when he commanded the Federal troops in the north, wished to shoot him for insubordination and looting, but President Madero interfered in his favour.

Carranza could exercise no control over him, for he was much the stronger man of the two, and likely to remain so as long as any looting remained within reach of his followers.

CHAPTER IX

HUERTA SEIZES POWER

HUERTA, in the first days of his rule, found himself rid of one difficulty—the existence of a rival President—but the death of Madero in such tragic circumstances did, when it came home to them, shock people, even in Mexico. The garrison of *Juárez* revolted; discipline was only restored by the execution of ninety-five of the mutineers on February 25th, 1913. This new President had a firm hand. There was a great recrudescence of rebel activity in the north. Eugenio Zapata, brother of the notorious Emilio Zapata, proclaimed himself at President Huerta's disposal two days later.

Next day General Felix Diaz, who was still on good terms with President Huerta, announced his candidature in the forthcoming elections. Things appeared to be on the road to becoming normal. The new Minister of Finance, Señor Esquinral Obregon, made arrangement for a loan of £12,000,000. During March the rebels in the north, who had been plundering villages, raping women and thieving generally, were defeated on several occasions, and to such good purpose that by the 25th of the month it was announced that

seventy-five leaders, with 11,392 of their followers, had " come in," and adhered to the Government. On April 2nd the Mexican Congress was opened.

Great Britain, ten days later, recognized Huerta as President. Although by no means ideal, he was the best of the bunch and the one most likely to bring about peace. Other Powers did the same, and at last the United States was almost alone in its refusal to accept the new régime in Mexico. Things might have turned out very differently, and peace might have been restored to Mexico, if President Wilson had only supported this man at this time, as his predecessor Taft had done.

The President showed some vigour in reducing the remaining bands of rebels, and on April 23rd proposed to Congress that the Presidential Election should be held on July 27th. But the Liberal majority declined to accept an election under the then existing conditions, and insisted that the country must first be pacified.

In the north, however, *Sonora* was organized as an independent Government, issuing paper money and postage stamps of its own. Although the Mexican Congress strengthened the Federal Executive by authorizing a loan of £20,000,000, twenty-one of the rebels, of various parties, but mainly styling themselves *Constitutionalists*, were able to use the State of *Sonora* as a base of operations. They took dear old steep *Zacatecas*, quaintest of cities, and probably the highest town (8,500 feet above the sea level) of any size in the world, on June 11th, and *Durango* on June 23rd.

A month later the question of recognition by the United States began to assume distinct political importance. The fact that it was still withheld greatly encouraged the rebels and impeded Huerta.

The civil war swayed backwards and forwards with varying fortunes, all most disturbing to the country, and the reader, and yet one cannot pass them over without noting a few links in the chain of warlike incidents. In August the rebels succeeded in destroying a small Federal gunboat in the harbour of *Guaymas*, the only town in *Sonora* to recognize the President, but ten days later the rebels were badly defeated near *Torreon*. It was announced on August 23rd from Mexico City that the rebellion in *Morelos* had been suppressed, and that Zapata had fled, while his adherents, who had been preying upon the suburbs of the capital, were nearly all exterminated; but at this very time rebels, or "brigands," murdered some foreigners in the State of *Michoacan* (running from Mexico City to the western coast), and at the beginning of September a force of *insurrectos* again threatened *Torreon*, the great railway junction of the middle north. A train was blown up with dynamite to the south of *Saltillo*, fifty passengers being killed; this was the first of several similar achievements. On October 8th there was severe fighting near *Torreon*, in which the Federals, under General Alvarez, were defeated.

The defeat had momentous consequences. The Federals were forced to retire south, and evacuate the town next day. This "pusillanimity" was

severely criticized in the Chamber on October 10th. President Huerta then determined upon a *coup d'état.* He marched down troops, and dissolved Congress by proclamation. This bold step was followed by the imprisonment of no fewer than a hundred and ten of the deputies for conspiring against the Government.

From this day President Huerta's absolute dictatorship may be said to date. He appointed October 26th, 1913, as the date of the new elections to Congress, so that they might take place at the same time as the voting for the new President.

There were four candidates for the Presidency—General Felix Diaz, who had been out of the country for some time, and only returned a few days before the election: Señor Federico Gamboa, the Foreign Minister; Señor Manuel Calero; and Señor David de la Fuente. In order to ensure the "tranquillity of the occasion," Don Manuel Madero, a cousin of the late President, was arrested and sent to join the other two members of his family—Don Everisto and Don Daniel—who were already in prison. The voting was slack. Most of the inhabitants of Mexico City preferred a visit to a bull fight to attendance at the polling booths, and a constitutional quorum for the election of a President was not obtained. Of the votes actually cast, President Huerta, although he was not a candidate, being constitutionally ineligible, secured a majority. The voting failed to produce a President, but it at least evolved a new Congress,

more pliable in the President's hands than the last, as for the election of deputies no quorum of votes had been prescribed.

A few days later took place another sensational event in the swiftly-moving drama. General Felix Diaz had led the revolt against Madero by the seizure of *Vera Cruz.* When released from prison in Mexico City by the Army *émeute* there, he had placed himself at the head of the revolt. With Huerta he acted throughout those perilous days, when the fate of all was undecided. When Huerta became Provisional President, it was with Felix Diaz as the nominee for Constitutional President when the elections should produce such a one. They were the two figure-heads of the revolt.

With immense surprise the public learnt that Felix Diaz had appeared at *Vera Cruz,* and sought refuge on a United States warship there, declaring that he had certain information in his possession that, had he remained twelve hours longer in the country, he would have been assassinated.

Madero was dead; General Porfirio Diaz an exile in a foreign land; Felix Diaz arrived as a refugee in Cuba. Huerta remained alone, master at least of so much of Mexico as lay immediately at his hand.

And away to the north enormous territories were being harassed by a rebellion which steadily extended, the insurrectionary armies being recruited by new forces after every victory they gained.

History was again tying itself into knots.

The rebels continued to advance, and on November 4th they controlled all *Durango* and *Coahuila*, all *Sonora* except *Guaymas*, and all *Chihuahua* except the State capital, most of *Zacatecas*, and part of *Michoacan*. On November 15th, Generals Pacheco and Villa attacked and captured *Ciudad Juárez* (*El Paso*) on the right bank of the *Rio Grande*. Seven Federal officers, who were among their prisoners, were taken out and summarily shot. Another strong force attacked *Victoria*, which fell after a week's fighting, the Federal Commander, General Rogago, committing suicide after the surrender. *Mazatlan*, on the Pacific, was assaulted on the 24th. . *Chihuahua*, in the north, was evacuated by the Federals on December 2nd. *Tampico*, the important oil port on the Gulf of Mexico, was then attacked by rebels. After four days' fighting they were repulsed, and the Federals followed up their victory and recaptured *Torreon* on December 12th. In the north a Federal attack on *Juárez* had failed on November 25th. After some highly spectacular fighting, which lasted a fortnight, *Ojinaga*, on the frontier, was captured by rebels under General Villa, in the first days of the year 1914.

It must not be supposed that these were trained and organized soldiers—those had long ceased to exist. They were a rough and tumble armed mob ; led by the strongest will of the moment, and deteriorating in moral every day as they increased in lust of gain and in self-support. They overran the country like locusts, stripping all before them. Yet, unruly though they

were, they were men of the mountains, men of the woods, men of the wilds accustomed to saddle, rifle and bow—and fear was a word of which they knew not the meaning.

Bandits, villains, thieves, this rebel army was equally rebellious whichever side it happened to be on.

Steadily the financial position of the Huerta Government went from bad to worse. The exchange value of the Mexican *peso* fell below its intrinsic worth as an ingot of silver. Coin vanished out of circulation. President Huerta, reduced to all manner of desperate expedients, proclaimed prolonged bank holidays—first for a fortnight, then for three months. Nothing, however, could stave off the inevitable disaster, and at last, for the second time in its history, Mexico was obliged to default in the payment of the interest due on its foreign loans. This was on January 13th, 1914.

The new Mexican Congress had met in the previous November, and declared the Presidential election void. Fresh elections were ordered for July 5th, 1914. General Huerta was recognized as Interim President until a successor should have been elected, being thus firmly seated in his dictatorship. By January 5th he considered himself strong enough to release the hundred and ten imprisoned ex-deputies, with the exception of twelve, whom he probably deemed too dangerous to be set free. The campaign in the north still went on with varying fortunes.

President Huerta had constantly been urged to take more vigorous steps to deal with the rebellion, the war having been waged in many cases in a half-

hearted and singularly inefficient manner. He declared his intention of adopting Lord Kitchener's South African blockhouse system for hampering the rebels, but declined to take the field, or to leave Mexico City. It will be remembered that he had enjoyed great success in suppressing rebellion during the Maderist régime, and many of his supporters had great faith in his military capacity. With a vigorous Press censorship established on one side of the frontier, and an imaginative American Press on the other, it is difficult to follow the subsequent course of events in the field. At the end of March, however, it was announced that General Villa, who was supposed to be advancing on the capital, had been defeated near *Torreon*, over five hundred miles to the north of it. This victory afterwards assumed the appearance of a defeat. Foreign observers, after studying the mutually contradictory reports circulated from Mexico City and Washington, came to the conclusion that if picturesque General Villa had won a victory it was of a Pyrrhic nature, and that his position was not greatly improved thereby.

Going back a bit, a momentous event outside her own borders had entirely altered the position of affairs in Mexico. The defeat of Mr. Taft a year before, and the election of Mr. Wilson as President of the United States (1912), with the subsequent appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary, led to a new curve of American policy. To President Wilson, a constitutional doctrinaire, the

murder of Madero was an act that it was impossible to condone. It was impossible that the freedom-loving citizens of America could consent to recognize as ruler of a neighbouring State the man Huerta, whom they erroneously thought a murderer, and who had climbed into the Presidential chair and established himself there. Wilson refused to support him, and from that moment the worst of Mexican rule began.

The one point upon which President Wilson's mind was fixed from the day that he entered the White House was that never could he recognize Huerta. Rather than do so the United States went to war—a war, the President was anxious to explain at the outset, not against the Mexican people, but waged to obtain reparation from the man who, usurping supreme power in Mexico, had dared to outrage the American flag and trample upon the rights of American citizens. Whatever approval President Wilson's policy may have gained in the United States, the withholding of recognition of Huerta was certainly resented by Americans in Mexico. Mr. Bryan's early announcement that "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom" was to be his motto neither impressed nor soothed his critics. The matter was complicated by the fact that Mr. Henry L. Wilson, the American Ambassador, had been present when the Foreign Diplomatists had congratulated President Huerta on his accession, and, as *doyen* of the diplomatic body, had himself read an address on its behalf.

Living in Mexico City, at the heart of Mexican politics, Mr. Henry Wilson, the Ambassador, had

persuaded himself from his knowledge of affairs at first hand—like our own Minister—that General Huerta was the one man in Mexico strong enough to exercise control, and restore some semblance of settled order in the country. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the President, thought the contrary, and did not accept his Ambassador's reports. The Ambassador was called to the White House for consultation. Friendly suggestions were made by Washington that President Huerta should help Mr. Bryan out of his difficulty by abdicating. This he entirely declined to do, and early in August the American Ambassador resigned.

Washington then sent Mr. John Lind as "Adviser to the Embassy," with a personal mission, while Mr. O'Shaughnessy became Chargé d'Affaires. The mission was an impossible one. President Huerta declined to receive Mr. Lind as an official person who was entrusted with a confidential message unless he were properly accredited. As this would have involved recognition of President Huerta, Mr. Bryan declined. Mr. Lind's status was, throughout the prolonged negotiations which followed, uncertain and irregular. He reached Mexico City on August 10th, and by degrees it became known that Washington demanded four points:

(*a*) The immediate cessation of hostilities.

(*b*) General Huerta's abdication in favour of an Interim President.

(*c*) Early presidential elections;

(*d*) At which General Huerta was not to be a candidate.

President Huerta refused to suspend hostilities or to abdicate on the grounds, firstly, that he was the only man capable of restoring order, and, secondly, because the Mexican Congress declined to have the new elections before order should have been restored. He pointed out that he had asked for elections in July, and that, according to the Constitution, he, as Provisional President, was not allowed to be a candidate for, or to be elected to, the Presidency. Washington, however, was obdurate. The negotiations broke down on the refusal to abdicate.

The diplomatic situation between Mexico and the United States rapidly drifted into an *impasse*. On August 27th, 1913, President Wilson, in his Message to Congress, announced that "it is now our duty to show what true neutrality will do to enable the people of Mexico to set their affairs in order again," and prohibited the export of arms or ammunition for the Mexican Federal Government; in spite of which, however, tens of thousands of their own arms were afterwards used against America. He also urged all United States citizens in Mexico to leave that Republic, and offered financial assistance to Mexico if Huerta were to abdicate. Next day the frontier patrols along the southern boundary of the United States were strengthened. Washington even talked about supervising the Mexican elections.

Later, on September 5th, the rebels assured the world at large that they would never recognize any elections held by President Huerta, and after the *coup d'état*

on October 10th, Washington declined to recognize the Mexican Federal Government, or its elections, or any one elected thereat, and actually invited suggestions from the rebels as to the best way of solving the difficulty. Washington had by this step deliberately put itself in such a position that, unless ready to eat its own words, it was cut off from all diplomatic relations with the Mexican Government until some successful rebel should have ousted General Huerta, and violently possessed himself of the Presidency.

All this was done in the name of the highest morality. In his determination not to recognize Huerta, President Wilson doomed Mexico to a prolonged civil war for the purpose of restoring peace and order. To further this end, Washington, in November, sent Dr. Hale as an unofficial agent to the rebel "capital" at *Nogales*, and announced on December 2nd that there could be no peace in Mexico until General Huerta should have surrendered his usurped authority.

Full of the doctrine that political morality, if not expediency, demanded Huerta's deposition, the Cabinet of Washington resolutely shut its ears to the protestations of its nationals in Mexico, and the exposure of rebel methods by impartial observers. That the rebels under Villa had committed barbarous atrocities, mutilations, tortures, murders; that their advance was marked by rapine, arson, violations of women, and the wholesale destruction or confiscation of property, and the shooting of prisoners—all this was ignored. In order to hasten the dislodgment of the hated Huerta, President Wilson,

on February 3rd, 1914, went back on his proclamation of "true neutrality" made six months before, and raised the embargo on the export of arms and ammunition destined for the rebels, while continuing to enforce it against the Federals.

Many United States citizens at once prepared to leave Mexico City.

What excitement there was when *Torreon* was reported to have been captured by the Villa insurgents. Whole columns appeared in the American Press, as though Paris or Berlin had fallen. One might have imagined *Torreon* was an enormous and wonderful place. It is nothing of the kind, although somewhat important because the International and Mexican Central Lines intersect at that spot.

As the writer knew it first, it was a miserable little place; but with the advent of the railway this town of gay colours, with idle Indians in bright red blankets, Chinese with pigtails, and a general Oriental air, had become a business centre. Those funny little portable tables, like pedlar's trays, are still dumped down on the platform of the railway station, where vendors in big Mexican hats sell their wares to passing travellers—for a Mexican railway station is always the rendezvous of the town, and the hub of small business transactions. It is here that *peons* will loaf for hours, waiting for the train. They will smoke and chat and loll about, and idle generally, for such is their way, and as the Indians are musical by birth, their sad, doleful native music often fills the air.

Torreon is distinctly a Mexican town: much more so than *Monterey*, which, through the advent of Americans, assumed something of the bustling air of a Chicago or St. Louis in a milder way. *Torreon*, like *Monterey*, expanded enormously in the first fifteen years of the century. They became business centres. English and Americans assembled in large numbers in these towns, but the unfriendliness towards the latter was never overcome.

It is amusing to look back on the fact that the writer went the first trip of the new line from *Torreon* to *Santiago*, in the autumn of 1899, in a private car with the chairman of the line—Mr. Lorenzo Johnson.

It appears that when the first engine arrived with some freight cars, the natives were terribly alarmed, so experts carefully explained to them how the machinery and the steam made the engine pull the cars along. This pacified them; they had feared it was something uncanny, which foreboded evil. One day, however, an engine backed, when terrible was the consternation of the populace. Nothing had been said about that, and they thought it must be a device of the devil himself! Panic reigned for a time, for those uneducated folk are terribly superstitious.

When we pulled up at *Santiago*, a miniature Jerusalem lay before us. One-storied, flat-roofed, windowless, mud-brick houses, huge prickly pears and cactus, long-haired pigs, women with shawls over their heads, generally barefooted—or, if richer, wearing sandals of leather—all these met our view. Scenes reminding

one of Bible history met the eye on every side, even the grinding of corn between stones.

Santiago intends to grow big; it has already started a *plaza*, or public garden, and even put up a band-stand, a strange anomaly amidst so much that is primitive. Pigs and chickens are running about the ill-paved, cobbled streets, and live at night in a room occupied by a whole family. The door of the house is shut, there is no window or ventilator of any kind; and darkness and general stuffiness prevail, added to the odour of pigs and chickens.

Oil lamps occasionally swing across a street from ropes, but only where four roads meet. Women—and quite young women, too—stand at their doors smoking.

From twelve noon to three o'clock is the hour of rest. Even the church door is locked—an almost unknown event in a Catholic country. Priests are not allowed to dress in their clerical robes in the land of Montezuma, so, as a sort of compromise, they wear black tall hats. Even in the wilds of the country, far away from the haunts of civilization, one meets the curious spectacle of a top hat, worn with a black Spanish cloak. Such top hats they are, too! They would do credit to Ally Sloper.

In the middle of the town was the "ball wall"; every village has this. The Palotta game is a great Mexican game; it resembles tennis—not lawn-tennis—except that it is played with the hand-basket instead of with a racquet, and the wall and sides are not nearly so large as in a racquet court.

Santiago, a mighty queer old spot, untouched by civilization, was still real primitive old-world Mexico. Half a dozen engineers, a handful of engine-drivers and a few miners were the only white people who, up to that day, had set foot in the place. Yet it had its music-stand and its fine old church, its public gardens and its promenade. The poorer women wore their *reboso*, or head-shawl, and the richer their lace mantillas—until my arrival a woman in a hat had never been seen.

When we returned to our car we found an admiring crowd still standing round, engaged in busily examining it, and when we left the town the crowd ran alongside the rails with us for at least half a mile, the men wildly waving their hats and yelling; but whether they were most interested in the sight of an Englishwoman or a Pullman car will ever remain a mystery.

Such was *Santiago*, and not much greater was *Torreon* at the dawn of this century. Both were the scene of much fighting during the revolution.

Wonderful expansion followed, and development of every kind under the Diaz régime, to be checked and temporarily destroyed during the revolutionary days that followed his flight from Mexico.

CHAPTER X

ENGLISHMAN MURDERED AND AMERICAN FLAG DISHONOURED

THERE are many people who consider that the United States have no right to interfere in Mexican affairs; that Mexico no more belongs to them than does Canada; that the Pan-American Union, housed within half a mile of the Capitol, with a network of agencies extending from Washington to Cape Horn, has no business to attempt to domineer over and dictate to the Latin-American countries; that the Pan-American Union was built not merely for the expansion of trade, but for the final absorption of all the Americas.

Strangely enough, Germany also had her eye on South America, and a map is extant, showing how she expected to dominate the whole of South America, the greater part of Europe, including Northern France, Russia up to a line about one hundred miles west of Petrograd, and the whole of Asia Minor up to the Armenian border. A considerable slice of Asia, of course, embracing India and Mesopotamia, must be added to the above. For some obscure reason or other

Mexico is omitted from the modest plan, in spite of the endless German intrigues to confiscate that land.

A very fine institution, no doubt, is the Pan-American Union. Andrew Carnegie gave a million pounds for the erection of its palatial buildings. There one may see photographs, maps, charts, data of every conceivable kind from Old Mexico to Patagonia. All this is supposed to be for the good of the American tourist, but is also designed for the above-mentioned trade expansion.

Then, again, if the United States intends to " father " Mexico, would it not have been better to have started doing so with a strong hand, instead of in such an old grandmotherly way, which meant allowing the child to walk and run, and then pulling him up at every step ? For that is what the United States has been doing, more or less, ever since Diaz left the country.

If America wished to annex Mexico as a first instalment of better things, her statesmen should have said so plainly in 1912, and boldly avowed that they had thrown over the limitations of the Monroe Doctrine, which prohibits them from molesting other peoples or dictating terms as to their lives and livelihoods. There is no doubt about it, the States could have intervened, as Great Britain would not, and could have brought about peace and prosperity for Mexico ; but their " intervention " was a farce, and the country slipped from bad to worse, and from worse to utter hopelessness.

Never was there more talk and less action than in the relation between the United States and Mexico.

We Britons have done just as badly in other quarters, but two wrongs do not make even half a right.

It must be remembered that only a century ago Mexico was, territorially speaking, one of the largest States in the world. Its boundaries extended over what is now the United States as far as the Red and Arkansas Rivers to the Pacific Coast, and northwards to the British Possessions. For its contraction from a State of such enormous area to the limits of its present frontiers two causes are accountable: the collapse of the power of Spain under pressure from Napoleon I. and the civil turmoil and strife which were waged before the Republic at length found the secret of settled government. Louisiana, a province nearly a million square miles in extent, was lost to Mexico in 1801, by the weakness of Charles IV. of Spain, who abandoned it to France. Napoleon, without occupying the territory, sold it to the new Republic of the United States for fifteen million dollars in cash. Florida, another sixty thousand square miles, was taken from the Spanish Mexican Empire and bartered to the same purchasers by Fernando VII. in 1819. Guatemala, nestling in a corner of the south, took Mexico's own cue when Yturbide, in 1821, founded his short-lived empire, and proclaimed independence. This last was a matter of trifling importance compared with the subsequent loss of Texas and New Mexico,

which deeply stirred the land of Montezuma at a time when young Porfirio Diaz was obtaining his first impressions.

Texas was finally ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848. Thus Mexico lost one of her most important possessions, including that beautiful old, still Spanish, town *San Antonio.*

Naturally, the Mexican people (1915) thought the States wanted more territory, and that the feeble display of a handful of troops, with a great many parleyings, meant the annexation of *Sonora*, and, indeed, of all the north, so particularly favoured by Americans for its ore, its smelting and its fine cattle ranches.

That great statesman and seer General Smuts spoke of South Africa as the greatest romance of modern history. Is not Mexico one of the greatest historical, racial and linguistic romances of both ancient and modern history ?

When one seeks for a reason for Mexico's internal embroilment, one finds there are many:

Education in embryo is like a half-cooked apple.

Poverty which looks upon wealth at close quarters has a nasty galling itch.

Superstition and the fear of Hell (fostered by the priests) make cowards.

Want of organized political voting does not rouse parliamentary enthusiasm.

These scoopings of wealth out of a country by foreigners are mistrusted,

Unfair land distribution, and country life far, far from trains and civilization, do not encourage ambition or profound thought.

Result—a populace of millions far below the standard of education, moral, social or political, of the United States or Great Britain.

Once roused, these people soon get out of hand and give trouble. The Mexican is a child of nature, picturesque, poetic, musical, brave, but a child from the cradle to the grave.

Great Britain has been far too lethargic about Mexico. The only people really interested were those with money invested in the country. As one railway after another passed its dividends, as one mine after another had to be abandoned, and the water was allowed to rise and play havoc with all the internal structural works of the borings, they had felt uneasiness at the depreciation of their capital, and disgust at the want of law and order. Beyond that they cared nothing. Above all, Britain did not wish to rouse the States' ire, and felt the States were nearer the chaos, and were, therefore, the rightful people to move; but President Wilson is not easily moved, and he played hide and seek with Mexican affairs just as he did later with the European war for nearly three terrible years.

But one day the whole of Great Britain rose in an outburst of intense indignation. Every paper in the land had huge headlines, befitting the occasion (1914). To give a few:

MURDER OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

MEXICAN OUTRAGE.

ENGLISHMAN FOULLY MURDERED IN MEXICO.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

Then—but not till then—our people woke up to the realization of the sufferings, outlawry, plunder, murder, misery, villainy, devastation and godlessness of Mexico in the year 1914.

What had happened was that an Englishman, who for many years had lived in Mexico, and owned mines and other property in a northern province, had been foully murdered by Villa or by his followers. Living in the country which had been the scene of the so-called *Constitutionalists*, Mr. Benton had got to know Villa, and had suffered a good deal from his pillaging. His cattle had been driven off by Villa's band of outlaws, and his property burnt. They were again overrunning his lands, and he determined to see Villa and remonstrate. It appears to be the fact that he went to the rebel leader's camp unarmed.

What actually occurred before Mr. Benton's death is still unknown.

According to the story first given out, Mr. Benton saw Villa in his room. With the rebel leader was his aide-de-camp. Mr. Benton, a hot-tempered man, loaded Villa with reproaches for the ill deeds of his followers, and became violently abusive and excited.

Thereupon he was shot down, either by Villa himself or by the revolver of his aide-de-camp.

The British Government made representations, whereupon Villa produced the report of a court martial, perfect in form, signed, sealed and delivered—perfect in everything except facts. It was to the effect that Benton, having attempted to assassinate Villa when in his office, was seized, and handed over to a court martial, which, after taking the evidence—the prisoner being represented by counsel—sentenced him to death, and that accordingly he was shot. The whole story was preposterous, and a few days later was given up by its inventors for another a little more plausible.

According to the report of a commission of inquiry, which, however, was refused permission to see the body, and was obliged to accept such hearsay evidence as it could pick up, Mr. Benton was actually murdered in a train. The whole affair was wrapped in mystery.

Washington, now officially made aware by British diplomatic action that some at least of the *Constitutionalists* were not wholly trustworthy, and somewhat unlikely to inspire confidence, intervened, and gave a number of orders to the rebels, to none of which was any attention paid. General Villa declined to surrender the body, or to exhume it, and although Washington showed far more energy in the case of this one Englishman than it had done when numbers of its own nationals had been murdered or robbed or kidnapped by the rebels, it was snubbed by its own *protégés*. Villa knew perfectly well America had no troops with which to

coerce him, and that during the three years intervening since Diaz' departure the United States had done little or nothing to increase her army; that her handful of twenty-five thousand men was nothing to his millions of more or less armed, but always desperate and wholly patriotic Mexicans, with the hatred of Americans deep down in their hearts—that same hatred of one's neighbour which unhappily exists between Ireland and Great Britain. Wilson dared not tackle the problem, and if 'tis true that the oil interests and banking interests were financing the rebels to make a position arise that must claim war and final protection from the States, these people who planted their money for higher stakes lost it. General Villa ignored its Commissions of Inquiry. General Carranza told the deep-voiced pacifist Bryan that Benton had been a British subject, and that representations as to his case must come from Great Britain, through a diplomatic representative properly accredited to him; any others would be disregarded.

For a fortnight Mr. Bryan suffered diplomatic rebuffs of this type; nothing was done, and on March 6th he abandoned the case. At the end of the month the policy of "watchful waiting" had not achieved any great success, and the prestige of Washington was less imposing than it might have been. So much for the diplomatic situation.

Dozens of stories and romances surrounded Benton's murder. It was attributed to all sorts of different people, and all sorts of different causes, and it is hardly

likely that the truth will ever be known. It was the one absorbing event of the moment, but the interest evaporated almost as rapidly as it had risen.

The chapter was hardly closed, and only a week or two had passed, when an insult, or a supposed insult, was offered to the American *flag*. Excited by patriotism, and delirious for the honour of their cherished Star-spangled Banner, from New York to San Francisco, from the shores of Lake Ontario to Southern Florida, American throats shouted for war.

That American flag is a prodigious emblem, one must remember, and rightly so. We Britons only began to acclaim our flag properly by Empire Day, 1917, and yet Lord Meath had founded Empire Day on which to hang our flag years before, with only mild success. America's love of its flag is something we might copy with advantage; it is the very backbone of American patriotism.

Long before they entered the European war in the summer of 1917, and the flag thereby became of even more importance, in America every little alien was taught how he must respect his new flag. He was taught in every grade of school in the land (beginning at the crèches) to march before it, to salute it, to know all about it; how every star represents a State; but, alas! he was also taught how the *hated* English oppressed the people and then had to evacuate; how America was the greatest land on God's earth, and the Americans are the luckiest of His people; how the flag must be honoured; how the flag stands for independence

and wealth and power; how he had only to follow it, to be ground into the American mill and possibly emerge President of the United States himself. Flag, flag, flag everywhere. It is a fine idea—a splendid idea. It makes patriots. It teaches respect to that one thing, even if education otherwise leaves the word "respect" most respectfully alone.

Certainly we cannot do better than follow this most excellent American example of national banner worship.

* * * * * *

A small party of marines from one of the war boats that off and on for years patrolled the Mexican coast had gone ashore, unarmed, in their pinnace from the United States warship at *Tampico* (famous for its tarpon fishing), landing at a wharf. It was afterwards stated that orders had been given that no one should use that particular wharf, which was reserved for the Mexican Government. The American marines, once ashore, were arrested by the captain of the Federal troops, and marched through the streets as prisoners.

To make the insult still graver, indeed, one marine is said to have been hauled off the boat over which the Stars and Stripes were actually flying. This was, by recognized law, floating American territory. It was an insult, a crass insult to the American flag.

The arrest was reported to Mexico City, and by President Huerta's orders the American marines were liberated, though only after some hours' detention. The

situation had never been so grave before. America will stand much, even a *Lusitania* episode—but hands off their American flag.

On learning of this outrage the American admiral demanded an immediate apology, and that the Mexican forts at *Tampico* should salute the American flag. Although ready to give the apology, Huerta refused the salute, but afterwards, in reply to representations from Washington, he offered the salute on condition that it should be *returned* by the American warships.

This demand was regarded by excited American opinion as a further insult.

And so, in the early days of April, 1914, Mexico and the United States were embroiled, and once again Mexico became a theatre where bloody scenes were likely to be enacted, and strife seemed imminent. A United States fleet was hurried in hot haste to *Vera Cruz*, ships were called up from north, south, east and west; telegraph wires flashed wild messages in every direction; wise folk wagged their heads, and said that the war between Briton and Boer was to be repeated between the United States and Mexico. Down went the stocks, up went imaginations, and a veritable hurly-burly was at hand.

Be it remembered, at that time Europe was at peace. No one dreamed of war except Germany, and yet, as subsequent events proved three months later, she had been perpetually dreaming of war for thirty long years. No doubt good William was as delighted at the imbroglio between Mexico and the States as he was at that

between England and Ireland. He thought all these countries were so busy locally that they could not move outside, and Belgium and France would become his easier prey. And he himself stirred up America's hatred of Japan as another silent act of his great scheme.

My prophecy in a little article in the *Daily News*, April 17th, 1914, had quickly come true.*

"If the United States declares war on Huerta all Mexico will combine and join forces." Barely a week passed. *Vera Cruz* was hardly invaded before its evacuation was demanded by General Carranza in the north. He and Villa represented the borderland. At that time Huerta represented the south and middle, and the bulk of the people, but was still unacknowledged by Wilson.

Huerta and Carranza had been at one another's throats; but the moment the war note sounded both were ready to fight the States.

What did it all end in?

Threats—and great big threats—were rife, but deeds, and only little deeds, took place. The Customs House was seized, and the small body of Mexican troops in *Vera Cruz*, under Commander Maas, having offered resistance by firing from the flat house-roofs, the whole town was occupied by the Americans. In a few hours' desultory fighting the United States lost more men than in the whole Cuban War.

* About this time the writer was constantly being rung up by leading London newspapers for information in regard to special events in Mexico.

That sounds terrible and blood-curdling, but really it was not, as report says that the total number of men lost on the American side amounted to nineteen killed and eighty-two wounded.

Then a veil of mystery overspread the scene. The salute demanded was still refused. The thunder of the great guns, the telegrams, cables, messages, and what not ended in nothing, until three of the Southern Latin Republics, commonly known as the " A. B. C." (Argentina, Brazil and Chili), came forward, and, small as they were in population as compared with the United States, Uncle Sam actually listened to the proposals they offered with the promise of mediation. The Argentine no doubt led, Brazil followed, and Chili came behind ; as none of the three had acknowledged Huerta it was easy for them to act in the case.

A pretty situation, truly, for the United States, with its hundred millions of people, was in a hole, and must perforce accept the mediation of Argentina, with its seven millions, Brazil with its seventeen millions, and Chili with its four millions. Remember, too, that ex-President Roosevelt went a trip to South America in the autumn of 1913. He was fêted and feasted in Brazil and the Argentine, made all sorts of wonderful speeches retailing the virtues of the United States and the Monroe Doctrine, carefully explaining that, although North America was their staunch friend and ally, North America was a very great and very strong country of great power. So while he was patting them on the back he was wisely shaking the big stick with the other hand.

But no one approved more heartily of British colonization than that great American. After he vacated the Presidential chair he travelled all over Africa, north, south, east and west. On his way home he was in London, when he avowed many times that the thing that had struck him the most on his travels was the British young man. Very young, in many cases, ruling vast tracts of land and strange peoples with wisdom and command. He attributed this self-reliance, this justice and wise rule to our public schools. An American public school is equivalent to our County Council school; our public school is the most private and select affair in education, and utterly misnamed.

Roosevelt declared the British were born colonizers, and he was going back to America to try and foster that same class of education and power of rule in his own country.

General Smuts, who has proved himself a political seer as well as a man of action, pays Great Britain the same compliment and, after fighting against her and being conquered in arms, has been won over to her methods of wise rule and permissible expansion to such an extent that he has taken up arms against the aggressive Prussian on behalf of his foster mother.

Germany always lacked the power of colonization. She took her police rule along with her. She allowed no individual expansion, her colonies were corrupt morally and financially; and it would be a poor day for Mexico, already herself suffering from those two deficiencies, if Germany took her shattered government

and land under the Prussian eagle's rule—for the Mexican eagle is a mild bird with drawn claws when compared with the Prussian raptor.

We learned our lesson from our utter misrule in America, a bitter lesson which later bore good fruit and made us the greatest colonizers of the world.

How Gilbert would have laughed! How truly savouring of comic opera the whole Mexican situation was. And all would have been saved if the erudite professor and historian, President Wilson, had been a little less ready in theory to subdue the Mexican States.

A curious position, forsooth. Wilson refused to acknowledge Huerta in any way. Huerta offends, and then Wilson demands an apology from him as "representative of Mexico." Gilbertian, verily!

One must remember the United States is a republic. It is hidebound by the Monroe Doctrine, which forbids interference, and President Wilson was therefore within his rights to stand aside and play cat and mouse with Mexico, as he did with the Kaiser only a few months later; but as time went on, as the third year of the terrible European war drew to a close, even he, with all his American traditions, saw that his country must break her shackles or never expect to hold up her head among the great nations of the world who were fighting for freedom against militarism. That he must, forsooth, combat for democracy against absolutism. That to do so was essential to the peace and wellbeing of the world. He was slow to move, but, having moved, quick to act. All honour to him. 'Tis true Germans

still hold Belgium, Serbia and part of France, because they had walked in and outraged these countries before we had realized such violation was possible; but Germany was beaten before the States came in. Her back was broken on land; after the first unexpected rush every plan had been frustrated. We had retaken Bagdad, were over her *impregnable* lines in France. We had kept the wide oceans open. We had raised a largely voluntary army of nearly ten millions, equipped and sent them to the field. Germany held a few thousand British prisoners, and we held more than double the number of German prisoners, while not a vessel, other than submarine, could put her nose out of a German port.

We had drained our coffers to the tune of seven million pounds a day, two millions of which went direct to the Allies, but we welcomed the moral force of America in May, 1917, and looked to her financial help, for we had been paying her in our gold for two years and nine months—although what is gold in comparison to the tens of thousands of young lives sacrificed by the Allies in the bloodiest war and carnage of history?

We had no more need to go into that war than America had to go into Mexico—but we went, and went at a few hours' notice, to save our neighbours across the Channel. We planted 100,000 men silently in France in ten days, before anyone knew they were there. And verily our little box of tin soldiers proved to be men of iron build and steel grit. They stayed the first onrush of the Huns for Paris, and the survivors of that valiant

Expeditionary Force became an inspiration to the New Army, and helped to train it to the wonderful perfection it achieved.

* * * * * *

The *Vera Cruz* episode may be put down, in some measure, as the fault of Admiral Badger. It was the sort of thing which need not have happened; but when people are on edge with one another cuts easily ensue.

Meanwhile, as weeks passed during the assembly of a Conference at Niagara Falls—the first meeting was held May 20th, 1914—to discuss this war which was not war, and find some way out of a ridiculous situation, the *Constitutionalists* of Mexico—the party, that is, of Carranza and Villa—inflicted a decisive defeat on Huerta's forces and seized *Tampico*, the richest oil-field in Mexico, the United States warships looking on. And with all the display of force President Wilson's Government had assembled on the Mexican coast—battleships, cruisers, destroyers and what not, in all thirty ships—it was left to a young British naval officer, Commander Hugh Tweedie, of *H.M.S. Essex*, to go unarmed to Mexico City, with a couple of orderlies, also unarmed, and a native interpreter, and safely bring out the American refugees. Huerta would give no undertaking of safe conduct: his ministry obstructed, and a Mexican colonel talked of shooting everyone, but by dint of daring resourcefulness Commander Tweedie escorted the Americans to safety.

Howbeit, if it seemed absurd at the outset for the American situation to be settled by the less important "A. B. C." countries, one must remember that the Monroe Doctrine prevented European intervention. South and Central, like North America, come under the heading of "The Americas."

What did all this do?

It lowered the power of the United States, it showed the daring strength of the "A. B. C.'s" and it strengthened the hand of General Huerta in Mexico. Time was going on. The last days of April had arrived, the great heat of the tropics was beginning to descend on *Tampico*, *Vera Cruz* and that wonderful mountain pass between *Vera Cruz* and the capital, where the train ascends ten thousand feet from the sea, to descend again over two thousand to Mexico City.

It was a terrible problem the United States had to face, and one that the scholarly President had apparently never taken into consideration.

It would be easy to annex Northern Mexico. It is flat and ugly and dull, just like Texas and Arizona, which they had already taken; but to annex the north is a very different business from annexing the south. The wealth of populace, the wealth of land and wealth of gold all lie in the south, and there Mexico is united to a man in its deadly hatred of the American, as was shown by the fact that the only way Americans could get out of the city to shelter was under the protection of another flag.

By May 5th things had reached a climax.

President Wilson and the United States were sitting on a fence, still maintaining that they were not "at war" with Mexico, but "in a sort of a state of war"—a condition of things oddly prophetic of that which was to obtain between Germany and America in March, 1917—and although they did not acknowledge General Huerta, they distinctly requested that General Huerta should be "eliminated." Truly an impasse.

If Huerta was not acknowledged how could he be asked to retire or "eliminate himself"?

If the United States were not "at war" with Mexico what right had they to be landing troops and berthing ships at *Tampico* and *Vera Cruz?*

What was the good of Wilson, Bryan and Co. trying to negotiate with Carranza and Villa, two bandits of the north, who controlled few men, and counted for very little themselves?

Verily a curious position; and as these *Constitutionalists* were able at any moment to float millions of gallons of boiling oil down the river at *Tampico*, where many of the American ships lay at anchor, they—the *Constitutionalists*—were in no mean position.

In years to come it is probable that the whole situation will be looked upon as a farce, and certainly it will be many years before Mexico regains her balance, shaken by her delirious success against America, or settles back into that state of wondrous prosperity in which it was left by General Diaz.

At any rate, the United States retired from Mexico,

and, in view of her military unpreparedness, perhaps it was well that she did so. Even at a much later date it was estimated that she had about as much ammunition as would last her through an action of twenty-four hours, with an army of some thousands of men, its fighting strength being about equal to that of two German divisions.

Later America, like ourselves, had to improvise an army for the great war, and, like ourselves, she set about the task with due grimness and vigour.

* * * * * *

In regard to Captain Tweedie's rescue of the prisoners, it will be seen, from the account in the next chapter, that he accomplished a really difficult and dangerous job. Within three days of the American landing at *Vera Cruz*, the communications had been cut, and as nothing was known as to the position of the American refugees in Mexico, great fear was entertained for their safety. Americans, realizing to the full his fine achievement, were, according to their own press, most grateful to him. President Wilson himself sent him a letter of thanks.

In writing to me of the affair, an American friend in Mexico remarked as follows:

"We are in a most inglorious mess, dishonourable and unworthy of our civilization, and in this *mañana* country when will it all end?

"The English here have been bright angels to us,

bless them, heaping coals upon those who did not protect their own men."

The *New York Tribune* spoke thus of the rescue :

"*Vera Cruz*, April 29th.—The hero of the hour here to-day was Commander Tweedie, of the British cruiser *Essex*. But like a modest sailor the plucky Scotsman left most of the talking of his deeds to his interpreter.

"Tweedie's mission to Mexico City was a brilliant success, thanks entirely to the British officer's determination and insistence. In spite of opposition from Huerta, Commander Tweedie saved every American left in the Mexican capital, three trainloads of them. He also snatched from the hands of a Mexican colonel at *Soledad* 113 Americans who were threatened with death in twelve hours.

"He brought the 113 here with him yesterday. They were all farmers from the Merida colony in *Oaxaca*, who had been thrown into jails in *Tierra Blanca, Orizaba* and *Cordoba*. Ten of the women had babes in their arms. All were weeping as they descended from the train here and wrung Commander Tweedie by the hand, thanking him as their deliverer.

"It is believed that Tweedie has left behind him such a wholesome respect for the foreigner that there will be no more trouble. The danger is not so much from Huerta and his men as from the mobs, but Huerta and those in authority under him have the power to

control the populace should they wish, and it is thought that now they will wish.

"According to the story told by Franko, the interpreter, it was good to see Tweedie lashing the British lion's tail in Huerta's face. Huerta tried to get out of it by saying the trains would be operated by and in charge of Englishmen. Tweedie would take nothing less than the provision of protection.

"Huerta's final stroke of obstinacy was that he would allow none of the American refugees to be brought away on Commander Tweedie's train. As it turned out, this was a piece of luck."

CHAPTER XI

A SAILOR'S NARRATIVE

THE following are jottings from the log of a young sailor and his friend who chanced to be an eye-witness of the *Tampico* affair. Let us remember —the nomenclature of these groups being confusing enough—that the *Federals* are General Huerta's troops, the *Constitutionalists* (or "Rebels," as the diarist calls them) those of Villa and Carranza.

"We arrived at *Vera Cruz* early in February, 1914, when everything looked peaceful and no one thought of a coming storm.

"On February 18th, as the position was getting a bit shaky, a lieutenant, with Maxim guns, was sent to the British Legation. America lifted her embargo on the importation of arms. Bad news next day. An English farmer, Benton by name, said to be a hot-tempered fellow, was shot by that uneducated bandit, Villa. The latter has been committing atrocities all over the country. At one place, we heard, he captured three hundred young women and turned them over to his troops. Many of these poor things were ladies of

good family. One mother and daughter committed suicide, with good reason—and actually with the same razor. Should imagine these devilments, with the Benton business to crown them, will bring things to a head.

"It is reported that a great many Japanese are arriving in Mexico City—fleeing from the wrath to come, I should think. Huerta's grip of things is certainly getting loosened: a pretty bad job for everyone.

"On March 11th we landed at *Tampico* and had a good look at Huerta's entrenchments. These Federal works, as they call them, were fully manned. The women were taking a hand in the job, too. There were heaps of them in the rifle-pits, cooking, flirting, and seemingly having a gay old time. Rather a sporting time, in a way, for the *Rebels*, as we called them—their own self-title of *Constitutionalists* didn't appeal much—were doing a certain amount of sniping as we moved about. The British Admiral (Cradock) was down on the men for keeping their womenfolk in danger; but they replied ingenuously that the women wouldn't go unless they did. They couldn't go, naturally, and so the whole tea-party was left in full swing. The probability is that the Rebels won't get in so long as the Federals sit tight to their trenches and get decently supplied with ammunition.

"There was an attack on *Tampico* on March 26th, and a big fight up country at *Torreon*. On April 7th the Rebels had another shot at the former, but didn't

get in. Things were getting pretty warm, with heavy losses on both sides, but a British ship, stationed up the river, reported that all the women and children were safely on board. Villa won't get *them*, anyhow, though we heard that one poor woman—the Mexican wife of an Englishman—got killed by a shell. An American boat's crew was stopped and apparently arrested by the Federals. Their Admiral promptly demanded an apology and a salute from Huerta.

"Heavy firing on April 11th, a Federal gun-boat shelling the Rebel position from the river. We landed to inspect the damage done to the oil-fields. No salute from stiff-back Huerta, so far. British Admiral sent up the river next day to consult with American Admiral Mayo about the latter's ultimatum. We went to the outer lines and watched the Red Cross ladies at work. The trenches were pretty unpleasant, as the dead, instead of being buried, had a gallon of oil poured over them and were then set on fire. Many of the poor chaps were but half-burnt. A deuce of a *Norther* (wind and dust storm) was blowing, so it was impossible to get back to our ship. Compromised matters with a shake-down at the local hotel—a pretty thirsty affair, for the Rebels had thoughtfully cut the water supply.

"Still blowing hard on the 13th. We watched the Rebels busily destroying property, which included four hundred loaded railway trucks, containing machinery, wire rope and a few other things. The value of the whole swag was estimated at £50,000.

There were very few Rebels about, and nobody molested us; but the wretched country folk, camping about and hiding in holes, have lost every stick they possessed. Admiral Mayo cleared for action and came near to bombarding, but afterwards decided to refer the situation to Washington. In the evening we went out to the lines again: the stench was appalling and the mosquitoes were a buzzing terror. The Rebels had withdrawn.

"The Mexicans still refuse to give the salute demanded by the American Admiral. Probably Huerta will stubbornly hold out against it; nor is it likely that Zaragossa, his General commanding at *Tampico*, would accord it, even under Huerta's orders.

"April 21st saw the first American landing at 11 a.m. For some reason or other the Mexicans did not oppose the disembarkation, but as soon as the American troops left the quay firing broke out. To cover the operation the American cruiser *Prairie* opened fire on the town. The firing went on all day; but, doubtless faced by heavy odds, the small American force could make little headway. At sunset, after losing nine killed and twenty wounded—the Mexican casualties amounting to a hundred—they withdrew to the vicinity of the railway station.

"At 2 a.m. next day, the American Atlantic fleet arrived, and immediately proceeded to land more men. At daybreak their ships, *Chester* and *San Francisco*, opened a heavy bombardment, the latter having entered the inner harbour during the night.

By eight o'clock the Americans were advancing, under a very heavy fire, many shots hitting their ships. A paymaster was shot through the legs while watching the fight. Half an hour later the American troops advanced in close order across the space in front of the Naval Academy. Seeing that, when half-way across, they were commanded by every window and roof, one feared they would be all wiped out. But the *Chester* opened fire over their heads and literally blew the Naval Academy to pieces, although some of the cadets pluckily went on firing all the time. Happily, the Mexican firing was execrable, so that the seemingly doomed force lost no more than eight killed and forty wounded. A flag of truce was hoisted at 10.30.

* * * * * *

"On the 25th of the month a British Commander, Hugh Tweedie, of the *Essex*, came on the tapis. His job, a pretty stiff one, was to take a train out through the Mexican lines and retrieve certain American refugees. He mopped them up, a few miles out of *Tampico*, and brought them safely in.

"Next day another cutting-out job fell to the lot of the same officer. Captain Tweedie started at three o'clock in the morning, with a Señor Franko to interpret for him, two flags—a Union Jack and a white flag—for the information and enlightenment of all whom they might concern, and a humorously trifling escort

of two men. Not a big party, but compact—and sportsmanlike. The Americans ran them out to railhead.

"After this the beflagged invaders had to walk through the intense heat, cheered by the sight of *peons* tearing up the railway track and burning the wooden sleepers. The first Mexican patrol officer they encountered passed them on. In another mile they found themselves up against a bigger proposition in the shape of an armed crowd, not in uniform, covering them with their rifles. Señor Franko, not knowing who the probable shooters were, found the position disagreeable; but the compact quartet strode on boldly to within fifty or sixty yards of the nearest amateur bandit, or whatever he might be, who was snugly ensconced among the bushes. The disagreeable position was fast getting critical, when an individual appeared about three hundred yards down the track, and promptly gave an order which brought all his men to their feet. The welcome intervener turned out to be a friend of Franko's. He was concerned, apologetic, even a little upset. He said with emotion that he was glad his crowd had not drawn trigger; the compact little squad were not a whit less glad.

"Arrived at *Teheria* station, they found no amateur bandits, but only an officer, off duty and ripe for conversation. This courteous officer went further: he got hold of an engine and truck, and so forwarded the squad, sticking tight to their flags, to *Soledad*.

"At *Soledad*—about two hundred miles west of

Tampico—Captain Tweedie had an interview with General Maas, who gave him a passport and sent him, with his small following, by train to Mexico City.

" Here it was found that the position of the Americans was critical. Seven hundred of them wanted to get clear of the dangerous city; but Huerta demurred, partly because he didn't know what might happen to the unfortunate refugees on their way down to the coast. Tweedie, though helped by the British Minister, failed to get an interview with Huerta, but did contrive one with General Blanquet. The General agreed to run trains, not by the route just followed, but down to *Puerto Mexico* (formerly *Coatzacoalcos*), at the very bottom of Campeachy Bay. Each train was to be in charge of two Englishmen.

" Having settled this matter, Captain Tweedie went back to the Legation, asking for volunteers for his own train back to *Tampico*. Six leading men of the city offered themselves—greatly to their credit, for no one knew at the time what would come of the adventure. At 10 p.m. they started, with dispatches from Huerta and all the Legations, their train guarded by fifty men and an officer (Blanquet's own).

" Reaching *Soledad* at noon, April 28th, they found more refugees, one hundred in number. These included men, women and children, all American, who had been in prison five days and had a rough time. The officer was not inclined to let them go; but we hear the re-resourceful Tweedie got him to wire General Maas, personally from himself, and so secured their release.

He took all the poor souls into his saloon, and, being luckily well stocked with provisions, he was able to feed and comfort them. At *Teheria* the captain of the guard made trouble, and coolly backed the train into a siding. But he also was successfully got round by the Commander (who supplemented an eloquent tongue with a bottle of beer), and in half an hour the train was under way again. The next bunker consisted of a six-mile span of torn-up rails, which compelled a heavy trudge through intense heat for the unfortunate women and children. One woman, collapsing, had to be carried in a blanket. It was lucky for these poor things that Tweedie, who knew nothing of their presence here, came along. They had been rounded up from the *Cordova* district, all the women being taken to one place and the men to another. The men, of course, were wild, but it turned out afterwards that no harm had come to the women. They were all put in prison more for their own safety against the mob than for anything else, and after four or five days the women and children were brought back and all put in a train and sent off to *Soledad*, where Tweedie found them. They had lost everything and were in a pitiable state, having had no washing or other conveniences, and there were gentlewomen among them. When they had asked for food and drink at *Soledad*, the Mexican guard had laughed and said : ' You will all be shot at sunset ; why worry about food ? '

" Of course, they wouldn't have been shot, but you can imagine how scared they were ! One poor woman

had a baby ten days old with her. Tweedie got them all into the American lines, and turned them over to an American officer, and himself walked across country to the street car to dodge reporters. All were naturally anxious about the *Puerto Mexico* party, feeling responsible on their account. They arrived safely on April 30th.

* * * * * *

"At 2.30 a.m. on May 13th a heavy night attack on *Tampico* developed. A British steamboat, protected by bullet-proof boiler-plates, was sent up the river. The party found the outer river in the hands of the rebels; stopped and interviewed the picket, then proceeded up river and had a dramatic five minutes.

"A sudden tropical storm burst; the thunder was terrific, and it blew and rained in torrents. At the worst of it they had to pass the Federal gunboats; the Rebels, taking advantage of the storm, crept down to the beach; the gunboats were pumping shell at the banks as fast as they could load. Our fellows had to pass between them; it was impossible to see more than a few yards, but they could just catch the flashes of the guns, and it was extraordinary their steamboat wasn't hit.

"They arrived alongside the *Hermione* just as she parted her cable; her quarter-deck awning blew away and she went on the mud.

"Our chaps had really come up to sit on a court

martial, one of the strangest ever held one would think. As they sat, the town right alongside was being taken by the Constitutionalists (party of Villa and Carranza), and they just finished the court in time to see the last act.

" Four trains, crowded, went off down the line ; then came a rearguard action, followed by a retirement at the double ; then a few mounted *Rurales* galloped up, and it was nice to see them pick up some of the straggling infantry and ride off pillion fashion, only one or two of the last ones being caught and shot.

" *Bravo* and *Progresso* gunboats steamed down river and out to sea.

" *Vera Cruz* steamed up river, and as the last Federal went over she blew down the bridge and then sank herself.

" It was a fine orderly retirement by the Mexicans, and one couldn't help being very sorry for Zaragossa, the Huertist General : he had fought well and hard for six months, and now failed for want of ammunition."

CHAPTER XII

HUERTA—CARRANZA—VILLA

THERE is an old saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." This may apply to Great Britain and the United States. Great Britain certainly rushed into the hurly-burly of war, having given her protecting name to a certain Scrap of Paper.

An Englishman's word is his bond. Prussia rushed through Belgium to within, one might say, a dozen yards of Paris. Had she not been turned back, she would have rushed in here, there and everywhere, and we should all be under Kaiser William to-day. He devastated, destroyed, raped, burnt everything in his passage, and all Europe—aye, even Persia, India and China—might have been waste land to-day. Our little well-trained army turned the scale. He hates us for it.

Everything Germany accomplished was done by surprise rush. No one was ready for their onslaughts, no one knew their intention of conquering the world by their sudden, well-prepared blow.

It was a great coup, but it failed. Every nation stood breathless and aghast at their crimes, was stunned

by the cruelty and murder of their strokes. But they came to a standstill, and inch by inch were driven backwards month by month.

It was all so terrible, so hideous. It put the world back to barbarism, and destroyed the art, architecture, cultivation and agriculture of centuries. It swept manly youth from the face of Europe.

Nevertheless, seeing that no war was ever successfully waged except for an ideal, these years of carnage developed for the Allies the greatest of ideals—to wit, the freeing of the world from domination by militarism and the frenzied megalomania of a single nation.

But all this is looking ahead, and we must go back to three months before Europe was unexpectedly deluged with warfare.

* * * * * *

After the fall of *Tampico* there followed, through May, 1914, excesses on the part of the Constitutionalist forces. Villa's and Carranza's troops, far from being sobered by their achievement, proved as predatory as ever. The commander of a Dutch war vessel at *Tampico* reported a blackmailing campaign by the victorious Rebels. The Dutch sailors guarding the Great Corona oil-fields were so threatened, that he thought well to remove them. General Gonzales, the Constitutionalist leader, demanded a large sum of money from the *Tampico* Chamber of Commerce.

America, in the person of Mr. Bryan, wired to

Carranza and Gonzales, demanding that they should behave themselves. They didn't. Much bullion was stolen from a British mine in *Durango*. General Funston, commanding the American troops, reported that the Mexicans had blown up the Inter-Oceanic bridge over the Antigua, twenty-eight miles from *Vera Cruz*.

During this same month the Germans appeared upon the scene. Two of their steamers, the *Ypiranga* and the *Bavaria* of the Hamburg-America Line (closely related to the German Government), were fined a million Mexican *pesos* (about £100,000) for illegally landing arms and munitions at *Puerto Mexico*. General Funston stated that the officials had no option, under Mexican law, in the matter; the German Ambassador at Washington put in a prompt protest against the fines. This was twelve weeks before the Great War, but no one realized the German move and its true import at the time.

Things mended not a whit during the following weeks. Carranza defiantly refused to conclude the armistice demanded by the mediators, who met full of hopeless hope at Niagara Falls. The representatives of the "A. B. C." States should not dictate terms to him, the conqueror. Huerta, with more diplomatic "correctitude," declared his willingness to retire as soon as Mexico was politically pacified, thereby frankly scoring in the opinion of impartial observers. Meanwhile, the Ward Line's vessel *Attila* sailed from New York for *Tampico* (June 3rd) with a consignment of munitions.

The Peace Commissioners continued their game of chess at Niagara Falls, the Mexican capital being in an agony of expectation. There is no doubt about it, everyone expected the strong hand of intervention.

By the middle of July, 1914, the affairs of Mexico had unquestionably come to a terrible pass. There was neither law nor order in that embroiled country, for the plain reason that General Huerta, the only man capable of straightening the tangle, was being ousted by America. Had the States taken the advice of the majority of her own nationals, who knew Mexico from the inside, and decided to support Huerta in agreement with the wish of every other country concerned, the trouble would have been settled in due course. Huerta was not only a strong man, but *persona grata* with a fair proportion of the Mexican people. He was not ideal, but he was by far the best of the bunch.

Backed, moreover, as he was by Great Britain, whose recognition was followed by that of France, Russia, Spain and Germany, he could—had the States supported him also—have evolved order even from such a chaos as reigned at the time. But the scholarly President Wilson, knowing little of races and peoples, set aside this pregnant opportunity. He harked back to the point that he could not sanction a man who he believed had murdered Madero. Nor did he show his strength by ingeminating: "Peace, mind—or we step in!"—words he reiterated again and again for nearly three years when confronted with the German trouble.

Of course there is a great deal to be said for this attitude. It is difficult enough to rule any country, but the difficulties are manifold when that country is composed of a strong, heterogeneous population of many nations and many tongues, all of whom have to be brought into line to attain real success.

Wilson was not strong enough—in fact, he did not take the war initiative until three years later, and then it was to combat a far more deadly enemy. By that time he had pulled his team together, his re-election was secure—and once he and the country saw where duty and wisdom lay, they fell to work like heroes.

The United States may find themselves more united, through war, even with S. America, than they ever were; conjoined as our great Imperial Commonwealth of Democracies, with its Kingly President, has assuredly been.

Germany's back was broken—and she knew it—before America came in, but her doing so lessened the dreary months ahead. One would apologize for referring to the European War in this way were it not that Mexico is so closely woven into its history.

So it came about that Mexico drifted into mere anarchy. True, the prosperity of the country must return eventually, for the land and its riches are there; but for the present the people are lost. The old, simple Mexico is dead; for six years the country wallowed in unrest and agitation, and another twenty must pass before a new and better generation can replace those ruined eighteen millions. For the time being they have become savages.

There were faults even in the former régime. Limantour was so obsessed with Wall Street finance, Diaz himself was so obsessed with Limantour's financial talent, that both were regrettably blind and deaf. They made the fatal mistake of not listening to the land cry of the people, the demand for a saner form of ballot, and more technical education for the masses.

And what of America ?

Mexico was not the latter's only trouble. Colombia, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo and Haiti were all causing anxiety. Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, felt that Colombia had been badly treated in the loss of Panama by the revolution of 1913, and that the sum of £3,000,000 was due to her. Others disagreed. As to Nicaragua, he desired to make of it a sort of financial protectorate.

Santo Domingo was America's earliest experiment, under Roosevelt, in financial protectorates, and for some years the arrangement was a success ; but at the time of Huerta's abdication, disturbances were rife in *Santo Domingo.* The negro Republic of *Haiti,* too, was bubbling.

None of these affairs tended to make the States more popular with the Latin-American races, and Great Britain was still dissatisfied with America's violation of the Panama charter, and Mexico—well, we have already glanced at Mexico's plight. Moreover, as was inevitable, Huerta had hardly stepped on board his ship before Carranza and Villa were at each other's throats ; and as rumour again pointed to mutiny and brigandage in Mexico City, Carbajal, the new-made

President, was within twenty-four hours straining every nerve to get forty thousand men into the capital.

The next move was made by Bryan, who informed Carranza that, should the Constitutionalists come to satisfactory terms with President Carbajal, the United States would give all the advantages of recognition to the provisional government. Everything, therefore, hinged upon the good conduct of the Constitutional Party, and they at once declared that, though willing to treat with him, they considered Carbajal too conservative even for his provisional post of President. Moreover, their agent in Europe pronounced him unacceptable. Carbajal, he stated, had always been identified with the Diaz régime, and had saved the life of Felix Diaz, in flat defiance of the laws of his country. To accept Carbajal, he insisted, would be to recognize the actions of Huerta. Nor would it be necessary to recognize the Huerta loans. The Constitutionalists had other plans, and, when they had established a new government, would concentrate upon the economic and financial development of their country's possibilities.

No one ever worked more faithfully for his country than their Minister to Great Britain, who had served Mexico in many lands—Señor Covarrubias. His personal wishes were always subservient to this desire to do what was best for Mexico. Absolutely honest, honest almost to a fault, he would have made an excellent President.

Carbajal, the Provisional President, was only forty-eight years old, a lawyer of distinction, and a man of good Castilian blood, and in personality totally unlike

Huerta. He had been Diaz' chosen peace commissioner to Madero, and was afterwards a right-hand man of Huerta's, and for a short time Mexican Minister to London. He entered upon his new duties with the reputation of an honest and liberal man, respected by all classes, and began by re-establishing the freedom of the Press and negotiating with the Northern Constitutionalists.

On July 21st Huerta and Blanquet sailed for Jamaica with their families, on board the German cruiser *Dresden*. Before embarking General Huerta formally thanked Captain Fanshaw, of *H.M.S. Bristol*, for the courtesies shown to his wife and family. He avowed himself to be no enemy of the United States.

Next day it was reported from Washington that Carbajal and Carranza were to have a conference; but the latter had no desire for an amnesty, and Carbajal would fight rather than throw over Huerta's followers. Fighting was reported between the Zapatistas and Federals within twelve miles of the capital.

Victoriano Huerta, the pure-blooded Indian, had struggled valiantly for seventeen long months; at one time supported by his own country and by Europe, but always weakened by strokes in the back from the United States, for it is useless to pretend that Villa and Carranza were not "assisted" by the States. Of course they were. Though the pair were themselves outlaws and ruffians, they held sway in the north—that is, in parts contiguous to the states that had once

been Mexico's, and are now the property of America—and hence were useful neighbours and allies.

Great as America is, scholar and erudite philosopher as is President Wilson, both the country and its leader made grave and serious blunders in their handling of Mexico. Their attempt at armed interference was, as we have seen, singularly abortive, and the commander of their troops, General Funston, came to a somewhat mysterious end. The General reached the American border, only to fall sick and die. Is it possible that he met his death through poison ?

On July 15th, 1914, Generals Huerta and Blanquet left for *Puerto Mexico*. Huerta had resigned the dictatorship of Mexico, and Señor Carbajal, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, had been sworn in as Provisional President. A street demonstration was accorded to Huerta on his leaving the capital ; in reply to which he drank as his last toast, " To the new President of Mexico." But the transference of authority was effected without excitement or disorder.

Huerta's departure from his native land was a sad little affair, in marked contrast with the triumphant exit of Diaz (under the escort of Huerta himself) but three short years before.

General Huerta, who at one time seemed to be the strong man so bitterly needed by his distracted country—now thoroughly disappointed and disheartened—made his way to England, where he spent two or three days trying to collect money. Failing any success in this attempt, he went on to Barcelona.

Here he was taken in hand—and heavily bribed—by a German agent. But meanwhile he was being carefully watched by the United States Secret Service. When, later, Huerta adjourned to the Mexican-American frontier, he was arrested on a charge of stirring up a revolution, in the German interest, against the States. He died in prison at the frontier town of *El Paso* in January, 1916, and so ended the possibility that had opened up a year before of tolerably good rule in Mexico under Huerta.

This was the first time that Huerta had come under the influence of the Prussians, in whose favour the pendulum swung after the hard knock from the United States, who had so determinedly refused him their support.

It may be added that at this time of the German intrigue with Huerta their mark was valued at a shilling. In 1917, before America entered the war, the German mark had gone down to 6¾d., a little more than half its face value.

Huerta was born at *Colotlán* in 1854, and made a somewhat romantic start in life. The General in charge of troops, entering *Colotlán*, asked for someone capable of writing a military report from dictation. Young Huerta, undertaking the job, showed so much intelligence and made so good an impression that he was reported to Benito Juárez, and afterwards placed by the latter in the Military College, where he remained seven years. At twenty-three he was made a subaltern of Engineers, and eulogized by the Director of the College. In 1912 he rose to the rank of General,

and had been highly regarded by President Porfirio Diaz. On the resignation of Lascurain, Huerta, his Foreign Minister, became interim President. The rest of his public life, with the attribution to him by the States of the murder of Francisco Madero, has been sufficiently dealt with in these pages.

When he was five-and-thirty, a little incident occurred illustrating Huerta's unscrupulous vigour, as also the condition of Mexico at the time. He was riding, with a trifling escort, through a mountain pass near his station, when half a dozen masked men sprang from ambush and covered the party with their rifles. These were highwaymen belonging to a pretty well-known gang—that of Zegaza. The leader, having effected his capture, proceeded to make a bargain with Huerta, who agreed to give him full notice whenever the troops were out of the way and the coast clear. Thus would Zegaza and his bandits be free to harry at their leisure an undefended countryside.

In true Mexican fashion the situation evolved itself. Huerta named a day on which the gang might safely play their pranks on the small storekeepers and others whose business it was to feed, clothe and comfort them gratuitously. Zegaza and his merry men rose to the occasion. They rode, revolver in hand, into the street of a quiet country town, and fell to business with cheerful alacrity—only to find themselves trapped. Huerta's solders, ambushed hitherto, surrounded and captured the whole gang, whose leader afterwards came to a fitting end at the hands of an execution party.

In regard to the recognition of Huerta, so insistently denied by the States, no one strove harder than that assiduous worker for the good of Mexico, Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister. For that purpose, in 1913, he travelled for six weeks, under the most trying circumstances, to spend one week in Washington and one week in London. It usually takes five or six days and nights to travel from New York to Mexico City; through Mexico in rebellion the length of time was doubled. He considered Huerta, admittedly not an ideal ruler, to be at the time the only man capable of restoring peace to ravaged Mexico, and, therefore, strained every nerve to secure his proper recognition. Referring to the great influence of this British Minister, a leading correspondent wrote (May, 1914): "Sir Lionel Carden appears to be the real power in Mexico City to-day. Carden is a name to conjure with, and foreigners regard him as their real protector."

Carden failed. America was obdurate—and the failure killed him. Sir Lionel died a broken and disappointed man.

Subsequent events proved how right he had been.

In mid-September of the same year the American newspapers were much exercised about Sir Lionel Carden. He sailed for England on the 16th of the month, after—it was alleged—giving an interview in which President Wilson was criticized and Mexico declared to be in a state of anarchy. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador to the States, hereupon declared that in his opinion the interview was not

authentic; and Sir Lionel Carden next day sent from on board the *Celtic* a wireless message to the following effect:

"We made no statement whatever reflecting on the President's policy. The position of affairs when I left Mexico was deplorable, but not desperate."

Whatever might be the differences of opinion, however, between Sir Lionel and the Washington authorities, they certainly stood to support him against the strong animus of Carranza, who, aware of his Huertist sympathies, decided to give the British Minister his passports; for hereupon Washington brought pressure to bear upon Carranza, which induced him to stop short of harsh measures and content himself with a hint as to the Constitutionalists' desire to see Sir Lionel quit Mexico as soon as possible. He was a great gentleman, a real patriot, and luck went against him.

On May 13th, 1914, it was reported from *Vera Cruz* that Americans were much dissatisfied with the entrusting of American interests to the Brazilian Minister instead of to Sir Lionel Carden. The latter had been instrumental in helping many, and his steady moral support of the Brazilian Minister had been invaluable.

The abdication of Huerta having left Mexico practically in the hands of Venustiano Carranza and Francisco Villa—Señor Carbajal being regarded rather as a transfer-agent than a President proper—let us take a further glance at these two leading *Constitutionalists*.

Villa held sway over the northern region, with its

countless *haciendas* and arid levels spread with cattle ranches; Carranza had fastened a no less strong grip upon the tropical south, with its rich and varied vegetation of rice, sugar, rubber, coffee and all tropical fruits, and its immense store of minerals—indeed, of almost every kind of mineral known to earth.

And so once more let us try to disentangle the threads of this very tangled revolutionary story.

In a previous chapter it was said that Carranza's ability to start so speedy a revolution against Huerta was due to the fact that, though governor of a state under Madero's presidency, he was already prepared to revolt against the latter.. It was after the assassination of Madero that his ex-adherent rose to special prominence and captured the world's notice as, to use his self-appointed title, "The Chief of the Constitutionalist Army."

This dignified, reticent, meditative man, Carranza, of good education but rough manner, had none of the flamboyance and glamour usually associated with Mexican revolutionary leaders. He gave to the *New York Times*, in 1915, the following account of his country, with what he had done, and proposed to do, for its benefit:

"My ambition from the beginning was peace for Mexico. For that very reason I took up the banner of revolution against the dictator Huerta, because I knew that we could not have peace so long as injustices were committed in the name of liberty.

"When Huerta was eliminated and the cause of Constitutionalism triumphed, I begged General Francisco Villa to forget all personal differences, meet me in Havana, and there come to an understanding. But at that time General Villa seemed the stronger and he was not seeking peace. He became a traitor and plunged his country into an unnecessary civil war, but now, when he has been vanquished, he is pleading for peace conferences.

"The same thing happened with General Zapata. I sent special envoys to him in the name of Mexico to forget all differences, and promised to carry out his agrarian plan, but the personal ambition of his secretaries was greater than the needs of their country. They were seduced by the sweet words of General Villa, and now they, too, are eager for peace conferences. Have they forgotten that I sought peace many months ago, before unnecessary blood was shed, long before they were defeated? But then none of those men would listen to me!

"In a few months both General Villa and General Zapata will be eliminated. And for that very reason I find it unnecessary to parley with them in peace conferences, much as I respect the kind offices of the United States and the Latin Republics. I am convinced that both have nothing but the welfare of Mexico at heart. I am sure they are seeking to establish peace in our strife-worn country, and nothing else. But I disagree with their methods of procedure, not with their ideas. I feel that our enemies should be

vanquished completely, or there will be no lasting peace in Mexico."

Asked as to the chances for American investors in Mexico, he said :

"Are you acquainted with the causes of the revolution? Let me give you a brief review of what is actually transpiring in our country.

"The revolution in Mexico is not of a political nature. It is an economic revolution. It means the industrial awakening of Mexico.

"During the days of Diaz the natural resources of the country were exploited by a few of his rich friends, who were given special concessions. Only those few developed the country. Others—Mexicans as well as foreigners—had no opportunities whatever. Mexico was a land of special privileges. This could not last for ever, and the result was the present revolution.

"Mexico is a country rich in natural resources, but all its wealth is merely potential. Money, and a great deal of it, has to be invested before we can utilize the riches of our country. We know this very well, and for that reason we want foreigners to come and exploit our resources, but they will come in the future under different conditions.

"Mexico will no longer be a land of special privileges, but a land of a million opportunities. It will be a country where all will be given an equal chance. Yes, indeed, we want foreigners, but we expect them to come

to Mexico under different conditions than they did in the days of Diaz.

"They accuse us of being confiscators. A little reasoning will immediately show the fallacy of such a thought.

"Of what value could all the foreign property be to us even if we did confiscate it? Mines, oil-fields and other property are of no value if they are not exploited. To confiscate them would mean nothing more than getting a white elephant on our hands. But when they are operated by their owners the Government derives a revenue from such properties, and that is what we are after. A close inspection will convince you that we need foreign capital, and, in return, we offer great opportunities, but the days of special privileges have gone, never to return. From the investor we expect nothing more than an equitable revenue, and for this he will be given the fullest protection of the laws of the country."

So much for the views of Carranza, whose pronouncement, "I feel that our enemies must be vanquished completely," embodies the typical top-dog attitude, precluding all compromise, which, held by one revolutionary after another, tends to keep Mexico perennially convulsed.

The temporary presidency of Señor Carbajal proved short-lived; and Carranza, gaining the presidential chair in his place, was in 1916 recognized by the Powers and by the United States.

In the north still roamed General Francisco Villa ("Pancho" Villa, as the Mexicans called him), a personage differing as widely as possible from his now ruling rival Carranza. All manner of tales are told about him, and to sift the true from the false is difficult enough. He is said to be an American, who at one time served in a United States negro cavalry regiment. It is not even known for certain whether he was of American or Mexican birth. Another legend describes how, being left as guardian to his beautiful sister, he compelled a certain *jefe politico* (head policeman) who had eloped with the girl, to marry her before the nearest priest, and then, after making the man dig his own grave, proceeded to shoot him out of hand. But beyond doubt "Pancho" Villa is a ruthless bandit; quite illiterate, passionate, vindictive, and owning the blackest of records. A big man also, repulsive in appearance, crude of speech, with the crisp hair of a negro. As mentioned before, he showed marked ability as a cavalry leader of the Maderists. He has been called, possibly with justice, "a magnificent brute."

Villa was reared in the same sphere as Diaz. But Villa remained a rough, uncouth, wild man all his life. He never tried to educate himself, he did not marry refinement and breadth of mind, coupled with sound ethics. He just stayed in the ruck of thought and actions he inherited from his fathers, with just sufficient of the ruler in him to acquire a following. A soldier of nature, a bandit of the hills, a fearless horseman and shot, he had a sort of wild devilment that attracts, and

the half-breeds of the north followed his lead implicitly and admired his daring. But it takes more than daring to be a ruler, more than a bandit's devilries to inspire respect. And the worst of it is, when once a nation has got out of hand, and a man who wants a coat can get a coat by hitching it off somebody else's peg, he ceases to think it necessary to work for anything. He wants a horse, he takes one, and so on, until he loses all sense of proprietorship, and becomes nothing more than a common thief. One of the greatest troubles in the world is to teach respect for another person's belongings —to make people realize that they have no right to annex a lump of sugar or a pin, a saw or a needle that belongs to someone else, and that taking such a thing, as they say, " innocently " is really common theft.

Common theft is rife in Mexico to-day.

* * * * * *

The following remarks by a Mexican who knows his country from A to Z are interesting :

" Villa is a kind of primitive man without any clear notion of civilization, much less of government. Even his alleged military genius, as shown in the battles against Huerta, was nothing else than the profound demoralization of the Federal Army, as recruited by Huerta in the *pulque* shops and in the prisons. President Wilson is the only person responsible for the sudden transformation of a bandit into a statesman, or

of a statesman into a bandit, after the *Columbus* raid, which is, perhaps, the only thing worthy of a man which Villa has accomplished.

" You may be shocked by the statement, but let me remind you that President Wilson had shown preference for Villa as against Carranza, when suddenly the latter was not only recognized by the United States Government, but made an ally of to fight Villa. President Wilson gave permission to Carranza to use the United States territory and its railways in order to send reinforcements to the Carranza troops, who were fighting Villa, saving them in this unexpected manner from a sure disaster. This was an act of war of the United States against Villa, who then had the right to accept the challenge, attacking a garrison of six hundred soldiers with only three hundred ragged Mexicans, according to official declarations from United States army officers.

" In Carranza I do not find a single redeeming quality, either as a man or as a ruler. He is nothing but an exquisite fruit of President Wilson's watchful waiting. Washington looks now upon Carranza with the pride of a sculptor gazing at his last masterpiece. The American Press publishes daily statements from Mr. Lansing about Carranza's loyalty and good faith, or reports from Mr. Fletcher, the United States Ambassador to Mexico, whose principal duty seems now that of giving a good character to Carranza, although the first one to appreciate the joke is Carranza himself, and next in line the German Minister, Baron von Eckhardt.

" Huerta possessed the best qualities but had also

the worst faults of his native race. He showed his loyalty to General Diaz, to the very last accompanying him to *Vera Cruz*, and if necessary would have protected him with his own body in the attack upon the train. He could not forgive Madero for having been instrumental in the overthrow of Diaz, and being vicious, greedy and ambitious, he was easily induced to prove traitor to him."

As to Mexican statesmen in general, the same authority is somewhat caustic.

His impression is that these statesmen " are not made but born, educated and fully equipped for their task, in fact, that they spring from the earth like so many mushrooms; but that their modesty prevents them from announcing their existence to the world until the occasion arises to demand recognition by force of arms. The fact that some of them have blossomed forth and borne fruit is a proof that they have had no school life, or they would have been spoiled, like myself.

" The only family tie common to all is the budget, and their only known hobby is the desire to possess what does not belong to them.

" Be sure that, even if you make a saint of every one of them, you will not come up to the mark of what their paid Press has said about them in praise of their exploits in the air, and on the surface of and under the water, just as you can never vie with their opponents in vituperation."

CHAPTER XIII

DEATH OF DIAZ—THE FUTURE OF MEXICO

PORFIRIO DIAZ, eight times President of Mexico, died in exile and political neglect on July 2nd, 1915, in Paris. He was in his eighty-fifth year.

All through the fortnight of his final illness, during which he was insensible, Madame Diaz never left his room. Never had man, great or small, a more devoted, comprehending, or sympathetic helpmeet than this dainty, well-born, highly-educated woman, who was but a girl of fourteen when they married in the spring of 1883.

Sympathy is the mainspring of happiness; without it life would be like an unwound clock. It wouldn't work.

"Of course Madame Diaz," wrote a Mexican friend from Biarritz a few days after the death, "is quite heartbroken. If you could have seen her watching at his side day and night your admiration for her would have been incomparable. She has stayed in Paris at their little flat, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, but I hope she will soon join us here with her sister, Madame Teresa, who has rented a villa."

In answer to some lines, expressing sympathy with her great loss, Madame Diaz sent the writer a very sad but charming letter. She was stricken by grief at the terrible calamity that had overwhelmed her, but appreciative of a little invitation to come and pass a few quiet days in London. Unfortunately she was too much bowed down to accept, and had been ordered off to Ceaux for the mountain air. The place might do something towards restoring her health, but for her shattered heart there was no medicine whatever. Crushed as she was, her only consolation was in God, and yet, pious and devout woman as her friends knew her to be, she confessed to feeling at times "abandoned," seeing that she had lost all that made life dear to her.

With a comment upon the terrible war and affectionate greetings from her step-son, the bereaved woman—whose happy wifehood, whose splendid influence upon the public as well as the home life of a great man had so long inspired delight and admiration—closed her letter.

The fact that a woman is "brainy" does not make her less appreciative of being loved and looked after, however hard-working she may be.

Mexican women, as a rule, are of little help to their men-folk. They are pretty and docile and stupid, and that type of woman, just as in every other land, is a failure.

A really domesticated woman always fails matrimonially. Her husband tires of her, and her children rarely respect her. A little domesticity goes a long way;

but eternal darning and cooking weary any man and make a mere household drudge of a woman.

When a man's wife ceases to be a companion he seeks companionship elsewhere. When a woman's husband ceases to talk intellectually and as a comrade she ceases to care for him.

No business or profession of, say, eight or twelve hours' daily duration, is as exhausting as domesticity with its sequence of nerve-racking pin-pricks. What applies to the upper classes equally applies to the lower classes in every land.

Madame Diaz and her daughter-in-law are wonderful women. They are both . brilliant women, kindly, endowed with good looks and charm ; they are not only domesticated, and really domesticated in the best sense of the word, but are linguists, and thoughtful and soulful. Mexican society in their days was raised by their presence. It has dropped back to dull stupidity, and in many cases to vulgarity, if all one hears be true.

The moral code of the *peon* was never high, according to civilized ideas ; but all their habits and customs are treated in other books by the author.

When a man wants a girl he can't give her enough.

When a man has got a girl he can't give her too little.

Alas—and alack ! Sarcastic, but true.

The influence of the woman, even if she is only a girl, can be tremendous. Leaving the barrack room, the rough language of the soldier, the political chamber, the bull ring—the man's life, as it is so called—Diaz entered a new world of refinement, love and youth when he

married. If we are born in a refined home, we learn to hate vulgar things, we are not interested in vulgar people, culture and good taste are ever beside us. From such a home came Carmelita Rubio.

Diaz had known the loneliness of soul and lack of sympathy that cuts into the vitals of every brain-worker, every leader, every ruler. This beautiful girl stepped in and all was changed. She brought a breath of refinement and love, and their tendrils wound their tiny shoots round the heart of the rough old warrior and gradually transformed him into a man of taste, refinement and courtly manners; his rude strength, his great character, powerful will, knowledge of the country he was born to govern, changed the simple girl into the most brilliant woman in Mexico. She educated herself to keep pace with him, she read books on subjects he wanted to know about, and gave him the synopses. Their comradeship was the handmaiden of sympathy, the art of appreciation, the pleasant interchange of thought.

War has revolutionized the position of women to-day. Men liked women to be incapable before the war—hence the number of senseless, fluffy dolls. Men expect women to be capable of everything since the war, hence the number of wonderful women to be seen everywhere.

The same women, merely changed. They have cast aside their helplessness that pleased men and evinced wondrous capability to help the war and the world. They have stepped into men's shoes, and the shoes don't pinch.

The Diaz' were both people of high ideals, and they worked hard for their country's good; but while they advanced and the country advanced, the *peon* would not give up his wooden idols, his little gods and almost barbaric ways. He appeared to be improving on the surface; but he was not married to a woman helpmate, and so he really lagged behind, how far behind no one knew until revolution, the outcome of centuries, was once more ready to take sway.

There was probably never a more extraordinary evolution of character in the world's history than that of General Diaz. From among millions of uneducated *peons*, that man educated himself to a high level. His native love of the land, the hills, the virgin forests, the animal life, remained. The hunter-man was in him. The soldier-man was made; but the man's essential self he himself made from the rough Mexican material.

He basked as a boy in the sunshine that gladdens the heart. Hard work seems to agree with people, and he worked hard. Any custom that becomes a habit may become a curse. He threw off custom. He lived to learn. Education to him was one long and constant inquiry, and knowledge but the assimilation of replies. He asked for information from those who knew, and he was ever ready to learn.

We can never know too much, and most of us know too little.

It requires brains to appreciate brains. It requires talent to understand talent. It requires knowledge and

experience to value the beautiful, and vast capacity to build, to organize, to make and to govern.

Opportunity, like time, passes never to return. He never missed an opportunity. But withal no gains of power, no worldly success ever rivalled, in his view, the delights of home. Mankind is mighty fond of cursing ill-luck. Diaz was never tired of blessing good Fate.

He was a silent man. The art of listening graciously is a gift; but that is education and not conversation. Kitchener was built somewhat in the same mould as Diaz; but Kitchener was born of well-to-do parents, who could afford to give him that great bedrock, a good, sound education.

Don Porfirio has been spoken of as ruling Mexico for thirty-five years. This is true; but he was only in the presidential chair for thirty-one years. After his first term he vacated it according to the rules of the country for his friend, Gonzales (elected September 25th, 1880), who, it was arranged, should hold office until he could return. During these four years Diaz held immense sway. Towards the end of the time he and his understudy quarrelled, for Diaz was a fearless man.

Fear is a crime. Fear should be stifled from babyhood, smothered in childhood and unknown in later life. Fear brings disaster of every kind. Even in a mild case like a dental operation. A fearful patient makes the dentist's labour doubly hard. It impedes him. It lengthens and spoils his work. It does the patient harm and the work is not as good or as lasting,

so the patient has to go back to the dentist later to get repaired what his foolishness brought about.

Fear of an air raid is a crime. Our soldiers face air raids every day in the trenches, they have lived under air raids and far worse things—why should a man or woman murmur if they hear a bomb? If they are to be killed on a certain day they will be killed, why court death by sapping their own vitality, and the vitality of those about them?

It is as silly as shrieking at a mouse or an earwig.

Diaz knew no fear.

And so one feels inclined to sum up by saying the most vital import of life is fearlessness, honesty and straightforwardness.

This ghastly nightmare of war, which has hit half the homes of Europe, is the outcome of dishonesty of purpose and crookedness of dealing.

From the highest to the lowest we one and all need to learn to be more honest, and more straightforward, not only to ourselves but the world as a whole.

* * * * * *

There is a very well-known church near the Arc de Triomphe; not a stone's throw from the Hôtel Astoria, where the writer stayed with the Diaz family in 1913 and 1914, and which, during the war, was turned into a Red Cross hospital.

At that church General Diaz worshipped in his retirement. He, who during those thirty-five years'

reign in Mexico had not been allowed to enter a church except for a wedding, or a funeral or a christening, was much drawn to the Catholic Faith in the last five years of his life. Those were his years of exile. He, who had only twice left Mexican soil up to the age of nearly eighty-one, when he left Mexico for good, found consolation in religion, as so many others have done.

Madame Diaz had always been *dévouée* and no doubt her influence had borne fruit. After his death she became almost a recluse, and her only consolation was in religion. She prayed daily for the hour when they might be reunited.

Suffering teaches more than gold, just as money ruins more homes than poverty.

It was on a cold, miserable June day, just after the Battle of Jutland, in 1916, with wounded French soldiers hobbling about in every direction, with scarce a taxi or a *fiacre* to be got, that the writer arrived at the church.

Mass was just ending. People were streaming out —a solid throng of women in black (for all France had suffered), and soldiers, hale or maimed.

"If you would go round to the left and knock at the door, you would find the vault in the crypt in which the General lay," said the attendant.

Passing priests and surplices, and down some stone stairs, one reached the crypt, where the verger unlocked a massive door leading to a tiny private vault. He turned on an electric light.

There, feet towards the door, the huge coffin

slanting downwards from the head, lay all that remained of my dear old friend. A little lamp was burning. Large candlesticks stood sentinel round the coffin. The floor was thick with beautiful artificial lilac, iris and marguerites, and in front a huge jar was full of living peonies or something pink and deep crimson. In front of these fresh flowers was a Prie-Dieu.

It was an imposing sight, simple and yet beautiful. Everything was so good and yet so quiet.

The attendant crossed himself.

"The maid of Madame Diaz" (who was then in Switzerland) "comes twice a week with fresh flowers, but when Madame is in Paris she comes herself twice every day to pray."

"Twice?"

"Yes. She is here for two hours every morning, and two hours every afternoon, kneeling beside her husband."

The prayer of a good woman availeth much.

One turned away from that simple tomb in that simple cellar-vault with a lump in one's throat. It all seemed so sad. This man, who spent well-nigh eighty years in his homeland, had died thousands of miles from the warm suns he loved, the bamboos and palms, the cacti and arums, the wild orchids and tube-roses; the jabbering monkeys and solemn turtles; the crocodiles and jaguars, the life of the tropics—in which he was born. Uprooted as an octogenarian,

he had lived in a strange land of greyer skies and whiter skins, in a land whose language he gradually learnt to understand and speak a little; but although he grew to love France, more than half of him was always in Mexico. He sat for hours thinking of Mexico. He walked miles pondering on Mexico, he ate his food wishing it was *tortillas* and *friholes*, peppers or mangoes, or *tomales*, and his absorbing wish was to see Mexico true to herself again, and to die in his own dear, cherished land.

Often and often he wished he had quietly retired to his native State to live and die peacefully; but his leaving the country was his great and final sacrifice. We people who have travelled have no conception what it meant to a man of eighty to leave his native soil and tread a land whose language, ways, thoughts, ideas and ideals were all strange.

If Mexico has any respect for his memory they will bury him with all pomp and pride upon his native shore, and let the hero of Mexico rest among the Mexicans.

It was his last wish.

Meantime, all that is mortal of Diaz rests in Paris —the Paris he had learnt to love.

* * * * * *

On the death of Diaz it became apparent that the world had measured variously, according to its different lights, his undoubted greatness; but on pretty well

all hands it was admitted that, if he had governed under Republican forms with an iron hand, that hand of iron was the one instrument through which Mexico —a tangle of mixed races and languages, and a country demoralized by sixty years of anarchy and chronic civil war—could be brought back to anything like order and prosperity. The need of a stern grip was realized by Diaz when he seized the supreme power in 1876, and happily he had the administrative talent to wield the tool in such a fashion that Mexico ere long began to emerge from its nightmare of unrest and distraction. Through his later years, especially, the country waxed steadily stronger in finance and well-being. Life and property were more secure in Mexico than in some of the neighbouring districts over the American border. The payments of the foreign loans were made faithfully; never once was there the default which we have noted under Huerta's Government (January, 1914). Railways, agriculture, the mining industry, all progressed and flourished under Diaz.

What, then, were the salient faults of the great President's régime?

In view of one of his critics, the administration of Diaz "effected little or nothing for the political education of the mass of the people, and side by side with an impressive display of administrative well-being, there stalked the poverty and ignorance of the Middle Ages."

Political education: the dialectical value of the phrase is surely proportioned to the quality of the

human material to be operated upon. You would hardly mention it in relation to a savage, and were the Mexican masses—wholly Indian or half-caste in stock, and lacking even the rudiments of knowledge—much better than savages ? Methinks the accusation smacks somewhat of pedantry. As to the ignorance of those masses, Diaz, at least, made a strong effort to reduce it; in which connection, writing of the year 1904, in the Diaz Life, the author said :

" Education is one of the great factors in Mexico to-day, and Diaz has done almost more in that direction than in any other ; education is with him a perfect craze. The public schools in every State of Mexico are looked after by its Central Government, and there are normal schools well supported by Government funds where teachers are trained. As for the art schools, industrial schools and technical schools of all kinds, they are too numerous to mention. There are night schools in every town of importance in Mexico. General Diaz says : ' The State must teach scholarship, industry and patriotism ; religious teaching must be done at home.' "

People who talk religion almost never practise it. The things we feel most deeply, like love and religion, are too sacred for constant words.

Three things divide a household : religion, immorality and food. Indulgence in the second, over-indulgence in the first or third, spells misery in the home.

It is true, as stated earlier in the present work, that Diaz was too strongly obsessed by his big plans for the country's future to give due attention to the land hunger and poverty of the humbler classes; but it is only fair to insist once more on the fact that, if he allowed some of his friends to grow rich at the country's expense, he steadfastly refused to aggrandize himself. Other potent dictators the world has known, but not many with so Spartan a gift of self-abnegation.

The sound ambition of a born ruler of men Diaz assuredly possessed; of the purblind ambition that worships office as its god he was guiltless.

So far as the strength and firmness of his administration went, its need was eventually—seeing how quickly national collapse followed upon Diaz' resignation—admitted even by his American critics.

Note the change in President Wilson.

At Indianapolis, early in 1915, Wilson spoke as follows:

"Until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz régime, eighty per cent. of the people of Mexico never had a look in in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be. Now I am for the eighty per cent. It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how they go about their business. The country is theirs. The Government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it—and God speed them in getting it—is theirs. And so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with them. Have not European

nations taken as long as they wanted and spilled as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak ? No, I say."

By June 2nd of the same year, Mr. Wilson, after stating that Mexico was apparently no nearer a solution of her tragical troubles than when the revolution was first kindled, went on to hint rather strongly that some active moral support might have to be given by his Government in the direction of such a solution.

* * * * * *

As to Mexico's future—what is to be done ?

Already the writer has emphasized the size, the importance to the world, the immense potential wealth of Mexico. It has been—this again has been dwelt upon—in a state of unrest and continual anarchy ever since the retirement of Diaz ; for the future, is such a valuable slice of the world to be left alone—or what ?

The question, so easy to propound, so immensely difficult to solve, is naturally in many mouths. The man in the street puts it glibly, looking for some simple, all-embracing answer to a question bristling with complexities : the armchair philosopher replies to him readily enough, usually on lines beautiful in theory but with little relation to the practicalities of the situation.

There is no common basis for coalescence between

the Mexican and American nations, and annexation by the United States. The pair are, to repeat a former phrase, like oil and vinegar. And failing coalescence, there would remain only the dominance of a subservient people by one more civilized, more energetic, progressive and educated. Mexico would be submerged.

Every nation has the right to settle its own affairs, just as every person has the right to spend his money as he likes—if he has earned it. We, in our great British union of free democracies, know this.

The *moujik* soldier of Russia—only 25 per cent. of whose privates can read and write—is just as much of a child as the *peon* soldier of Mexico. Both are taught by word of mouth, and by picture writing upon the walls, both are lazy, dull, good, kindly people who only want to be let alone.

Russia and Mexico are somewhat analogous as lands of immeasurable undeveloped self-riches, and barely ripe for self-government.

Educated peoples, however, must help and father uneducated governments.

All through Europe we are talking of nationality. It is accepted as the master-key to the problems of all the small countries. Each and all, should they possess nationality, are to be developed on national lines. Poland, long ruled in fragments by three Great Powers, is to have once more its own individual nationhood. Finland is to be Finland, un-Russianized and un-Swedenized. The Southern Slavs of Hungary are to become part of a great Slav

nation. The Czechs of Bohemia are to slip, we trust, the Austrian yoke. The Irish problem has stubbornly resisted solution hitherto simply because Ireland is not one nation, but two: could its Catholic and Celtic, its Protestant and Scoto-Saxon portions coalesce, the problem would be solved to-morrow. India, a congeries of religions and races—and before its occupation by Britain in a state of perpetual internecine war, and of domination by successive conquerors and tyrants—could never have been unified save under the ægis of a great educated Ruling Power.

Egypt—is there any parallelism between that country and Mexico?

Little enough in sooth, save in the matter of potential agricultural wealth, which Britain is exploiting largely in the interest of the native race.

Egypt has been ruled and ground down by the Mamelukes, conquered by France, ruled and ground down again by that supremely hard taskmaster, the Turk. For centuries it has known no freedom. Mexico freed herself by blood and tears from the Spanish yoke: her bell of Hidalgo has been ringing out the fact, her banner of green, white and red proclaiming it since the establishment of her independence in 1821. Her rebirth under Diaz established and justified her position as a nation with a right to its own individual future. Another fifty years will see Mexico emerge from its present chaos into real wealth and stability.

On no account must a foreign yoke, save in paternal

form, be permanently fastened upon the neck of Mexico. Having won freedom, free she must remain.

There are many analogies between the family, the nation's nucleus and epitome, and the nation itself. Let us—in place of offering a cut-and-dried scheme for the fusing of flux and disorder into firmness and stability—consider whether any of these analogies may give ground for hope in the present instance.

Mexico, a genuine family, is still a discordant one. Lacking not only an efficiently commanding rule and an educated populace, but the spirit of reasonable give-and-take among its hot-headed members—who still barter goods—it seethes with unrest and agitation. Such a family, at first glance, seems likely to bicker on to the Greek Kalends—and not seldom, alack, in ordinary life does so. But not always.

There is a feature in domestic discord which many a student of human nature must have noted with interest; to wit, that a mere psychological trifle will often make a disproportionate-seeming change in the embroiled atmosphere of a family. A, who has stuck like a limpet to some rock of privilege or opinion, yields just a hairbreadth. So insignificant is the yielding, the grudged fragment of magnanimity, that B and C disregard it for a space. Yet it has touched their subconsciousness; it leads presently to some equally small abatement of *their* dogmatism. A faint sweetening of the atmosphere supervenes, a hint of light steals in. Yet the whole curative process is so gradual, so long-drawn-out that before the emergence

of any visible result the initial touches—the real operative cause of the final reintegration—are forgotten.

Even so, though often enough years in this case must be substituted for weeks in that, may things work out when whole nations are embroiled.

May we not hope also that even Mexico may some day find its storm-charged atmosphere quieting down into, say, reasonable trade-wind conditions ?

And then ? Then will come the offer of the friendly arm, the crutch, the eager advances of neighbours and onlookers.

That may prove the danger-time—unless over self-interest be sternly suppressed.

No need to dogmatize about the form of intervention ; as to its spirit let history teach us.

That spirit should be, above all things, non-Prussian.

Consider the hide-bound Prussian spirit, as demonstrated in every quarter of the globe ; comprehend it in essence and in scope—and avoid it like the plague.

Why does South Africa decline *ore rotundo* to resume neighbourship with the German ? Because of that spirit. Why will even the most sentimental pacifist, who dreads above all things Germany's humiliation, shrink from restoring to her Togoland or East Africa ? Because, knowing that spirit, he must needs think of the ground-down natives.

In September, 1914, General Smuts, who fifteen years before was our deadly enemy, summed up the Prussian spirit thus :

" Here we are to-day," he said, " as a free people able

to develop as we please and able to do as we want. And opposed to us is a military compulsion and autocracy, in the worst form, which is threatening to suppress and isolate the smaller nations."

How right, too, General Smuts was when he spoke of our Kingly Democracy. Great Britain and the Dominions are the greatest democracy in the world. Her people are the freest, her sons the strongest. And they are all welded and held together from distant corners of the earth by one coping-stone—the King. There is a Head. There must be an hereditary Head for the British Commonwealth of Nations. We cannot, and we do not want to, make a Republic of this vast Commonwealth. We must have as chief a King, the accepted representative of all the free and allied nations that compose it, not a President removable every few years. There must be permanent executive chambers—a system stable and enduring, not changeable, down to its very doorkeepers, with a changing President, as in the case of a Republic which has no hereditary head. By no thinkable means could the difficulties of election, in a fashion to suit a whole congeries of peoples, be surmounted.

We have no one-man government, but, to use the General's own words: "What is not very different from an hereditary Republic."

A president of four years spends his first year getting accustomed to office, and putting all his old friends into new jobs.

The second year he begins to expand himself.

The third year he is already haunted by the coming election, and the fourth year in working hard for new votes. He becomes moribund as regards the future of his country, and at fever point as regards his own re-election.

Diaz was right. No large country can stand a political upheaval every four years. Six years is short enough for a man to learn to rule, and see any result from his administration. But far better and stabler surely than any republic, with its constantly changing figure-head, is our chain of *ipso facto* republics, all working individually under one sovereign, one unchanging figure-head; who gives dignity to the whole, and is the centre axle of the spokes, all of which are held together by an iron felly encased in a tyre of soft rubber, running smoothly along the roadway of nations.

Great Britain is a great democracy of peoples with one common kingship.

Britons have always been a law unto themselves. Built on the laws of the Romans—who founded London two thousand years ago—they have expanded and developed. They have made mistakes and paid the penalty, and Mexico will have to do the same. She has made mistakes. She is paying the penalty, but she is a glorious and a rich land, so she must triumph in the end, if only some strong man like Diaz, or Botha, will rise among her people and show her the way. Bismarck kept Germany together, under the commercial-traveller Kaiser it became Hohenzollernized and rushed to its military downfall. Co-ordination, co-operation, technical and

scientific education well-nigh made her the greatest industrial country of the world. But she was too ambitious for power—and she fell. Power is a great thing, but power must be properly administered, and the game of grab does not succeed. Each nation must govern itself, and Mexico must work out its own salvation. If the United States tries to annex she will fail. Once she has made her army she will be strong, and in her strength may advise and help her Spanish-Indian neighbour—but on no account whatever must she attempt to expunge Mexican nationality.

Compulsion and autocracy—it is the same story in regard to German trade.

The play of fair give-and-take, of honest, rationally conducted rivalry in the opening up of trade and commerce, that is a conception possessing no charm for the Prussian. If he annex a group of Pacific islands, he must needs rule and police it, as also exploit its trade for himself. German advantage, whether strategic or commercial, obsesses him completely, to the crushing down of every notion of fair play to other nations—and the elimination once for all of every native interest.

Let the intervener in Mexico, when the right time comes, be no commercial traveller in spurs, no burglar with a jemmy in one hand and an oil-can in the other; no sabre-rattling bully, but an understanding friend, conscious of an intervener's limitations, a physician mindful that he can help, but must never hurry the delicate healing processes of Madam Nature.

* * * * * *

On April 16th, 1917, the first Mexican Congress since that which was forcibly dissolved by Huerta in 1913, was opened, Carranza having been proclaimed President a few weeks before. The Congress was at least a promising symptom. At the same time there was running about the United States a suggestion in regard to a Pan-American Alliance of both the Americas for the protection of the stable democratic Governments, originally created by the now obsolete Monroe Doctrine, favouring democratic forces in Europe.

Here again, should the idea materialize, would be a condition of things favourable to Mexican settlement; for the States and Latin-American countries would thus become a solid democratic *bloc*, working for democracy and the independence of nations—one that could not thinkably design the annexation of Mexico. Such a *bloc* should, by its very bulk and weight, own power enough to attain its ends by calm pressure, eschewing the previous United States methods of alternate stand-aside and strike-in.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE GERMAN PLOT WAS WORKED

BEFORE touching upon the notorious Zimmermann plot it may be well to note, in connection with the German permeation of the United States and its possessions, what Germany was preparing to do in the way of rivalling the Panama Canal enterprise since its completion by the United States Government.

In the year 1912 the German Minister to Bogota, Colombia, Baron Kracker von Swartzenfeldt, who had a very large staff of employees—some of them experts in particular branches of industry and science—made a tour through the country, where British surveys had been made many years before with a view to a canal from the Gulf of Darien to the Pacific Ocean.

It was proposed to take advantage of the Atrato River, debouching into the Gulf of Darien some two hundred miles east of Colon on the Panama Canal, and to follow up and make it navigable for large ocean-going steamers to its source; whence a canal was to be cut through the ridge of hills separating it from the source of the San Juan River, which river was to be

made navigable in like manner to a point in the coast where it runs into the Pacific Ocean, some hundred and fifty miles north of the port of Buenaventura.

With the assistance of the Colombian Government the Baron, accompanied by the experts of his staff, was able to go overland from Bogota to the San Juan River, and thence ascend it in boats for a considerable distance, till they reached the shallows and rocky rapids on nearing the source. Here the party travelled on mule-back across the divide, which separates the San Juan from the Atrato River, and then continued their journey overland until they again reached a navigable part of the same river, where they betook themselves to the water again, and thus reached the Gulf of Darien.

Naturally many stops were made to study the country and the rivers, with a view to the canalization of the former and the improvement of the latter. The Baron, it is said, on his return to Bogota gave it as his opinion that the length of the canal between the sources of the San Juan and Atrato Rivers, and the great depth necessary through the divide, would preclude the enterprise being either an engineering or a commercial success.

It is worthy of note that near the mouth of the Atrato River there is a most flourishing German colony, with its own railway, chiefly given over to the cultivation of bananas and cocoa. Here there would probably have been a big German city had the canal project been carried through.

A study has also been made of a variation of the

before-mentioned project. It consists in following up the Atrato River to a point where it can be made navigable for large steamers at a reasonable expense, and then turning off to the west, almost at a right angle, and making straight for the Pacific coast by means of a canal.

Many engineers consider that the project would have been perfectly feasible, less costly in construction and less costly in future operation than the present Panama Canal.

The Baron is not reported to have given any opinion on it, however !

German hopes of building a new canal whilst Japan, according to German wishes, was destroying the present one, do not seem likely to be realized.

Another German plot for embroiling Mexico and Japan with the United States, though doubtless it had been long in process of incubation, did not hatch out until early in February, 1917. The emergence of that ugly, malformed chick from the shell naturally made a stir in the world ; but in the great camp of the Allies it was greeted rather with caustic derision than with astonishment. Naturally if Mexico fought against the United States, and the latter fought against Japan, these three vast peoples would be too occupied to take a hand against Prussianism in Europe. How could Great Britain, in particular, be seriously taken aback by a development so exactly in the key of Germany's previous machinations ? With us the Kaiser's Government had been playing precisely the same plot-game ever since the opening of a long-prepared war—and before

it. Outside Turkey and the Balkans they had no successes, unless we count in the abortive *Senussi* rising on the Egyptian border, which certainly occupied the attention of a small mixed force, with a squadron of armoured cars, in 1916. Their attentions to the Amir of Afghanistan procured for them nothing but a snub. No serious Indian rising rewarded their sustained propagandism, in spite of their sending seditious pamphlets broadcast in seventeen different Indian languages. The perturbations among the Mohmands and Mahsuds of the north-west frontier, if they gave some trouble, failed to shake the stolidity of John Bull; and these good people laid down their arms in July, 1917. The Arabs of Mesopotamia, out for plunder at first, but firmly resolved to back the winner the moment he should emerge as such, joined in the harrying of the German-Turks after their loss of Bagdad (March 11th, 1917). The great Dominions, who were to have surveyed from afar the breaking of John, struck in with their hundreds of thousands at his side.

As to another most confident hope of the Germans, South Africa, the Boers, instead of rising against British "tyranny," elected to turn their weapons against the gentle Boche—with what results we know.

Truly, the attempt to suborn Mexico against the States—especially at a time when Bethmann-Hollweg was so earnestly protesting his friendship for the latter—was very much "in the picture." The scheme for tacking on our faithful ally Japan gave a characteristic finish to the affair.

What was the situation as between Mexico and the States? President Wilson, aiming at the capture of the arch-bandit Villa, had, on March 16th, 1916, sent his troops, numbering nearly fifty thousand, to march 300 or 400 miles into Mexico because public opinion in the United States insisted upon it. The Americans themselves decided through their press that, owing to their want of action, their country was discredited; but before the troops had been gone a month Uncle Sam would have given anything to withdraw them. As this could not be done at once, the soldiers were kept there by the American Government and public opinion. Wilson never wanted the war, and at the first opportunity (January, 1917) withdrew the troops; but American prestige suffered deeply in the eyes of Mexico.

Out of the 100,000,000 of the inhabitants of the United States, 99,999,999 probably never understood the policy of their President in regard to Mexico.

A word should be said, however, as to the immense difficulties encountered by the American troops. Not only were they attacked by sickness in the hot, dusty, arid northern plains, but harassed by the constant cutting off of their supplies by the clever tactics of Villa. The Mexican General, striking shrewdly at their railway communication, contrived again and again to break up sections of the line; and no sooner was one part restored than his men made cunning night raids from the hills and played havoc with another.

Never once did they catch sight of Villa, never had they the smallest chance of effecting his capture

Eventually General Pershing and his troops had to retire from Mexico—in January, 1917, after an occupation of ten months—because Carranza, the self-imposed dictator, announced to Washington that he regarded the sitting down of a United States army in his northern territory as an " unfriendly act."

How quickly the world wags! But four months later, and behold, General Pershing, the handicapped head of this abortive guerrilla warfare, was landing at Liverpool (May 8th, 1917) as the Commander-in-Chief of the coming American Army. He and his Staff were acclaimed by Britain as the " Standard Bearers." A little later France also was hailing the General as the leader of a promised million of men.

Carranza, meanwhile, having got the better of the American diplomatists, occupied himself with the inauguration of what he called a " Constitution," that is, a large-hearted scheme for the expropriation of properties and for other machinations of the blackmailing order. Whatever might come of the now rapidly-developing state of quasi-war between the States and Germany, it was clear that seething Mexico—needing a close eye and possible suppression at any given moment—must be a thorn in the American flank. Wilson had refused to allow Huerta to carry out his attempt to settle the country—it remained to be seen whether Carranza, or anyone else, could achieve the much needed re-establishment.

On March 1st, 1917, the Associated Press informed the world at large that the United States Government

was in possession of a highly interesting document; to wit the authentic letter of Herr Zimmermann, the Foreign Minister, to von Eckhardt, the German representative in Mexico. The letter, transmitted by the notorious Count Bernstorff, was as follows:

"Berlin, January 19th, 1917.—On February 1st we intend to begin submarine warfare without restriction. In spite of this, it is our intention to endeavour to keep the United States neutral. If this attempt is not successful, we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico:

"That we shall make war together and together make peace; we shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer her lost territory of New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement.

"You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico shall, on his own initiative, communicate with Japan, suggesting the latter's adherence at once to this plan, and at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

"Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

ZIMMERMANN."

This document had actually been in President Wilson's hands during the above-mentioned protestations of friendship by the German Chancellor, a friendship that he emphasized as a " heritage from Frederick the Great." Even so had the Kaiser been giving the most amicable assurances to Belgium up to the very hour of his violation of that country. The note cleared up a deal of mystery, shed a light upon the long-standing, inexplicable-seeming wooing of Mexico by the Kaiser.

" It adds another chapter," said New York, " to the celebrated report of M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador in Berlin, before the war, on Germany's world-wide plans for stirring up strife on every continent where it might aid her in the struggle for world domination, which she dreamed was close at hand. It adds a climax to the operations of Count Bernstorff and the German Embassy in this country, which have been coloured with passport frauds, dynamite plots, and intrigue, which in their full extent have never been published. It gives new ground of credence for the persistent reports that submarine bases were established in Mexican territory and the Gulf of Mexico, and takes cognizance of the fact, long recognized by the American Army chiefs, that if Japan ever undertook to invade the United States it would probably be through Mexico over the border and into the Mississippi valley, to split the country in two. It recalls the fact that Count Bernstorff, when he was handed his passports, was very reluctant to return

to Germany, but expressed a preference for an asylum in Cuba. It gives a new explanation of the repeated arrests on the border of men charged by the American military authorities with being German intelligence agents.

"Last of all, it seems to show a connexion with President Carranza's recent proposal to neutrals that the exports of food and munitions to the Entente Allies should be cut off, and his intimation that he might stop the supply of oil from the *Tampico* fields.

"No doubt exists here now that the persistent reports of the last two years of operations of German agents, not alone in Mexico, but all through Central America and the West Indies, have been based on fact, and there is no doubt whatever that the proposed alliance with Mexico was known to high Mexican officials who were distinguished for anti-Americanism, among these being Rafael Zubaran, Carranza's Minister to Germany, and Luis Cabrera, his Minister of Finance."

In regard to Carranza's proposal for total prohibition of all kinds of export to the Entente countries, the United States Government sent formal notification (March 16th) that it refused to participate in the scheme, pointing out that such a move had no justification in international law.

This proposal, theoretically a plan for restoring peace to the world, but really a Teutonic move aiming at the embarrassment of the United States, was thus promptly put out of court. It had evidently been

planned on the return of Señor Zubaran from Berlin. Señor Cabrera had already given some intimation of it to the American Commissioners in Atlantic City, only to have his idea curtly dismissed.

Yet, seemingly through some change of view on the part of his Government, Cabrera stated (February 25th) there had been no intention whatever of cutting off the supplies of oil. Oil may sound of little import; but Mexican oil was at that time vital to our Navy. The American newspapers had, he insisted, misunderstood the matter. More than probably this change of front was due to Japan, which by this time had received and scornfully rejected the Prussian notion of turning traitor to its allies.

As to the suspicion that the German sea-raiders in the South Atlantic had been utilizing secret bases on the Mexican coast, Carranza's Foreign Office received a strong admonition from the British Government in November, 1916; but sent a merely insolent reply. No doubt the proofs of this and many other examples of Germany's pernicious influence over Mexico, well known in many quarters, will emerge in due course; and certainly the full disclosure effected by the capture of Zimmermann's document made a strong mark upon hesitating American opinion. This revelation, following upon the heels of the *Laconia's* destruction with the loss of twelve lives (February 25th, 1917), and superadding itself to the steady sequence of submarine atrocities, went far towards unifying America in a common sentiment of outraged pride and intolerable humiliation.

Only a few months later the States sent their first small convoy of troops to France ; when, strange to say, they were attacked by German submarines west of the point fixed for the meeting of the destroyers with the American transports. Those movements must have been reported through Mexican wireless stations as all communications between the States and Germany had ceased on their mutual declaration of war.

This wireless proved to be an immensely powerful station at *Chapultepec*—a station that was under Government control. American officials realized immediately that, with Berlin and Mexico in communication, all manner of useful information might be furnished to submarines and cruisers by the German agents in the States.

On March 12th, 1917, the dismissed Count Bernstorff, leaving Copenhagen for Berlin with his full complement of two hundred Embassy officials, spies and so forth, made some interesting admissions to the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt.* He stated, among other things, that the notorious Zimmermann note did—as generally believed—pass through his hands.

It may be noted that Zimmermann, in giving his explanation (as below) to the Main Committee of the Reichstag, did not touch upon that which gives the transaction its specially treacherous character—the German Chancellor's continued assurances, even after the note had been sent, of the friendliness of the German-American relations.

" We were," said Herr Zimmermann, " in the event

of there being a prospect of war with the United States, looking out for allies. It was a natural and justified precaution.

"For the dispatch of these instructions a secure way was chosen, which at present is at Germany's d sposal.

"How the Americans came into possession of the text, which went to Washington in a special secret code, we do not know. That the instructions should have fallen into American hands is a misfortune, but that does not alter the fact that the step was necessary to our patriotic interests. Least of all in the United States are they justified in being excited about our action.

"It would be erroneous to suppose that the step has made a particularly deep impression abroad. It is regarded as what it is, as a justifiable defensive action in the event of war."

One feature of the German plot, it is presumed, was the destruction of the great *Tampico* oil wells, the potential output of which is immense, and from which Lord Cowdray's Mexican Eagle Company draws largely for the British Navy. One third of the oil output belongs to Great Britain, the remaining two-thirds to America.

The writer feels a sort of personal interest in this matter, having been in Southern Mexico, *Vera Cruz* and *Minatitlan* in 1900 with Lord Cowdray, members of the Government, engineers and other officials, when the first Mexican oil was collected. Oil is a curious thing. It is found in the most extraordinary places, in desert wastes and sand, in places where there are coal deposits ;

and this particularly applies to England, for it has lately been found that, far below the depth of the coal pits of our country, there are oil deposits.

Little did one imagine at the dawn of the twentieth century that fifteen years afterwards this Mexican oil would be playing such a large part in the European war by helping to fuel our naval ships. The export of oil from Mexico in 1900 was absolutely nil, it was merely collected in pailfuls for use by the native Indians, for light and medicinally.

The neighbourhood of *Tampico* is the stratum of the largest of the oil-fields, and also the most easily accessible to the United States; but a hundred miles further south is the place called *Tuxpam*, from which comes most of the Eagle or British oil. Those oil wells are themselves thirty miles inland; but the liquid is conveyed by pipes not only to the land, but under the sea. The story is almost like a fairy tale. *Tuxpam* is a bad harbourage. There are only about thirty feet of water, and when one of those awful Mexican storms called a *Norther* is blowing at sixty and seventy miles an hour, nothing is safe upon the water. Sir Weetman Pearson evolved the idea of making a pipe line over a mile in length run right out under the sea, so that ships might load in the open. People laughed at the scheme and called its originator mad; but he carried it out, and so successful has his pipe proved that many others have copied the idea.

Sir Weetman, now Lord Cowdray, and for some time past head of the Air Board, has, aided by Mr. John

Body, done highly important work for Mexico, including the drainage by a canal forty-eight kilometres in length of the valley from Mexico City, and the great port-works which have converted *Vera Cruz* into a safe and convenient harbour.

The Germans first showed an active interest in the oil of Mexico in the winter of 1916–17, when they probably realized they were likely to have a rupture with the United States. It was then obviously to their advantage to encourage the popular rumour that England was entirely dependent on Mexican oil, which it was not, seeing that much of our oil for the Navy comes from the United States, the Mexican oil being too heavily charged with sulphur for some naval purposes. The German idea was doubtless to get up sufficient agitation in Mexico to destroy the oil-fields, and to do this they worked up a deal of labour trouble. The labour unrest at one time became acute, and so cleverly were they manipulated that everyone suffered except the Germans themselves. Their land and property escaped untouched—rather a proof in itself as to the real authors of the trouble.

Finally Carranza forbade any exports from Mexico.

To give an idea of the Mexican oil-fields one has only to say that that land supplies as much oil as the whole of Roumania and Galicia together, or over one-third of the entire Russian oil-fields, and the Mexican Eagle Company has a fleet of ten oil steamers of 16,000 tons, and ten of 9,000 tons, constantly plying between England and Mexico.

Mexico produces forty million barrels of oil a year. It could double and treble that output.

Oil was first worked commercially in 1904.

For the honour of England we must uphold our oil-fields in Mexico. The Eagle Oil is one-third of the output of that country. As the other two-thirds are American (partly Standard Oil), America must, like ourselves, protect her own people in Mexico, and also look to the future of her own country, as they are running short of oil in the U.S.A. In fact, so short was America's production in 1916 that she had to draw sixty million barrels from her reserves.

The American Standard Oil Company is a great concern; but it certainly did *not* finance the Mexican rebellion, as report had suggested. Neither did German official money finance the Mexican Government; *but* the Germans did assist it by large individual loans and self-ingratiation. When the States abandoned Huerta, the Germans assuredly did finance him, and no doubt aimed at making a strong puppet of him, as he was thoroughly disgusted at the lack of American support, which we British unfortunately were not strong enough, or too polite, to insist upon, although we had once refused Germany's offer to join with her in annexing Mexico. Germany would have made the discarded Huerta her henchman, but for his sudden death.

While considering finance, let it be remembered that the foreign capital in Mexico to-day is about equally divided between Great Britain and the United States.

CHAPTER XV

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

THE Germans in the pre-war period had never had much money at stake in Mexico. Their influence, however, first began to be strongly felt about 1902. For instance, a scene which took place at the famous Jockey Club entrance. Sundry South American diplomats, Brazilians, Chileans, Colombians, Peruvians, etc., were gathered together. General Mena, Minister of War, and some other Mexicans were discussing which was the foremost country at that time.

The conclusion unanimously arrived at was—Germany.

Now one asks what was the cause of German commercial success ?

Their usual form of procedure in Mexico was to advance money on crops, and on notes of hand, for which they would receive payment in kind, establishing current accounts with their clients. In this fashion a large trade in hides from the beasts on the *haciendas* was quickly built up, and shipped to Hamburg.

The Germans mostly left the mining industry in Mexico alone, and did not participate in railroad develop-

ment. They were strongest on the Pacific coast, especially at *Manzanillo*, *San Blas* and *Mazatlan*, where their influence grew year by year.

They deliberately set out to clear the competitive market of one special article at a time, taking time, and exhibiting great patience to that end. It was not alone in Mexico they did this. Consider, for instance, Ecuador during the last few years. The Germans set their hand to do away with English-made padlocks, which were very popular in that country. Padlocks seem a small thing; but anything imported as a monopoly is really a big thing. The fame of British padlocks was everywhere in Ecuador. In came the Germans. They offered and sold a better article at a price which made competition impossible. They probably made those padlocks at a grave loss at first; but they captured the trade, and then insidiously raised the price year by year.

Germans intermarry with the people. When prominent South Americans go to Europe they are made much of in Germany, fêted and feasted in every way, and indeed an organization seems to exist for the purpose. Whereas even important Mexicans or South Americans have too often been snubbed, or laughed at, in England or France, as rich, vulgar and valueless.

Owing to the effectiveness of our blockade very few Germans got back to their own country after the declaration of war in August, 1914, so that now (Autumn, 1917) everywhere from the *Rio Grande* to Cape Horn, their local organizations are unimpaired. Many

German firms have even made money out of the war, and some are in a stronger position to-day than they were before their country plunged us into this awful plight. Those Germans have not wasted time in South America, and will be a greater danger than ever after the war, with their wonderful system of propaganda and their commerce-snatching capabilities; and especially with their new Bill for the Restoration of the German Mercantile Marine, the result of which will be practically the nationalization of German shipping.

Germans are in Mexico and South America to-day. They are organized. They are systematized, and ready for the trade expansion Germany is looking to after the war.

It seems so obvious why at the present time, in Spanish countries, from Spain to Chile, German propaganda has been so successful. From the sums Germany is spending, and the way in which this propaganda is organized, it is evident that great results are expected from it by the Hun, who knows that vast business expansion must be his project after the war, when, having ceased to be the military nation, he will aim at being the exporting one. If he had not been so short-sighted as to court war, he might have been the greatest manufacturing country in the world in a few years' time. He worked hard to gain that position, and his work was gaining success; but unhappily for him the Kaiser's Militarism ruined the German business man. Mexico may love Germany, but Mexico does not love France. She has not forgotten the French occupation

or the imposition of Maximilian, and the part Austria played is regarded as secondary. Any defeat inflicted on France by Germany is no doubt popular with a large section of Mexicans, and especially among those like Carranza, who have the upper hand to-day. As for England, Mexico owes us money, and does not want to pay. They owe Germany nothing.

"Do not pay the English," Germans tell them, and tell the Equadoreans also, "When we have beaten the English you need not pay them."

The slow but sure development of German power in Mexico gradually became a menace to the United States. If Germany could only raise a rebellion in Mexico against North America as she did in Ireland against England, why, Prussia would score heavily. The Kaiser was wise enough to measure the immense length of sea coast line on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides, and note harbours for his warships and hiding-holes for his sea moles (U boats). He knew that nothing less than a hundred thousand American troops would be of the slightest avail, and five, or even ten, times that number would be required to subdue Mexico. He knew the United States hadn't got even 50,000 regulars, nor guns, nor munitions. It looked, in fact, an easy job to finance Mexico and win, and then claim Mexico as a colony with South America to follow.

Only it didn't quite come off.

Readers may wonder why one should venture to point out the omissions of the States in connection with Mexico, with Ireland knocking at our own door. Our

disastrous muddles in Ireland are the matter of a century, and would fill many volumes, whereas the trouble between Mexico and the United States is a matter of less years, and therefore more easily soluble.

How was it that the Kaiser, with all his brains, his far sight and wisdom, did not see the world had lived beyond the days of barbarism and butchery ?

How was it that a man with his insight towards commercial domination, who year by year built up great trade for his country with the entire world, whose manufacturing expansions and markets astounded mankind by their rapid development ; how was it, that this man was so utterly stupid as not to be content with the wealth and industry he has brought to Germany, that he should try and thrust his Prussianized Hohenzollernism down the throats of the world ?

He had neared the winning-post, and by a colossal blunder belaboured his commercial horse with such a cruelly wicked military stick, that his winner stumbled and fell, to be trodden under foot by one nation after another, each coming in against its wish, and yet each inspired to do so in the cause of freedom and democracy. To join hands round a peace table that will stamp out the degrading, demoralizing undoing of nations that the Kaiser's war thrust upon the world—a war secretly planned for thirty or forty years, and openly plotted at a secret session, a month before the world knew the blast furnace of wrath that was to be opened upon them on August 4th, 1914.

The German intrigues by Christmas, 1916, became

acute. Germans dropped down from North America and tried to ingratiate themselves with the Mexican Government by offering money and promising to put the terribly muddling currency on a proper basis. Where they meant to get the money from themselves to do these things remains a mystery. It was a trump card of diplomacy—an intrigue, perhaps, without the trump.

At this time it must be remembered the Mexican dollar, usually valued at twenty-four pence halfpenny, had gone down to the value of twopence halfpenny. Printing presses had been at work all over the country, making new paper money for themselves in each district. These dollar bills were more like tram tickets than money, and were forged by the million. Each fraction of Mexico had issued its own currency. Of course France had done something of the same kind in the exigency of war. She naturally called up all her gold and had to issue paper. One of these little notes represents fourpence halfpenny; each canton and almost every town issued its own money. In fact, one could not change the notes outside their own province, although they were of quite good value where they were issued. In France this paper was a matter of utility, while France held the gold in reserve; but in Mexico the paper was rubbish in most cases and represented nothing.

That Christmas (the third Christmas of the European war) it was rumoured that the Germans had bought up all the Mexican paper at four per cent. of its face value, and it was suggested that the Deutsche Bank and Spyers

0.50
CHAMBRE DE COMMERCE DE BÉTHUNE
0.50
Ces Coupures sont reçues par les Caisses Publiques de l'Arrondissement de Béthune
CINQUANTE CENTIMES
Ces Coupures peuvent être remboursées présentées à la caisse des fonds de la Banque de France
Le Trésorier
Le Président
SÉRIE 116
4 Oct. 1915.
0,290

Two Belgian notes for a franc and a half a franc struck early in the Great War.

[*To face p.* 258.

Paseo de la Reforma.

[To face p. 259.

of New York were instrumental in the deal, and hoped thereby to outwit Great Britain and the States.

By a drastic stroke the Government (Carranza), seeing they had gone too far and the country was bankrupt, insisted on going back to the silver (or gold) currency and decreed that all taxes must be paid in its own coin or United States currency, on the basis of the Mexican *peso* being at par value.

The Easter, 1917, edict was to pay not only taxes but wages on this gold basis. This meant that the American and British interests had to import gold to pay their way and that the paper they had on hand was valueless. It was literally a tax and a heavy tax on them to bring gold into Mexico. Buying gold in New York was a serious expense, and the Germans who suggested the move dealt a blow to the only people who kept the industries of Mexico going at all. The oil companies were rich and well-managed concerns and they did it. Silver rose enormously in value. The Mexican people revolted against the paper, just as they are now revolting against muddle, and by the autumn of 1917 gold was re-established and shares were on the upward grade.

But as to the oil supply of the Allies, on April 12th, 1917, six days after the formal completion of America's Declaration of War, that country had clearly put its foot down, for Washington announced that General Carranza had given positive assurances as to the supplies at *Tampico* and the other Mexican oil-fields being available for the United States and Great Britain. Next

day the Mexican Minister of Commerce made an official pronouncement to the same effect.

But to go back a moment, on the last day of January, 1917, the good Carranza sent a gushing telegram to the noble William of Prussia, congratulating him on his birthday and expressing kindly, brotherly wishes. It was the last strong link between Mexico and Germany. It suggested much fraternization; but it didn't come off. Germany was unable to support Carranza further against the States, and the States were buckling on their armour for war.

People often talk big to pose on other people, and incidentally im-pose on themselves.

One of Germany's minor machinations was brought to light in the following way.

About this time a Hindu physician, Dr. Chakiaberty, and a German doctor named Sckunner were arrested in New York on a charge of suspicion of conspiracy to initiate a military expedition against a foreign country from the United States. This cheerful little plot involved, by the prisoners' confession, an attempt to invade India by way of China—a pretty large proposition, even for the war-inebriated Von Igel, of the German Consular Service, who was directing the affair.

The two prisoners, who had been under suspicion for a considerable time, were stated to have received a modest honorarium in the shape of £12,000. The Hindu doctor, by calling himself a Persian merchant, obtained a passport to Berlin, where doubtless he received useful instructions. Von Igel furthered the campaign with

German thoroughness by propagandist literature in several Indian languages. The plotters were arrested in a house containing a large supply of such literature and a well-furnished chemical laboratory.

Here is another significant trifle. In April, 1917, we learned of a discovery by the Federal authorities at *El Paso*, Texas, to the effect that the Germans had sent £400,000, chiefly through the *El Paso* banks, to the Mexican troops.

As for our own country, we have naturally been pelted all through the war with tales of German plottings and spyings. Not a Zeppelin raid or coastal attack by runaway cruisers but has been supplemented by legends of signal lights or treacheries in some shape or other. No doubt many mare's-nests have been discovered; and until the real facts of Germany's unresting secret activity are brought home to a man he is apt to let the mare's-nest formula cover every tale that reaches his ears. To relate a little incident:

On Sunday morning, February 18th, 1917, a voice rang up on the telephone.

"I have an introduction to you," said the unknown American voice and rather plaintively, "from Dr. Z. Y. X. I landed in London only two days ago and feel very lonely in this strange city. May I come and see you?"

Naturally one replied cordially:

"Am always pleased to see an American, for they have always been so good to me. Come to-day between three and three-thirty o'clock."

The owner of the voice, appearing soon after three,

disclosed himself as a very tall, thin, rather nice-looking man, with specially good teeth. The impression he gave was that of a rough-going American from "out West."

"Are you Americans coming into the war?" was my first question, blandly toned.

"Good God!" he cried, "I hope not."

"Should your country take the plunge," I pursued, "you will have to go and fight for it, will you not?"

"Not if I can help it!" he asseverated with fervour.

This was shock Number One. For what sort of an American citizen was this, who, claiming one's sympathy and attention, repudiated with horror the idea of fighting for the Stars and Stripes?

Turning from the painful topic he fell to talking of Mexico, pronouncing my first book on that country to be the best yet written and enunciating other soothing flatteries. He also mentioned that his father was a lawyer practising in Mexico.

His hostess responded by alluding to a friend of hers, now deceased, a lawyer of distinction, also practising in that country, by name Martinez del Rio.

Strange to say, he didn't seem even to know the great Martinez del Rio's name.

Shock Number Two.

With a view to straightening out this personal-friend muddle, the writer suggested that Mexico ought to manage her own affairs, but that if she couldn't America must step in and do the business for her.

"*Woodhead* Wilson will never do that," he retorted instantly.

But evidently the subject of Mexico was also displeasing, for he turned its flank by saying :

" I used to think India ought to free itself from Britain's yoke, and did all I could to help it. But that is a long story, and done with now."

He wished, then, to make another seething Mexico of India ?

Here was shock Number Three.

" Do you belong," I questioned, " to those Indian sedition-mongers, the Karachi lot ? "

" Oh no, I come from California, but I'm interested in India."

" But why don't you want the States to take its share in the movement for destroying Kaiserdom and military autocracy ? "

" You had the States with you," he rejoined, " until you accepted the Japanese alliance. We can't stand yellow people, and that step turned all the western states against you."

" Where have you arrived from now ? " I asked at last. " Did you come from Australia ? "

No, he had never been to Australia. " I was in Java and Sumatra," he proceeded to state, " and regular Japanese islands they are. The Japs mean to have them some day. Mysterious soldiers and sailors were constantly appearing, staying for a week or two, and then disappearing. The Japs must expand because they are over-populated. They are ambitious, too, and some say over-educated."

To the writer personally the Japanese are delightful,

and she has many warm friends among them. Surely they have "arrived," and need no further expansion. Individual nations must work out their own salvation in their individual countries.

"From the islands," my visitor continued, "I went to Shanghai, where, through some passport muddle or other, I was interned for a year. Afterwards the most valuable of my papers went down with the *Arabia*, and that detained me. The Suez Canal, as we passed through, was most interesting. All about us were camps, soldiers, camels, dug-outs and all the paraphernalia of war. It was a fine scene to witness. They wouldn't let any Germans through the Canal: two of them were sent right back." And he laughed uproariously.

Shock Number Four.

For by this time one felt pretty confident he was a pro-German—if not something more definite.

In fact, one was now careful to answer all questions in the key demanded by the situation.

When my interlocutor asked and re-asked anxiously whether I knew a certain high authority at the Foreign Office, I answered bluntly, "No." (A high-pressure tarradiddle.)

When he waxed inquisitive on the food question, he extracted the information that there was no shortage. "All the talk on that head," one assured him blandly, "is mere newspaper stuff. Go round the hotels yourself and give your orders freely, and you'll see how England spells the bogey-word 'shortage.'

"The money question," one continued, "you say

the War Loan is going badly? Wait for the finish, the curtain of the play. We have millions in the country—millions quite untapped as yet. We can still carry on the war for years, if necessary. Indeed, look at our growing armies, now over six million volunteers, our flowing tide of munitions—Great Britain is only taking off her coat, just going to begin in earnest. We are spending over seven millions a day, two millions of which go to the Allies."

The visitor, perhaps a thought depressed, fortified himself with three cups of tea.

Conning over my visitor that night after his retirement, one felt that the mare's-nest formula was inadequate. One became so uneasy that it seemed well to unburden oneself to what Acts of Parliament call "competent authority." Through the telephone the burden—especially as related to the Indian episode, all of which cannot be repeated in these pages—was confided to a competent bosom.

"It may be a mare's-nest," I concluded, "but I want to see you."

At 9.45 next morning Authority, on the way to its competent office, called, to have reiterated, with bated breath, yesterday's burst of confidence.

At one o'clock the telephone bell gave a tinkle. Authority and Competence had together diagnosed the case. No further communication whatever was to be held with that puzzling dropper from the blue.

Yet he tried again, poor fellow.

Not content with leaving books at the door he

'phoned. My secretary cheered him with the information that I had gone out of town. When should I return ? Somehow my secretary didn't know (another tarradiddle of high voltage).

On Monday came two more books and a letter.

On Tuesday he rang up to know if he had dropped £2 at the flat.

On Wednesday he wrote another letter, entreating his hostess to be " mum."

To every 'phone inquiry my secretary replied as before, without reduction of voltage.

And who did the persistent fellow turn out to be ?

Competent Authority knew him. The innocent American, so new to London, so anxious for sympathetic help, for guidance through the mazes of a strange city, so fresh from his amateur toil on shipboard, had come straight from jail. For a whole twelvemonth harsh laws had kept him there in Singapore, for a matter of gun-running in the enemy's interests. And his only two or three days in London were the climax of two months in Pentonville. He was a Mexican-American-German spy.

CHAPTER XVI

A PEEP AHEAD

THE history of Mexico is knitted up with the history of the world. The skein is tangled ; but, thanks to the Kaiser, peoples will be knit together and great questions finally solved, not in the way he intended, but in the way the world—finally banded together against him—will decree. Great Britain and her Allies stopped his plans, overthrew his schemes and proved the buffer for the whole world against Prussianism for three long years.

Recurring to that strange visitor's report of the overrunning of Java and Sumatra by the Japanese, can it be that, as Prussia wished to be Dictator of Europe, Japan aims at being Dictator of Asia ?

Already the Japanese are firmly planted in Corea and Formosa, and pretty well established in China, where five hundred Germans were in Government employment. The Japanese are educated, intelligent, enterprising and ambitious. Their neighbours the Chinese are uneducated, slow, honest almost to a fault, and with little knowledge of the world outside their own country ; the ambitions of the outer world have not yet entered

their souls. Nevertheless, China will be the greatest country of the Eastern world some day. Their punctilious honesty will make them so, in spite of Prussian inoculation. After Von Hintze, a former naval officer and super-intriguer, and his forty satellites had been to Petrograd, they went on to Mexico to stir up anti-American sentiment, and then to China. This was a German ten years' jaunt through Russia, Mexico and China.

The Japan–China question must for the present remain an unknown quantity, a permanent solution of which may come eventually through American intervention. The East must be straightened out after the West.

Three months before the United States entered the war a well-known author sent a letter from Washington in which he said :

" You will not be surprised to hear that both Japan and Germany are deeply engrossed in Mexico, and that the attitude of Wilson to the war can always be deviated or checked by affairs in Mexico."

In an April number of that brilliant political weekly *New Europe*, Mr. Tokiwo Yokoi gave the following as Japan's impelling reasons for entering the war :

The need of destroying Tsingtau, Germany's military and commercial stronghold in the East, from which strong base she could have carried on an immense scheme of intrigue both in China and India.

The advantage to Japan of overthrowing German control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and seeing her ally, Russia, in possession of the same.

Japan's interest in the lasting settlement of the Polish, Alsace-Lorraine and Bohemian questions.

The Liberals of Japan understand fully that the victory of Prussian militarism would have encouraged the militarist and reactionary tendencies in their own country.

* * * * * *

And what of Britain ?

In the early days of 1917 the Germans were beaten. They had known it for many long months. Their guns were dwindling, ours were ever increasing. Their men were lessening, both in numbers and moral, while ours were growing day by day. Our airmen flew over their lines at Arras, Bullecourt, Vimy, Messines, etc., photographing their hiding-holes, and re-photographing the destruction wrought by our guns. The greatest explosion—Messines Ridge—known even to modern warfare was over, and the German " impregnable " line was being rolled back slowly but surely to the Fatherland.

Our fleet had guarded the seas for well-nigh three years ; we had fought our hardest on land, and were also financing our Allies. We were still persistently losing from one to three hundred officers a day, with casualties to the amount of four or five thousand men. We had become accustomed to this awful sacrifice of our manhood ; to a wastage which, wonderful to relate, was always cheerfully made good from that six million volunteer army and its later adjunct of conscriptionists.

And, meanwhile, our aeroplanes, tanks and armoured cars were being used in Russia, our heavy howitzers, supplemented by monitors in the Gulf of Trieste, helping Cadorna's army to break the Austrian line between Gorizia and the sea. Palestine was a heavy drain upon our troops and resources, Mesopotamia was no sinecure. Watching the ever-unrestful north-west frontier of India was a fleet of aeroplanes, used for the first time in Indian warfare in 1916–17, to say nothing of our sitting armies in France and Belgium, at Salonica, Gaza and Bagdad. Stupendous, indeed, was the financial strain of maintaining our many and far-distant campaigns.

When the real history of Armageddon comes to be written the names of Britain and the Dominions will stand forth upon every page.

Just as one is always polite to the guest within one's house and endeavours to feed him on one's best, so one is extra polite to visitors and allies; and on these lines we often heard more—a little to the chagrin of our men at times—of the doings of Australians, Canadians and South Africans than those of our own troops from the British Isles.

The United States joined the Allies April, 1917, to our joy, and we eagerly looked for their substantial help by the spring of 1918.

We fully recognized the magnificence of President Wilson's speech, made a few days later, which showed him as an idealist of the highest quality and no longer too proud to fight, except on a typewriter.

Why English-speaking people did, however, rejoice doubly was because America and Britain were to fight shoulder to shoulder by land and sea ; for every thinking man and woman regrets our stupid policy towards America years ago that lost us their friendship. Nor do we forget how fine a comradeship marked the conjoint work of the British, Russian and American troops in the relief of Pekin during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

We recognized that the main cause of the President's long delay was the necessity for unifying American public opinion. At heart he had always been pro-Ally, if report be true, together we must work for the final disarmament of the world.

Above all we recognized the supreme need of a clean-cut and permanent understanding between the United States and Britain, both for the consolidation of peace *inter se*, and for the insistent future maintenance of the world's peace—possibly by the already foreshadowed League of Peace.

Away with the Monroe Doctrine, which the *New Republic* (May 15th, 1915) said, " has been allowed to flourish under the benevolent protection of British sea-power."

Changed we are indeed—at long last, and by virtue of the greatest cataclysm in history.

Fear of consequences, fear of illness and pain, fear of action and responsibility, fear of age and fear of death have all passed away.

Enterprise, daring, and meeting death with confidence are the outcome of the war.

Great Britain found herself.

War has made men love and long for homes more than ever; but it has given girls the first taste of independence. A small revolution which appears problematical at the moment, but which will nevertheless bring a better understanding between the sexes when peace returns to the world.

But what shall be said of the preceding change which, sweeping over the Germans like a flood, has made possible a cataclysm but three years ago so unthinkable?

Thirty odd years since, when the writer was at school among them, the Germans were a charming and clever people: simple, family-loving, artistic, musical, sentimental and religious. Such was the delightful Germany of the eighties.

But a dictator, a Hohenzollern, arose among them, thrust aside a great safeguarding Pilot, and called in destruction; by overloading them, first with a wealth of caviare that their stomachs could not digest, then with a wealth of champagne that their heads were too weak to stand.

My last visit to Germany was in 1906, when the forerunner of this book appeared in a German translation and was received with acclaim by the German Press.* Why all that eulogy? Was it then in the minds of the politicians to annex Mexico and all her wealth—who knows? And why did they translate everything I

* "Der Schöpfer des Heutigen Mexiko"; and the *Preussicher Jahrbücher* gave a long and flattering article on the original, suggesting it should be translated.

ever wrote on Mexico, even to magazine articles, for their military schools and manuals ?

Conceive a Mexico Germanized *à la* Prussian Poland : her mines and oil-fields exploited in the German interest, her *haciendas* and vast ranches expropriated, her Indian children flogged for refusing to sing German national anthems.

What did the Kaiser want ?

The answer is easy. The Kaiser, being one of the most far-sighted, imaginative brains in the whole history of the world, saw that the wealth amassed in Germany must be spent outside Germany in further development for Germans. He saw that the vast population had outgrown the hemmed-in Fatherland, and was fretting at the bars for freedom and expansions, a state of feeling only held down by the strictest Prussian militarism. He doubtless knew that the Socialist party was getting stronger every day below the surface, for above the surface it was not allowed to rear its head.

A man of indomitable will, of great power and mental as well as physical strength, his danger to mankind lay in his religious belief. There is no such menace as the religious fanatic. The Kaiser was a religious fanatic. He honestly believed he was God's chosen arm and ally. He told the world again and again that he and God were marching together for the good of mankind. And he told his own people so continually of this great inspired power of his that at last he really seemed to hypnotize them. They became as plastic as clay in his hands. He muzzled the Press, so that Germany never

knew the true story of the origin of the war, or how it went from day to day.

A man of such power and such resource naturally asked himself why so many of the best sons of Germany left their homeland, why they did so well in the United States; and as he deeply regretted the loss of these adventurous spirits, over whom he lost control, he naturally felt that South America and Mexico—which, although it lies northward, is more southern in climate and thought than Argentina—would be good fields for German expansion, for the overflow of German gold and babies, and would add lustre to his crown.

His plan was well conceived, and his plan was well carried out. Germans had insidiously crept in to all sorts of odd corners as merchants or agents or just as *voyageurs;* but anyway there they were, one and all doing their best to ingratiate themselves in order to win a place in the sun.

Somehow they didn't succeed. Germans in the western world were not popular. Perhaps they wanted too much, perhaps they were too gushing and polite. They did, however, sell their wares, because they brought their catalogues ready translated into Spanish or Portuguese and had already themselves acquired these tongues, so they had the inestimable advantage of talking to the people in their own language. The north quickly saw the advantage of this. The great Pan-American Union was founded in Washington, and American agents, equipped with these tongues and these translated catalogues, ran the Germans hard in the south.

The first direct steamer (British, forsooth !) from New York to Brazil and Argentina, sailed from New York the day after Christmas, 1912. The writer was one of the few women passengers. Nearly everyone else was a commercial traveller, and all of them were American or German—at every port we came to, Barbados, Bahia, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo or Buenos Aires, we dropped these men, with their ploughs, harvesters, water-mills, milkers, separators, thrashers, binders, engines or motor-cars. They worked hard to get business, and they got it, both the Americans and the Germans. It was a race for trade between the United States and Germany.

England had been firmly established as a pioneer for several generations, and, dozing, sat still where these others pushed ahead ; but, strange as it may seem, while they really did push ahead because the countries were expanding, England never lost her place as the producer of much that is best, and therefore constantly in demand.

Britain will keep her place—if only she will mend her ways, slough off her most dangerous weaknesses.

If individuals would only give up talking so much of their rights, their own ridiculous little rights, and think less of themselves and more of other people and their own nation's right, what a blessing it would be. If, instead of men " downing tools " for sixpence they would think of men downing their own lives for their country, what an uplifting of mankind would be vouchsafed. They only want their rights for themselves, those strikers

and revolutionaries; they care nothing of the rights of civilization. Their ethics are small, their stupidity supreme. One can do so much more by example and gentle reasoning than by silly ways and harsh words. Labour can do nothing without capital. Capital has to stand all the rack and anxiety. Capital can do nothing without labour, although machinery will oust half the labour. War exigencies and women have shown us that speeding up is compatible with proficiency. Ambition is a fine thing and hard work does no man harm.

The poor Mexican still lolls. His people are the product, of course, of a southern clime, and they are proverbially inherently idle, for the sun affects them, and thins their blood and their vitality. Besides, they were conquered by Spain—in the great days of Spain, it is true, when she not only colonized but encouraged—but Spain has fallen back since then, and Mexico has never gone forward sufficiently to hold true to herself. She was held together by one man. When he left she tumbled to pieces like a pack of cards.

National progress demands a better understanding between employer and employed. Each seems to think the other a thief. The Mexican *peon* considers the *ranchero* a thief and *vice versa.* Trade unions limit output in so-called educated lands. Customs limit output in uneducated lands. I have seen ore ground by a donkey going round and round till the hoofs were eaten off its fetlocks, and the natives preferred that style to grinding by machinery. I have seen corn ground in Mexico between two stones as in

ancient Egypt; but the day has surely come when there must be no limit of output in any land, either on the side of the individual or the stuff he works. Education is the mainspring, and without proper, sound education of things that matter, the watch stops, and the nation snaps like the mainspring of a time-keeper.

Land grants must be given to the Mexican, and he must be taught how to work his land and take pride in his own property. He must be inspired to be self-reliant and self-supporting.

Germany was forced into Prussianized military education.

The United States educated itself at its magnificent free night schools.

Great Britain didn't give herself a proper chance, there were no night schools and little encouragement.

We want better education, especially technical, scientific and ethical education in England, and they want more and better education both technical, scientific and ethical in Mexico. The two countries cannot be educationally compared; but the Mexican is fighting for so-called freedom with little education, while the British workman is fighting for so-called rights with very indifferent knowledge.

Education, and the flutter of the Stars and Stripes in the schools, made the United States what she is to-day.

Extra education, if one may call it *extra* in the case of the bulk, the masses of the people, works two ways. Extra education in Germany made the masses into

military machines. Extra education in America has made America. Every youth, once done with his public school (our county council school) where all classes rub shoulder to shoulder, works for his wages in the present, and attends the above-mentioned free night schools to improve his future. Everyone seems to go to night schools. The typist is not content to type all day and go to cinemas and music-halls all the evening, or to spend her money on blouses and hats; she leaves her day's work, has a good solid meal, and at seven or eight o'clock is at a night school learning French, Chemistry, Literature, Banking, Optics, Cooking, anything and everything. She becomes an expert, and in time she becomes typist to—let us say an optician if she studies optics; and on she goes, step by step, until at last, having learnt the job of the man above her, she gradually steps into his shoes. And so on all up the scale. The desire for education is there. Every man and woman educates himself or herself, and that makes the ambition and success of America. America is no man's land and it is every man's land. America represents nothing, and America represents everything. She is a great nation.

Lower down the educational scale comes Great Britain.

Our education is all wrong. The bulk of the people, the masses, are none the better for knowing where India is, or that there was once a woman called Queen Anne. A little knowledge of that kind is useless, a lot of it is invaluable. We teach them the little, and

don't inspire them to want the more. Result, our factories are full of half-educated, self-centred, unpatriotic people whose one idea is self, and "self" ends in strikes. They are discontented, they don't know why, they can't think or reason, and so they strike, their own little individual grievance being of more importance to them than the whole Empire.

It is the same tale—only more so—in Mexico, where education, or the want of it, played a large part in the national havoc.

In the upper classes (hateful words) instinct teaches us to be straight and honourable, just as it does the thoroughbred to race or jump hurdles that the shire horse can't tackle and has no instinct except to avoid. Our masses, brought up in different conditions, are not taught the value of character, their duty to the State or the origin of the word citizen. These things should be inoculated. They are more important to them than India's place on the map, or Queen Anne's reign.

The little board school girl may gradually become the board school miss. Her horizon is very small, and she merely teaches other board school boys and girls along her own lines of education, with no higher ideal, no ambition, and no knowledge of the importance of character. Morals, thrift, decent language, honesty, cleanliness, unselfish dealings with others are seldom thought of. These children are not taught an idea as a whole. To look upon the country as a whole, but merely from their own puny personal point of view.

Gentlewomen had formerly never entered the working area as they did after the war note sounded in 1914. Then they saw the factories and factory life, slums and slum life as a whole, and they were horrified. Their influence bore good fruit; but that influence was only in spots, and the whole educational dog must be tackled and not his spots. The mingling of the classes was deficient in England; but it was far, far worse in Mexico. The rich Spanish-Mexican, with a home in Paris or Madrid, knew nothing whatever of his peasantry. He did nothing to educate them, amuse them, or improve them. They toiled. He spent. The land was his. The work was theirs. Things were bad, very bad, and it seems strange on looking back that Diaz with his wide vision did not see how bad they were. He lacked the idealist's imagination.

Can anything be done through the cinema—not only in Mexico, but in England—to teach the well-meaning but insensitive more vitally the game of thrift, now that it is a game of national life and death? Well-meaning; yes, people are often well-meaning, and yet are addicted through ignorance to crass and lamentable wastefulness, and a word suggesting thrift from the mistress is interpreted as meanness in the kitchen. One can hardly blame the servants, perhaps, because they are not sufficiently taught thrift, duty and discipline in the schools, and the most wasteful homes in the country are the homes of the poor. These

"poor" are the rich to-day by the chances of war, and the "rich" are poor through the imposition of endless taxation.

Education should first teach every child to be a good citizen. It should be good in its home, good outside its home, true to the best ideals, and always remember it is just a bit in the puzzle scheme of life, and must do its very best in citizenship.

No one should grow up to depend on anyone else. From our youth onwards we should ourselves provide for our old age. Once the spirit of saving is inculcated, it grows apace like nettles, and stings others who try wrongly to grasp our gains. If only the *peon* could be taught to work and save, to be ambitious and work till he attains his own bit of land, to become self-reliant and eschew that cursed drink *pulque*, a new country could rise out of the ashes of this Mexican revolution.

He is still at heart a wild man, a man of the virgin forests, a man of the mountains—and his wife is his slave. The low-born Mexican woman knows nothing, and wants to know nothing.

On the other hand, the British lady to-day must know everything. She has to be able to show domestics everything, and instead of being merely a cook, a housemaid, a parlourmaid, or a nurse, she has to do a good bit of the work for everyone, and think out and supervise the rest of it. She is unpaid and often unthanked, and generally home-bound. Nevertheless, our home life must not be allowed to slip away from us. When we institute co-operative house-keeping we shall apparently live

more publicly, because it is better and cheaper; but we shall always retire like rabbits to our own warrens, to our own armchairs and writing-tables, book-cases, beds and sofas—our own, all our very own. Oh, the joy of these three words, "our very own." In our own room (or rooms) we shall have the privacy so necessary to happiness, to individuality and to home life.

Home life is the backbone of the country. Home life is the map on which are spread the inherited chattels of our forbears, and the slices of our own individual taste. Show me a home and I gauge its occupant. Home life does not mean living in lodgings or a furnished flat; but in one's own single room or rooms, providing one's own toys and playthings, where everything is one's own; where every little article is associated with a little sentiment, and has a little pride of place attached. Those personalities are joys to all of us. And yet the poor Mexican lives in a mud hut or a reed tent, while all his belongings can be tied up in a handkerchief.

Mexicans must be taught to make homes and value homes. They must learn that a railway siding or a station or a street corner is not a place to sleep in. They must build up homes.

Great rebuilding schemes will come with the end of the war. As we build up a better, cleaner society, we must build up better, cleaner homes. Our fighters appreciate their homes more than ever after the horrors of war. Women, and women alone, can make these homes real homes; but the architect of the

future must see that everything possible is done to economize labour, to baffle dirt, and erect hot-water supplies and kitchens, wash houses and nurseries according to modern requirements.

Every good life radiates good, just as every bad one leaves an inky smirch. Goodness always yields high interest; badness may thrive for a short time, but is always found out. And the same applies to the home. Life is such a tiny span. It is nothing to the billions of years of this great universe, and yet every life born should leave the world better, not worse, for it is transient, and every home should leave its stamp. The home is the cradle of the race.

They say war is the young man's life; it is the old theorist's death.

Nations learnt more in three years of war than in thirty years of peace. Everything developed, every science was keyed to concert pitch, every chord of human feeling vibrated with love and sympathy, hatred and vice. As gold is tried by fire, humanity is tried by war, and our homes must be worthy of all they have cost us to defend. Mexicans have destroyed the homes of the rich; but they have not built up homes for the poor. That home-building is a science they must learn with modern education, and evolution and pride of possession.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KAISER IN MEXICO

THE Kaiser's ambition to annex half Europe failed. If, as suggested before, Japan has any real thought of annexing half the East, let her pause and think. Nations differing in thought and language are not easily annexed. Let the Japs take warning. To-day expansion by process of seizing other peoples' property is an impossibility.

Mexico could and would have been a great Prussian ally if the Entente Powers had not won the war and already beaten Prussia before America entered the arena.

Europe welcomed the United States as a moral force—but it came too late to save millions of good lives and the destruction of hundreds of townships and thousands of acres of agricultural land.

If we were disappointed at America's acceptance not merely of the *Lusitania* outrage, but of the further submarine piracy that went on month by month unpunished, we must bring a seeing eye to bear upon a complex situation. The Atlantic seaboard was fired quickly enough; but a flame takes time to spread

through a huge country, a community of a hundred million souls of mixed race. This vast congeries must be made one in sentiment: doubtless its President could not stir with but half a nation at his back. Its unification, especially in face of the unresting propaganda of a cunning enemy in its midst and Mexico gnawing at its vitals, was a tremendous problem. Happily the Zimmermann plot, as said, proved an instant and complete solution of the difficulty, awakening even the West, indifferent hitherto, to a great realization.

By that one bad stroke the Germans put the game into President Wilson's hands.

And the game once started, with how fine a combination of vigour, foresight and sound judgment was it carried through, alike by President and people. Instructed by our mistakes, they played, from the very outset, to win. Millions of money were raised, as if by magic. Compulsory Service, the great pill so nauseous to democracies, was swallowed with little more than a murmur. Food, munitions, railways, shipping were put under State control. When Registration Day came, ten million men gave in their names in a single twelve hours. General Pershing's "standard bearers," after fighting their way through the enemy submarines, brought their fresh blood—with a splendid promise of more and ever more to follow—to the sorely-tried Army of France. The aeroplane industries of the States became a vast hive whose out-put may, by 1918, provide the knock-out blow to Prussianism.

This great influx of new strength came, moreover, just when Russia, in her throes, was staggering weak hopes, shaking even strong ones.

Lord Bryce, one of our greatest statesmen, writers and diplomats, never wavered in his assurance of final victory until the Russian cloud so unexpectedly darkened the sky for the Allies.

America's coming in brightened afresh a mist-dimmed firmament.

As Ian Hay says, " This war is being won by second lieutenants." Can we doubt but that the young American officer, who has gone through the severe three or four years' curriculum at West Point, will secure a high place in this connection ? To-day there are admirable training camps for the 40,000 young American officers who have come forward in precisely the same spirit as our own young fellows did three years before from School and University. In the United States, as with us, the Idle Rich have come to the fore—have come into their own, one might almost say, proving to the hilt their value at a supreme national crisis.

America knows now, if she failed to grasp the truth at first, that this is a war for freedom and democracy—and that the burden of finishing the war must rest principally upon the shoulders of John Bull and Uncle Sam, while Mexico looks on.

Hurrah for Uncle Sam, his hard-set will and heart, his strong brain, and the army of millions he is fast bringing to birth !

Among other changes we Britons were transmuted into a great military nation ; and so it was that Easter, 1917, found us, after winning the possibly crucial Battle of Arras, pushing forward our gigantic new army of millions towards Germany, partly by the very road along which our miniature Expeditionary Force of a few thousands had retired from Mons in 1914. Once recovered from the shock of the sudden and unexpected German onrush, in two and a half years we had brought into being such a force of men, guns and munitions as, before this Armageddon, the world had never seen, and we were crumbling up those "impregnable fortresses" built by the Germans after the great rush for which we were all so unprepared. America had joined us : then Mexico began to wobble. Carranza, who had got rid of the United States troops and was once more master of his own country, in turn wanted more help from Germany. The Kaiser after nearly three years began to feel that he could no longer support Mexico sufficiently for her to make a real stand against the United States, which she had defied for five years and constantly irritated almost to the point of a breach ; but which was now in its turn contemplating the creation of a great army, an army which may some day be turned against Mexico.

Carranza's telegram to congratulate the noble William on his birthday, with the landing of three hundred Germans, bolstered friendship only for a time. More Huns could not be spared, for, with the prospect

of Americans on European soil a year later, Prussia knew it must harbour its resources at home, that, in fact, the irritation it had caused the States through Mexico had not been of much avail.

And the French ?

Soon, no later than April 17th, the news reached us that our steadfast, brilliant and splendid Ally, recovered from the long strain of Verdun, was striking in with all his might on the right of the British attack. From Lens to St. Quentin our line was pressing on—from Soissons to Rheims France had now opened an offensive as glorious, capturing position after position, and therewith adding 10,000 German prisoners to our week's haul of 14,000. By July the Germans were being rolled back to Germany, and Mexico—like Spain and Sweden—was beginning to lose faith in her Kaiser friend. No longer stunned by the German rush, we beat them back in their own coin, with gas and with tunnelling explosives, and dug them out of the underground fortresses they had built two years before. No one had time to think of Mexico and her half-educated peoples. The greatest brains of the world were at war against the greatest devices and strategies of a quarter of a century. Lust for gain was being crushed hour by hour by the Entente Powers in Europe, and the United States was girding her loins to take her share next year.

* * * * * *

War brought us all out. Don't let peace and

prosperity send us back to our sleepy, rotten, selfish, jealous lives. Philosophy should be taught in every school, and logic should not be forgotten. We are a nation of new men and women, comrade men and women. Let us remain so.

Every human being is possessed of more courage than he wots of. A fact strongly shown in war, where the simplest lad has often done the greatest deeds. We are so apt to distrust our strength, so, when all surrounding us are putting forth their best, each unobtrusively suggests greater possibilities to the other. Courage is born of opportunity.

Tenacity is a great gift. It can be encouraged. War had brought out tenacity. War is a cruel but great school. To the uneducated Mexican it may be pure butchery without thought, to the Prussian it may be butchery with philosophical reasoning; but to the average of mankind it brings out the very best thought through a slough of the very worst.

During the summer a curious situation arose in regard to the status of Germans in China.

On April 10th, 1917, a German ex-marine was caught, under suspicious conditions, inside the Shanghai electric power station. The man was handed over for trial to the Dutch Consul-General. The trial was secret and conducted in the German tongue. Two officials of the German Consulate took part in the proceedings. Public opinion warmly demanded that China should take immediate steps to rectify this absurd state of things by regaining proper control over the German elements.

A week later the German-Mexican question again cropped up.

The German domination of Mexico, we learned from Washington, was becoming more marked. A newspaper had been suppressed as too sympathetic to the Allies; it was even said that the funds of some Mexican banks were in jeopardy. Everywhere German propagandism was most active and virulent.

There followed shortly news even more significant; to wit that the Mexican Government had taken over, under plea of military necessity, the British railway running from *Vera Cruz* to Mexico City, and were about to take over the *Tehuantepec* railway, the ownership of which is shared between the Government and a British company.

It became clear later that this amounted to confiscation, while the strong pro-German sympathies of Carranza and the Mexican Congress emphasized the possibility of war between Mexico and the United States. Should this eventuate, it is generally believed that the conquest of Mexico by an American army would involve a three-year campaign.

At this time the influence of the priests had become very great in Mexico. All powerful before their overthrow by Juárez in 1863, impotent from that period to the downfall of Diaz, they had once again risen to power, and were doubtless a strong ally for the Kaiser, in Mexico as elsewhere. On April 19th the German Federal Council, to the surprise of the world, agreed with the Reichstag to abolish the law regarding the prohibition

of the Order of the Society of Jesus of July 4th, 1872. And so, after nearly five-and-forty years, the Jesuits were to re-enter Germany and to be welcomed with open arms by the Kaiser.

Why ?

Perchance because the Kaiser had found them useful in Ireland, where priests and Jesuits had done much to foment the rebellion, and in Russia, where revolution was brought about through the intrigues of Rasputin, a German Jesuit. Also because he wished to make friends again with the Pope, with whom he had fallen into such marked bad odour through his many iniquities —his murdering of Belgian priests, imprisoning of Cardinal Mercier, bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, and enslavement of harmless Belgian civilians.

Next day we learned of an attempted rebellion by the Germans in southern Brazil, a well-armed rebellion, backed by munitions and artillery. The move appeared to be in the direction of Uruguay, whose Government was concentrating troops upon its frontier.

Among the countless doings which must blacken the Hohenzollern escutcheon for at least a generation was one revealed to the world by the German Press itself—a thing so abominable that we might well refuse at first to credit it. It was from a letter in the *Lokalanzeiger* of April 10th that we first heard of the " Corpse Exploitation Establishment."

The letter, from Karl Rosner, ran thus in translation :

" We pass through Evergnicourt. There is a dull

smell in the air as if lime were being burnt. We are passing the great Corpse Exploitation Establishment (*Kadaververwertungsanstalt*) of this Army Group. The fat that is won here is turned into lubricating oils, and everything else is ground down in the bone mills into a powder, which is used for mixing with pigs' food and as manure. Nothing can be permitted to go to waste."

What must have been the horror of the Mexicans—at the time her sworn friends and allies—at this inhuman desecration by Germany of her own sacred dead?

In Mexico the reverential treatment of the dead is universal. The corpse is attired in all its best: the gentleman in his dress suit, the lady in her newest silk gown. Sometimes even now—following a former custom—the dead are buried clothed as nuns and friars, whole families being constantly employed in making the grave clothes (*mortaja*). The coffin is never screwed down, but fastened by a lock, the key of which is held by the chief mourner, who opens it—as prescribed by law for the prevention of murder and fraud—just before it is finally lowered. Once the writer came upon a touching scene. A dead baby, but eight or ten months old, was being watched by its mother.

Poor mother! She was only a child herself, little more than fourteen, and yet the chord of maternity had been struck, deeply, oh so deeply, down in her woman's heart. I looked at her mourning over her baby. Was ever more pathetic scene enacted in this

world than the child-mother mourning over her baby doll? The little thing was stretched out on a grass mat, and sitting on her heels beside it was the poor mother who had given it life. She was not crying. Some grief is too deep for tears; she was barely moaning as she swayed herself to and fro and clenched her hands until the blood almost gushed from her slim brown fingers.

Could such a country remain in alliance with the corpse-desecrators of Berlin?

Carranza seemed to think so—at least until the United States decreed to join the Allies and a strange rumour drifted across the Atlantic.

It was said that Mexico was on the verge of breaking off relations with the Central Powers and also joining the Entente. The *volte-face*—surely the most Gilbertian ever perpetrated even by Mexico—was understood to be the result of Guatemala's example. The latter had not only, like Brazil, Bolivia, Honduras and Cuba, broken off with Germany, but offered its posts, railways and territorial waters for use by the United States. Enough to make Mexico quail when she also saw she would no longer be bolstered up by Germany.

At any rate it came to pass that, on June 26th, 1917, one of the leading papers in Mexico, called *El Universal*, inaugurated a national campaign actually advocating the severance of relations with Germany, and asserting that Mexico's place was by the side of the Entente Powers. *El Universal* expressed the views of many of the prominent leaders of the country's military and

political parties, to the effect that Mexico could no longer endure the violation of her neutrality caused by the presence of thousands of German spies in her midst. Some of them even went so far as to urge that, in order to uphold Mexico's ideals of justice, she should immediately declare war on Germany. The paper also clearly pointed out that the Latin-American ideals of Mexico incline towards the Allies rather than in the direction of the ideals of Pan-German absorption and militarism as expressed by Germany.

Certainly if Germany could only have got Mexico embroiled in war against the United States, and if Germany had won in Europe while the West was busy with its own affairs, Mexico would have become a great Prussian possession ; a dumping ground for thousands of Germans, a market for German wares, and in fact a magnificent field for expansion.

We know Germany wanted the whole of South America—her statesmen said so from time to time—but her plots were even deeper and more silently laid in Mexico.

When the United States joined the Allies Carranza had a rude shock. His little German god fell from his pedestal as the gods of Montezuma fell before him. In the heat of the summer and the fall of the autumn leaf he saw the States arming day by day. He saw one South American land after another joining the Allies. He saw Cuba early in the fray, in words if not actually in deeds, and he realized that any possibility of alliance with Germany was now dead. No bolstering up with

German money could help him now. Better turn to the British or Americans for support than fight those countries individually or collectively.

Carranza, by August, 1917, was on one leg of the four-legged chair. What was to be his next move ?

* * * * * *

Six months before there is not the slightest doubt that Germany was convinced of her power to bring Great Britain to its knees through the unrestricted use of submarines. It was verily and indeed a critical time for us, our ships sunk in the worst week—that ending April 22nd—amounting to 56, of which 41 were craft of 1,600 tons and over. But great men and women always rise to great occasions, and we found new ways of tackling this new scourge, which again and again torpedoed—with incredible barbarity—even our hospital ships. By June 3rd the list had sunk to 18, and, although in the following week a total of 30 looked ominous, a German journal was for the first time permitted to sound a note of despondency—to the effect that the submarine campaign could no longer be counted upon to bring about a British surrender. The passing of such a statement by the censor sounded the knell of the only hope that had remained to Germany after our conquest of the Zeppelin menace wellnigh a year before.

Not only were our maimed and wounded, our merchant Jacks, our peaceful fishermen being murdered at sight

by the devilish submarines, but also the non-combatants of many neutrals—even pro-German neutrals. Poor little Norway, our staunch friend, was suffering horribly. She—the third largest mercantile marine Power three years before—had lost a third of her merchantmen. Norway was embittered to the soul—and hungry. Her sailors had suffered. Many of them had been torpedoed several times. One stalwart Viking had actually been torpedoed nine times, and was itching to go to sea again.

Germany would have liked Norway, Mexico and Spain as bases for her U boats. In fact, she used all three surreptitiously no doubt.

A friend writing from Norway, June, 1917, remarked :

" I am happy to say, that here the feelings against the ' culturists ' are running higher every day ; we find out things about them which I cannot write in a letter ; but would it do anybody any good to go to war against them ? A country of two and a half million inhabitants, but larger than England, and with a coast which in a straight line would stretch from the North Cape to Greece, cannot be defended by ourselves alone. I think, that what the Germans want, is to get us into war ; then they hope that Sweden at last would join them. But there is no danger of that any longer ; they are beginning to hate them as heartily in Sweden as we do here.

" In the meantime, innumerable are the stories one

hears of the Kaiser, many of them very amusing. They relate that he just now wrote to a great friend of his in Norway, the German Consul here, and said:

"'In September the final victory will be mine, then I will come to Norway, to my dear Norway, and send out invitations for a great ball on board.'

"The Consul answered:

"'Don't, your Majesty, I and my old aunt would be the only ones to accept.'

"One night the Emperor was very dispirited; his 'daily victory' had been so very negative that he had not even sent out a telegram to congratulate the Crown Prince. His wife had given him an execrable dinner, mostly consisting of macaroni; and so he knelt down in his shirt and boots, and prayed to his war god: 'Dear God, I am tired of this valley of tears, I pray you to remove me from here and take me to yourself.' Suddenly the room was filled by a strong red light, and the devil was standing in a corner, tail, hoofs and all.

"'What do you want?' he said.

"'Are you my war god?' the Emperor exclaimed aghast.

"'Certainly, dear Willy,' said the black one.

"'And now you come to take me to Hell?'

"'Certainly not,' said his subterranean majesty, 'in Hell I have always been first, and I mean to remain the first in future. But you can have some fire and brimstone and start on your own.'"

* * * * * *

We shall no more forget Norway, her friendship and her suffering, than we shall forget the pro-Germanism of Sweden and Spain. How these latter countries could retain that sentiment in face of Prussia's plain bid for the domination of Europe, of her countless barbarities by land and sea that cry aloud to Heaven and stink in the nostrils of an amazed world, is a mystery indeed. We shall neither forget nor forgive it. But in the case of Sweden there was reason. Russia had behaved badly to Finland after grasping her from Swedish arms, and the fear was lest history should repeat itself, and Sweden also become the plaything of Russia as poor honest little Finland—the land of lakes —had been.

For some hundreds of years Finland belonged to Sweden, being conquered by the latter in the period 1157–1323, and the stamp of Sweden was to be found on its inhabitants; especially among the aristocracy, who still spoke that language in their homes. But in 1809 Russia stepped across the frontier, seized Finland, annexed it as her own, and a year later the King of Sweden renounced all his claims.

Considering that Russia conquered Finland she has been very generous, but, unhappily, she did not even understand the language of the people she governed, knew nothing of them or their ways, and, more than that, did not even worship in the same church.

It was because the Finlanders behaved so well that the Tsar conceded much, and left them their independent constitution and their Lutheran Church. The Tsar

Alexander I. was really the Grand Duke of Finland, which was ruled by a Governor-General, by the Imperial Finnish Senate, and by a Diet composed of four Houses —the Nobles, the Clergy, the Burghers, and the Peasants. The members of Parliament met every three years, and had the power of voting money, altering the constitutional laws of the country, and regulating commercial enterprise. But the Church had the final decision in the Court of Appeal in both criminal and civil cases.

Nicholas II., whom revolution thrust from his throne so dramatically in May, 1917, on ascending the throne promised to abide by his antecedents' vow to Finland; he unfortunately broke that oath.

Finland was a little place, and the oath seemed a little matter; but it no doubt decided Sweden's attitude towards the Entente Powers, for she had never forgotten Russia's seizure of its smaller neighbour a hundred years before and feared she might herself be crushed as Finland had been under the Russian sway.

Before the war the passport was as necessary in Finland as in Russia, because Finland belonged to the Tsars; but still it did seem extraordinary that, as the Finns were Russian subjects, they should require a passport to take them in or out of Russia. This was the case, however, and if a man in Wiborg wanted to spend the day in St. Petersburg to shop and visit a theatre he had to procure a passport, a bit of red-tapeism which much annoyed the Finlander.

Howbeit Russia, after her revolution, took a totally

new attitude towards Finland, whose prospect in consequence steadily brightened from that day.

In the throes of her revolution Russia had to struggle with her socialists, the extremists of whose party were ready to make peace with Germany. As a check to these Leninists, as they were called, Britain sent more stores, with Labour speakers, and politely explained that Japan would be quite willing to take over Manchuria and Siberia if Russia should fail to keep faith with the Allies, and China was already buckling on her sword.

* * * * * *

These things may not appear to have much connection with Mexico, yet in sooth their relation to it is vital. Had Prussia and Mexico, as suggested above, combined, where would the United States have been—and where, in the end, Mexico herself ?

Europe was the buffer—the retaining bulkhead between Germany and her aims in North and South America.

Although the Kaiser never himself set foot in South America or Mexico, his minions did their work well; and no outside influence impinging upon Mexico was ever so strong, so mischievous, so dangerous as that of the Kaiser.

There is no doubt about it that if things had gone as William II. wanted in 1916—just ten years after the story of this book starts with Diaz at the zenith

of his power, he would have made a great coup with Mexico against the States, and possessed himself of one of the greatest countries of undeveloped possibilities in the world to-day.

Only things didn't go on the Western Front as he planned, and he didn't annex Mexico under his all-tender banner. The United States, as said, never seemed to understand the Mexican situation. Indeed, after Roosevelt left—and he talked with knowledge on the subject—Washington seemed callous and ignorant on the question when I was last there in the winter of 1912. Much of the ruin is due to their lethargy—and to our want of intervention a year or so before. We—two great powers—allowed Mexico, once on the upward road, to slip back to sheer barbarism and debauchery. Much bloodshed lies on both our heads, and much of the world's development has been retarded.

Great Britain will not interfere. It will be the prerogative of Mexico's nearest neighbour. Mexico is, however, once more beginning to raise her head, and may soon take her place again in international politics.

And now, over three years after the opening of the European war, 40,000 Americans are in France learning the last routine drills to qualify them for entering the trenches. How many years more, one wonders, will it be, or perchance, mere months, before the first contingent of 40,000 Americans will boldly march into Mexico? The thing will be inevitable unless Mexico takes herself strongly in hand. The United States,

when she has equipped an army and done her bit in Europe, must swoop boldly to the South and, if necessary, restore order by force in the land of Montezuma. Her policy of watchful onlooking in the Philippines, whom she allows to govern themselves, requires an army of 10,000 men—she must tackle Mexico in a similar fashion.

It may take half a million men; but it must be done.

It is quite unlikely that another Diaz will rise in that land; such men are rare in the entire world, and among the Indian population almost unknown. The United States will have to treat Mexico as we have treated India, and in some ways she will have finer material, and far more civilized stuff to deal with than we had when Clive gave us India on the battlefield of Plassy. With the advance of thought and the quick interchange by post, telegraph and cable, more and more individual government is allowed to each country, a thing that was impossible in the old sailing days when protection had to be real protection, and government real government. It is hardly likely, nor would it be wise, for the United States to annex Mexico, for this would mean unending friction between utterly dissimilar peoples in whom hatred and distrust has been fostered for half a century in the Southern parts. But the wisdom and guidance of North America, her wealth of intellect and education will mean much to the poor blood-sodden land which has fallen back a century in civilization in the span of five or six years.

A firm hand is wanted. A firm, civilized government with a civilized figurehead of grit, determination and judgment, and Mexico will become to the United States a modified version of what Egypt, India and South Africa are to us—great countries with great ideals, present and future, in the brotherhood of a great empire. Mexico must not be submerged, but recreated as a free and happy and law-abiding nation.

To sum up, let us repeat that the United States must intervene in Mexico, but must never annex it. Annexation is against their policy, and neither party wants it.

The States must allow Mexico at least to try—under strong guidance—to rule itself. But it is undeniable that a mighty tough job awaits the intervening power. It will be, at best, no light task to supervise so vast a country, and a nation and government so entirely unsympathetic. It will be necessary to send half a million of men right down to Mexico City, and after order is restored, to leave fifty thousand scattered about the big centres; not to interfere, but to prove by moral suasion that Americans are sincere in their wish, as friends and neighbours, for good government.

The Carranza régime is not yet at an end; chaos still holds the upper hand in Mexico; British properties and railways are being confiscated without our being in a position to resent these arbitrary acts. But—again thanks to the Kaiser—Great Britain and the States are in closer touch over Mexican affairs than ever heretofore.

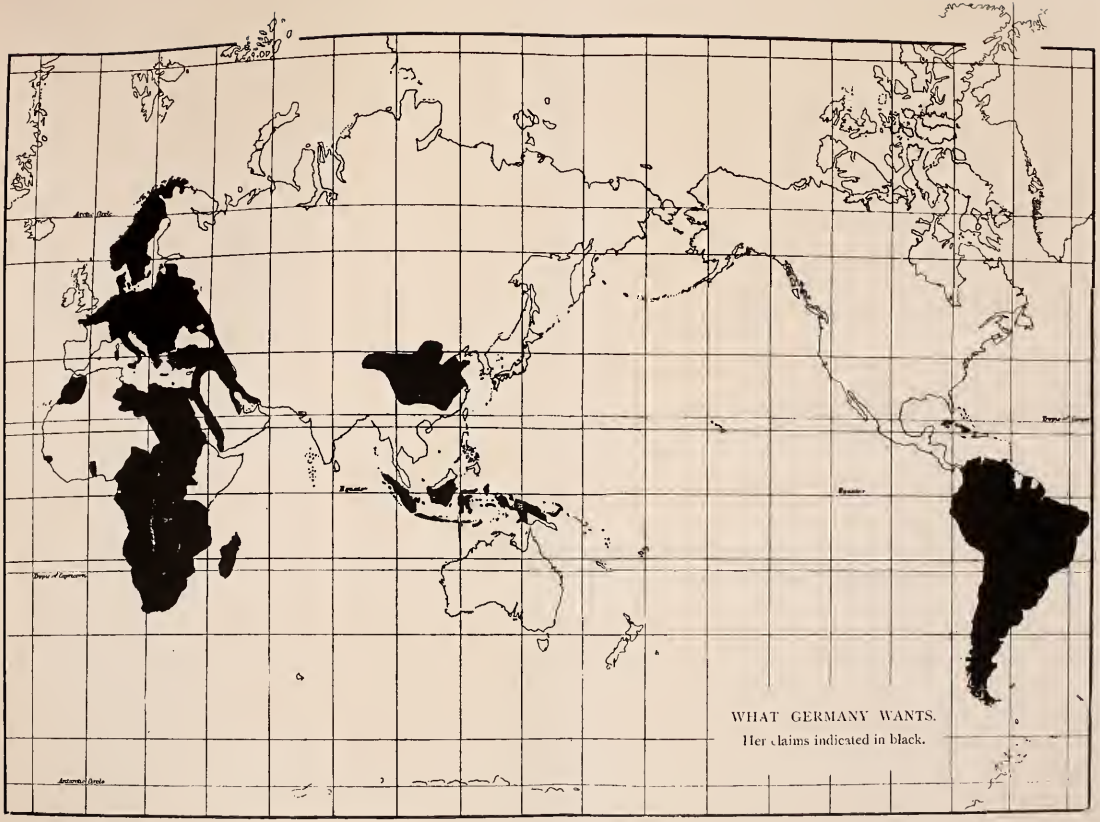
Moreover, Mexican discontent with the state of affairs is extreme, and their insane hatred of the Americans, after the unhappy military intervention, is intensified.

The people, sick of revolution, would give anything for peace. Even the *peons* and revolutionists might now be led by Carranza, if only the German element would leave him alone. He could rely on the army—which although not so effective as it was under Diaz, is still strong—were it not for the corrupting taint of German influence, still doing its best to drag Mexico into the Great War on the side of Prussianism. Britain can never take the lead; but she must help Mexico, who must repeal her constitution, treat foreigners with respect, uphold the rights of property, and strive to rehabilitate her finances and maintain order.

The financial side has been largely helped by the soaring in value of Bar Silver, which has now reached the price of 44¾d., a record since 1891. And happily Mexico is full of silver, both in ore and coin.

Carranza has been played with by Germany because he is afraid of General Obregon, the Mexican socialist-military General with aspirations and German tendencies. The latter has done his best to get Mexico into the war on the German side, and has many German lieutenants in the Government; but so far he has failed.

If Carranza, the only possible ruler on the horizon at the moment, has a grain of wisdom he will shake off the Prussian influence, promptly slip into the war on the side of the Allies, and take over German shipping and gold.



WHAT GERMANY WANTS.
Her claims indicated in black.

As we ring down the curtain on the tragedies of Mexico, made beautiful by God's hand, but defamed by man's lust, the world must leave that country to work out its own salvation. Bigger thoughts engross men elsewhere, and her nearest neighbour, the United States, is too busy in the closing days of 1917 to make a protest or intervene in any way. America came into the war from no altruistic motives; but because if Prussia conquered Europe, America would be her next goal, and she hoped to rely on Mexico and South America and the Germans in the States to help her. The Americans are fighting for America and their own future safety.

If President Wilson later gets his teeth into Mexico as he has into the European War in its fourth year, then all his tardy waiting must be forgiven. He and his nation are rising to great heights.

The whole world of democracy is fighting the last autocracy in Europe.

INDEX

Agua Prieta, 65, 66.
Alamos, Sonora, 33.
Alcolhuans, 135.
Alexandra, Queen, 17.
Alfonso XIII. 89, 122, 132.
Alvarez, General, 149.
Attila, The, 197.
Aztecs, The, 62, 135.

Badger, Admiral, 179.
Barcelona, 203.
Bavaria, The (Hamburg-America Line), 197.
Bazaine, General, 9.
Benton, Mr. 168–170, 185, 186.
Bernstorff, Count, 244, 245, 248.
Berriozábal, General, 6.
Bethmann-Hollweg, Dr. 241, 248.
Bismarck, Prince, 128, 235.
Blanquet, General, 202, 203.
Bogota, 238, 239.
Bolivar, Simon, 29.
Botha, General, 24, 235.
Bravo (Gunboat), 194.
Bristol, H.M.S. 202.
British Legation, 67.
Brownsville, Texas, 10.
Bryan, W. J. 154–156, 170, 181, 196, 200, 201.
Bryce, Lord, 286.

Cabrera, Luis, 246, 247.
Cadena, 47.
Cadorna, General, 270.
Calero, Manuel, 150.
Cambon, M. Jules, 245.
Campañia, The Convent de la, 6.
Carbajal, President, 68, 200–203, 207, 211.
Carden, Sir Lionel, 68, 206, 207.
Carlota, Empress, 44.
Carnegie, Andrew, 164.
Carralitos, 108.
Carranza, President, 24, 74, 100, 145, 170, 174, 179, 181, 185, 196, 197, 200, 201, 202, 207, 208, 211, 214, 237, 243, 246, 247, 251, 256, 259, 260, 287, 290, 293–295.
Chakiaberty, Dr. 260.
Chang Husn, General, 94, 95.
Chapultepec, Castle of, 44, 49, 137, 144, 248.
Charles IV. of Spain, 165.
Chatham, Lord, 30.
Chester, The (U.S.A.), 188, 189.
Chicago, 17.
Chichemecs, The, 135.
Chihualua, 136, 152.
City of Havanna, S.S. 11–13.
Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, 65.
Coahuila, 152.
Coayuca, 9.
Cobos, 4.
Colima, Mount, 103.
Colombia, 200.
Colotlán, 204.
Conejos, 113.
Cordoba, 183, 192.
Corral, Ramon, 33, 38, 50, 51, 53, 68, 74, 96, 98, 99, 114–115.
Cortéz, Hernando, 18, 20, 44, 61, 135.
Cosio, Señor, 60.

Cowdray, Lord (Sir Weetman Pearson), 249, 250.
Cradock, Admiral, 186, 187.
Creel, Señor, 49, 58, 59.
Cromwell, Oliver, 30.
Crystal Palace, 121–122.
Cuatla, 112.
Cuba, 101.
Cuernavaca, 68.
Culiacan, 108.

De la Barra, Señor, 24, 40, 59–60, 68, 70, 72, 76, 100, 101, 103, 104, 106.
de la Fuente, David, 150.
de la Torre, Ignicio, 112.
Diaz, Madame Carmen, *née* de Rubio, President Porfirio Diaz' second wife, 16, 17, 83, 102, 119, 123, 126, 132, 216–220, 223, 224.
Diaz, Madame Delphina, *née* Ortega y Reyes, President Porfirio Diaz' first wife, 9, 16.
Diaz, General Félix (brother of the President), 4, 128.
Diaz, General (nephew of the President), 72, 114–115, 134, 136–138, 151, 201.
Diaz, General Porfirio, President (eight times) of Mexico :
his influence on Mexican history, 1.
his birth and early life, 2 *et sq.*
his entry into public life, rapid advancement in the army, 4.
takes part in the defence against the French, 5.
his escapes from prison, 6–8.
his first marriage, 9.
appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Reorganization, 10.
his daring return to Mexico, 11–14.
his enthusiastic reception, 15.
Diaz, General Porfirio—*con.*
death of his first wife and his second marriage, 16–17.
his personal appearance, 17.
begins his rule in Mexico, 18–19.
Mexico under his Presidency, 20-24.
his downfall, 26–32, 40.
and Madero, 34, 37–40, 115.
favours General Reyes, 35–36.
and the Mexican Centenary celebrations, honours conferred on him by foreign governments, 43–46.
elected President for the seventh time, 46.
plot against his life, 49.
and Madero's rebellion, 50–60, 64–78, 97–99.
his opinion of Madero, 53.
attempted assassination of, 74.
his resignation, 76–80, 96, 117.
his flight from Mexico, 79–89, 124–127.
arrives in Paris, 89–90.
his successful finance, 99.
and General Huerta, 111, 112.
his enterprises in Mexico, 117, 118.
in retirement, 119–133.
visits London, 120–122.
his reception in Germany, 122.
in Paris, 123.
at Napoleon's tomb, 127.
his recreations, 129.
visits Spain, 130–133.
his death, 216–217.
and Madame Diaz, 217–220, 223–225.
characteristics, 219–223, 225–228.
his tomb, 223–225.
Diaz, Colonel Porfirio (son of President Diaz), 83–84, 89, 113, 119, 120.

Douglas, East Arizona, 65.
Dresden (German Cruiser), 202.
Durango, 148, 152, 197.

Eckhardt, Baron von, 214, 244.
Edward VII. 43, 122.
El Oro Mines, 104.
El Paso, *see* Juárez.
Escobado, General, 11.
Essex, H.M.S. 189.
Eugénie, Empress, 17.

Fallières, Armand, President French Republic, 123, 133.
Fanshaw, Captain, 202.
Fernando VII. 165.
Figueroa, 72.
Finland, 230, 298.
Fletcher, Mr. 214.
Florida, 165.
Franko, Señor, 184, 189.
Funston, General, 197, 203.

Galland, Captain, 6.
Galveston, 101.
Gamboa, Federico, 150.
Garibaldi, General, 43.
George V. 122.
German Influence in Mexico, 235 *et seq.*, 284 *et seq.*
Germany's Ambitions, 163.
Gonzales, General, 10, 196, 221.
Grey, Viscount (Sir Edward, K.G.), 46.
Guadalajara, 35, 104.
Guadalupe, Shrine of, 14, 15, 101
Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty, 166.
Guatemala, 165.
Guaymas, 149, 152.
Guggenheim & Co. 106.

Haiti, 200.
Hale, Dr. 158.
Havana, 209.
Hay, Ian, 286.
Hermione, The, 193.
Hernandez, General, 10, 67.
Heyking, Baron, 93–95.
Hidalgo, Miguel, 3, 46.
Hintze, von, 268.
Huerta, General Victoriano, President, 24, 82, 100, 107, 111–118, 140–158, 172–174, 177, 179–181, 183–189, 198, 200–209, 213, 214, 237.
Humboldt, Baron Alexander von, 42.
Husey, Ernest, 121.

Igel, Herr von, 260.
Ixtapa, 112.

Jalatlaco, 4.
Jalisco, 143.
Jimenez, 108.
Johnson, Charles, 67.
Johnson, Lorenzo, 160.
Jojutla, 109.
Juárez (El Paso), 28, 65, 67, 68, 71, 73, 147, 152, 204, 261.
Juárez, President Benito, 3, 4, 10, 35, 41, 45, 116, 204, 290.
Juárez, Benito (son of the President), 71.
Juaves, The, 135.

Kitchener, Lord, 221.

Laconia, The, 247.
Landa y Escandon, Señor Guil lermo de, 44, 120.
Laredo, 65.
Lascurain, 205.
Lerdo de Tejado, President, 10, 11, 34.
Limantour, Señor, 26, 27, 32, 38, 46, 49, 52, 56, 57, 59, 65, 70, 100, 200.
Lind, John, 156.

London, General Diaz' visit to, 120–122.
Louisiana, 165.
Lusitania, The, 284.

Maas, Commander, 174.
Madero, Don Daniel, 150.
Madero, Ernesto, 107.
Madero, Don Everisto, 150.
Madero, President Francisco, 24, 27, 28, 34, 37–39, 48, 50–54, 58, 64, 66–68, 70–73, 75–77, 96, 97, 100, 101, 103, 104–113, 115–117, 134, 137–141, 146, 147, 151, 155, 198, 202, 205, 207, 215.
Madero, Gustavo, 50, 140.
Madero, Don Manuel, 150.
Madrid, 132, 133.
Manzanillo, 254.
Márquez, General, 4.
Mary, Queen, 122.
Mayo, Admiral, 187, 188.
Matamoros, 11, 65.
Maximilian, Emperor, 5, 9, 41, 127, 128, 256.
Mazatlan, 152, 254.
Meath, Lord, 171.
Mercier, Cardinal, 291.
Meson de la Reja, The, 5.
Mexican Centenary Celebrations, 43–47.
Mexico, Races of, 135.
Mexico City, 3, 14, 15, 21, 29–31, 40, 44, 48–50, 63, 68, 72, 80, 101, 103, 108, 123, 155, 179, 183, 186, 200, 290.
Michoacan, 149, 152.
Minatitlan, 249.
Miztecs, The, 135.
Monroe Doctrine, 164, 177, 180, 237, 271.
Monterey, 106, 111, 160.
Montezuma, Emperor, 44.
Morelia, 116.
Morelos, 136, 149.
Morelos, General José Maria, 48.

Napoleon I. 127, 165.
Napoleon III. 128.
Nauheim, 90, 119.
Navarro, General, 28, 54, 56, 71.
New Mexico, 165.
New Orleans, 11, 17, 21.
Nogales, 158.
Norway, German ambitions in, 296.
Nueve Leon, 35.

Oaxaca, 3, 4, 10, 14, 62, 71, 103, 135, 183.
Obregon, Esquinral, 147.
Ojinaga, 152.
Orizaba, 103, 183.
Orozco, General Pascal, 24, 72, 107–111, 113, 146.
Ortega y Reyes, Delphina, *see* Diaz, Señora.
Ortega, General, 6.
O'Shaughnessy, Mr. 156.
Otomi, The, 135.

Pacheco, General, 152.
Panama, 200.
Panuco River, 21.
Paris, 127–133, 216, 222–225.
Parral, 109.
Pearson, Sir Weetman, *see* Lord Cowdray.
Pérez, 4.
Pershing, General, 243, 285.
Polavieja, Marquis of, 89.
Prairie, American Cruiser, 188.
Prescott's " History of Mexico," 62.
Progresso (Gunboat), 194.
Puebla, 5, 6, 11, 39, 49, 103, 104, 131.
Puerto Mexico, 197, 203.

Querétaro, 5.

Rasputin, 291.
Reyes, General Bernardo, 34–36, 53, 105, 111, 136, 137.
Rio, Martinez del, 262.
Rio Grande, The, 10, 11, 25, 65, 71, 72, 152.
Rogago, General, 152.
Roosevelt, President, 175, 176, 301.
Rosner, Karl, 291.
Russia, Education in, 27.

Salas, General, 108.
Saltillo, 149.
San Antonio, 166.
San Blas, 254.
San Francisco, The (U.S.A.), 188.
San Luis de Potosi, 109.
Santa Anna, General, 4, 41.
Santa Inés, Convent of, 5.
Santander, 89.
Santiago, 160–162.
Santo Domingo, 200.
Santo Domingo, Convent of, 4.
Sckunner, Dr. 260.
Silva, 109.
Smuts, General, 166, 176, 233, 234.
Soledad, 183, 190–192.
Sonora, 33, 148, 149, 152, 166.
Spring-Rice, Sir Cecil, 206.
Strong, Sir Francis, 68.
Strong, Lady, 68.
Suarez, Señor Pino, 105, 107, 115, 139.
Swartzenfeldt, Baron Kracker von, 238–240.

Taft, President, 39, 57, 58, 65, 72, 109, 110, 154.
Tamaulipas, 109.
Tampico, 21, 152, 172, 173, 180, 181, 185, 186, 188, 191, 193, 196, 197, 249, 250.
Tecoac, 14.
Teheria, 190, 192.
Tenancingo, 112.
Terrazas, General, 49.
Texas, 165, 166.
Thun, General Count, 6.
Tierra Blanca, 183.
Tlalpan, 136, 137.
Tlaxcalans, The, 135.
Toltecs, The, 135.
Torreon, 109, 142, 149, 152, 154, 159, 160, 162, 186.
Tower, Sir Reginald, 122.
Tula, 135.
Tuxpam, 250.
Tweedie, Commander Hugh, 179, 182–184, 189, 191–193.

Vasquez-Gomez, Francisco, 104, 110.
Vera Cruz, The, 194.
Vera Cruz, 6, 11–13, 20, 21, 43, 80, 81, 85, 105, 106, 109, 113, 114, 125, 128, 134, 136, 151, 173, 174, 179–183, 185, 197, 215, 249, 251, 290.
Victoria, 152.
Villa, General Francisco, 24, 145, 146, 152, 154, 168–170, 174, 179, 181, 185, 187, 196, 200, 202, 207, 209, 212–214, 242.
Villa Union, 36.

Washington, U.S.A. 17.
Washington, George, 43.
Wilhelm II., Kaiser, 42, 43, 116, 122, 173, 177, 195, 235, 255–257, 260, 267, 272–274, 284 *et seq.*, 290, 291, 300.
Wilson, Mr. Henry L. 155.
Wilson, President Woodrow, 148, 154–158, 170, 174, 177, 179, 181, 182, 198, 199, 206, 214, 228, 229, 242, 245, 268, 270, 285.

Xochicalco, 62.

Yokoi, Tokiwo, 268.
Ypiranga, The (Hamburg-America Line), 197.
Yturbide, 165.
Yuan-Chi-jui, 94.
Yuan-shi-kai, 91–93.

Zacatecas, 148, 152.
Zagaza, 205.
Zapata, General Emiliano, 72, 106, 112, 147, 149, 209.
Zapotec Tribes, The, 62, 135.
Zaragossa, General, 188, 194.
Zimmermann, Herr, 238, 244–249, 285.
Zubaran, Rafael, 246, 247.

Printed at The Chapel River Press, Kingston, Surrey.

3477

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 102 119 2